November 21, 1936

5¢ a copy

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Situation Wanted

A short story by

DAMON RUNYON

HE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY — PUBLISHERS OF — WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION — THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

FRANK TAYLOR
420 SO COTTONWOOD
IOLA
KANS
6N37
C060 C RP (04

1936

First Pictures & Details About the
NEW PLYMOUTH

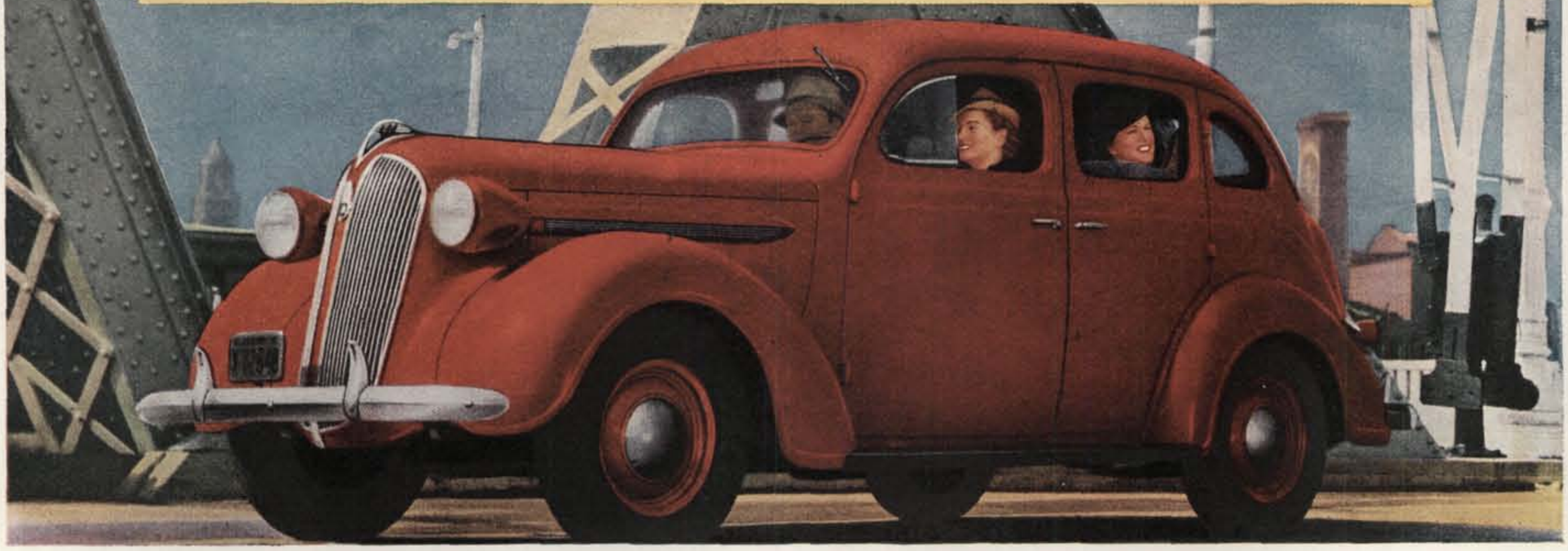
THE BIGGEST, ROOMIEST PLYMOUTH EVER BUILT—New Sound-proofing of Steel Roof and Floor—Shuts Out Road Noises—New Safety Interior—Entire body Pillowed on Live Rubber—Eliminates Vibration and Rumble—New Airplane-type Shock-Absorbers—New "Hushed Ride"—Tests Show 18 to 24 Miles Per Gallon of Gas.

ALL STEEL! Solid steel top . . . sides, doors, floors...for your protection!

SAFETY INTERIOR — Controls, fittings and upholstery...all styled for Safety!

We believe you'll find after Careful Inspection that Plymouth gives you Better Engineering, Materials and Workmanship than any other Low-Priced Car!

AMAZINGLY BIG. . . both rear and front seats are inches wider...more head and leg room, too.



IMPORTANT new developments put Plymouth 'way out in front...the GREATEST VALUE in all Plymouth history.

Among them are: the new Safety Interior...new Scientific Sound-Proofing...new Rubber Cushions between frame and body...new Airplane-type shock-absorbers...a new "Hushed Ride"... new Hypoid rear axle, formerly used only in costly cars...famous Floating Power engine mountings...easier steering.

Tests show it will save you money on gas, oil, tires and upkeep.

PRICED WITH THE LOWEST—Easy terms offered by Commercial Credit Company...through Chrysler, DeSoto or Dodge dealers. PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION.

PLYMOUTH
BUILDS GREAT CARS

SAVE MONEY!

This big 1937 Plymouth is priced with the lowest... saves you money on gas, oil, tires and upkeep . . . gives you top value in engineering, workmanship and quality!

PLYMOUTH!

The Best Buy of All Three!

When this young Juliet meets her Romeo she'll be glad she guarded against "pink tooth brush"!

Ipana and massage help your dentist keep gums firm and teeth sound

When you see charming children, when you meet attractive men and lovely women, you can't escape the fact that *personal attractiveness* depends upon dental health—*a winning smile*—sparkling teeth set in firm, healthy gums!

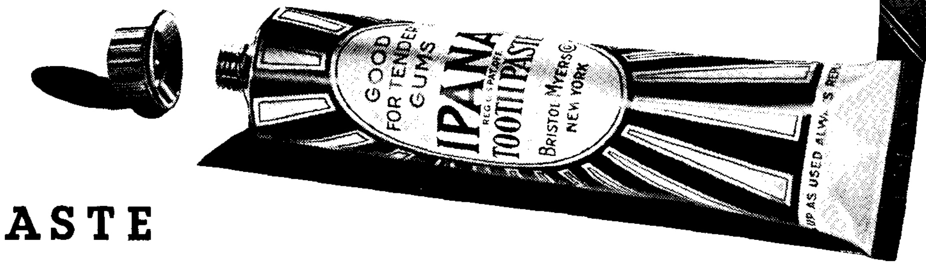
And that fact makes it easy to understand why, in the homes and schools of America, this sensible and modern *dental health* habit is emphasized more and more each year. *Ipana and massage for white teeth and sound gums. Ipana and massage to combat "pink tooth brush"!*

"Pink tooth brush," in itself, isn't serious. It's simply a warning—but a warning you can't afford to ignore. When you see it—see your dentist. You may be in for serious trouble but it's far more likely his verdict will be gums robbed of work—gums coddled and made lazy by our modern soft food menus—gums that will quickly respond to the benefits of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.

For Ipana is designed to benefit your gums as well as to keep your teeth white and sparkling. Simply rub a little extra Ipana into your gums every time you brush your teeth, and you'll soon note an improvement. Gums feel stronger, more resistant. New circulation brings new firmness.

Switch to Ipana and massage—your dentist's ablest assistant in the home care of the mouth. Take this sensible safeguard against the threat of our modern menus. You will probably never even see "pink tooth brush"—and you'll be far safer from the really serious gum troubles. *Switch to Ipana today!*

• With classroom instructions in gum massage, modern teachers everywhere are contributing to the future soundness of their children's teeth and gums.



IPANA

TOOTH PASTE

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

WILLIAM L. CHENERY
Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK
Editorial Director

WALTER DAVENPORT *Politics*
AIMEE LARKIN *Distaff*
GEORGE CREEL *Washington*
W. B. COURTNEY *Aviation*
KENNETH LITTAUER *Fiction*
QUENTIN REYNOLDS *Sports*
KYLE CRICHTON *Screen and Theater*
WM. O. CHESSMAN *Art*

DENVER LINDLEY *Articles*
FRANK D. MORRIS *Articles*
JAMES N. YOUNG *Fiction*
IFOR THOMAS *Photographs*
T. R. YBARRA *Europe*
JIM MARSHALL *The Orient*
OWEN P. WHITE *and* JOHN T. FLYNN
Associate Editors

Next Week

THE girls who cluster round the bars in Viennese night clubs have a special name—*Animierdamen*, ladies who animate you. All of them are good-looking; some are well bred and come of good families. Richard Eustace Stratton-Forbes, second secretary of the British embassy, fell in love with one of them.

Young Mr. Stratton-Forbes was a career man; his future was planned with mathematical precision, rising by easy stages to the position of ambassador. Any girl he married would, in time, be "The Ambassador's Wife." Was a girl from a night club suitable? Young Mr. Stratton-Forbes thought not. And that was his mistake. John Gunther, author of "Inside Europe," writes his story—and hers.

COME down to Washington Street in New York. It's late at night and the market is awakening to frantic life. The traders, the wholesalers and jobbers and commission men are gambling desperately with chips that change in value from minute to minute. Heaped up in the market lies the garnered wealth of the vegetable kingdom, perishable as ice. Millions of dollars' worth of lettuce and plums and melons—they are markers in a game in which the rancher of the West gambles upon the appetite of the East. It's a pulse-stirring game. Walter Davenport initiates you.

THE cards were still in Breep's fingers when Officer Stilson entered. He did everything a patrolman could do under the circumstances when he said, "Let's Review the Bidding." At Mrs. Breep's trial for murder the judge was explicit: "The question is, Could the bid have been made?" "Bugs" Baer reports the verdict.

FOR years it has been the fashion to talk about our glands making our personality. Probably we have exaggerated. "They keep us bright and beautiful," says Hannah Lees and explains with medical thoroughness just how they go about it.

WHEN Tod Howell sat down to play poker with Chang Po Soo the stakes were high. They included the steamer Shantun, the lives of the passengers, Howell's future and Howell's wife. And Chang had no intention of playing fair. But Tod had been through "The Needle of Heaven." He was hard to beat. The story is by Jacland Marmur.

THOMAS MONROE, Jim Marshall, Frederick Hazlitt Brennan, Freling Foster, Alan LeMay, Kyle Crichton, Faith Baldwin and others complete the issue.

This Week

●

November 21, 1936

Cover by Jorj Harris

DAMON RUNYON
Situation Wanted. A very prominent character from Broadway goes to work in Spain. Page 7

STANLEY PAUL
A Trick Up Her Sleeve. An escort for Pinky. Page 10

JOHN T. FLYNN
Roads Into the Future. We'll take the highway. Page 12

FRANK KILROE
The Golden Touch. He couldn't lose. Page 14

FAITH BALDWIN
The Heart Has Wings, Part III. Impatient youth. Page 16

C. E. "TINY" THORNHILL with FRANK J. TAYLOR
Good Mixers. Baffling the opposition. Page 18

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
You Can't Be Too Careful, by Hugh MacNair Kahler. Page 19

ALAN LeMAY
Dark Tropic Sea, Part V. Stealth in the long shadows. Page 20

KYLE CRICHTON
Actor at Eight. Spanky McFarland, career man. Page 22

FRANCES PARK
For a Friend. Snob's progress. Page 26

WILLIAM MacHARG
Smart Guy. He couldn't fool O'Malley. Page 32

RUTH MOORE MORRISS
Warm Flattery. Sound and furry. Page 36

ERNEST HAYCOX
Court Day. Sodbusters' triumph. Page 53

JIM MARSHALL
No New Ideas Wanted. The perilous politics of Japan. Page 77

QUENTIN REYNOLDS
The Man Without Fear. Canada's Ace. Page 87

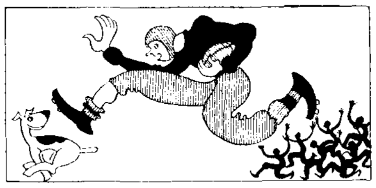
FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Brush up on everything. Page 90

EDITORIAL
The Chance to Give. Page 106

●

Any Week

THAT vote for The Honorable William Jennings Bryan which turned up in Texas is explained by Mr. F. W. Stanley of Fort Worth. Mr. Stanley knows the fellow who cast that one. He interviewed him for us. For thirty-six years, starting in 1896, the gentleman had voted for Mr. Bryan, alive and dead, candidate or no. In 1932 he got caught in the avalanche and deserted the late Mr. Bryan for Mr. Roosevelt. But this year he went back to Mr. Bryan because, he said: "Things don't seem to be getting no better and I don't think this new feller knows a lot about it."

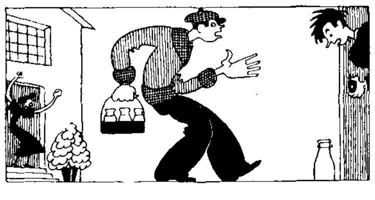


AND while it is pretty certain that Collier's All-America football team will be manned this year, as always, by lads who play on college teams, Mr. Josiah J. Murtaugh of Worcester, Massachusetts, feels that an injustice will be done. Mr. Murtaugh has a candidate for All-America honors and promises to let us have his name before long. "I saw him playing in a public park where two other games were in progress," says Mr. Murtaugh. "The ball was not as durable as the players and became a flabby relic. But my hero soon remedied that. He started down the field on the dead run, the remains of the ball under his arm. Crossing the fifty-yard line he noticed that someone on the adjacent gridiron had just punted a much better ball. So he galloped into the neighboring game, caught their ball, returned to his own playing field and continued on his victorious way to a touchdown with three teams chasing him. P. S.: After scoring he kept right on running—not that I blame him."

ANYWAY, by keeping running he set an excellent example for defeated candidates for public office. Mrs. F. Grant Carberry of San Francisco, California, thinks that it is "nothing less than treacherous and unpatriotic" of candidates to quit at defeat. "Before election," says she, "they hustle around telling us how badly we're being governed and how to mend matters. But the moment they're defeated they quit warning us and do absolutely nothing to rescue us from the disaster they predicted. Is it in a spirit of revenge that they leave us to our fate or can it be that they were willing to say anything, true or false, to win office?"

FOR many years, Mr. Jacob B. Hoeffel of Chicago, Illinois, complains, nobody has been paying any attention to him. No one got excited when, twenty years ago, he proposed abolishing the Senate and turning its work over to an enlarged Supreme Court. Later he was ignored when he produced a plan to reduce local taxation by seventy per cent by putting all cities and towns under one governing body elected by the country at large. Now he has solved the drought problem. A series of irrigation ditches would radiate east, south and west from the Great Lakes. Along these canals, he informs us, would be fertilizer factories manufacturing a fertilizer of his own invention. "This fertilizer would be poured into the canals and thus the water would irrigate and fertilize too," says Mr. Hoeffel. "Also, it would not make the water unfit for drinking purposes."

OUR advice to Mr. Hoeffel is to see the bright side of it. Suppose a whole country full of George Ninderses were refusing to ignore him. Mr. Ninders writes from Wheeling, West Virginia, to say that he has read us for years but until recently has "not been bothered by anything you say." But—"Human nature is human nature," says Mr. Ninders. "You refuse to mind your own business and millions of us are up in arms against you. By the first of the year we will act. And then goodby to you forever."



NATURALLY we're apprehensive. We now understand the feelings of our milkman, who showed us a note he had received from a lady down the street. He wanted us to help find out "what was eating her." The note read: "Do not dare leave any more milk here. How dare you?" The milkman was indignant, too. "Listen," he told us, "I'm a respectable married man."

"YOUR correspondent, Miss Theo Maegher," cries Mr. Frank Zastera of Minot, North Dakota, "wonders where today is the man (gentleman) who, when speaking to a lady on the street, remains uncovered until she dismisses him with a courteous 'Good day, sir.' He probably died of a sunstroke or pneumonia," goes on Mr. Zastera. "But what's become of the lady?"

TRY the Smithsonian Institution.

Vol. 98, No. 21. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's, The Country Home. Copyright, 1936, The Crowell Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Lee W. Maxwell, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Gertrude B. Lane, Vice President; John S. Brehm, Vice President; Frank Braucher, Vice President; Charles J. Bevan, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Manuscripts submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and sufficient postage for their return. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts. Price, 5 cents a copy in the United States and Canada; $2.00 a year, $3.50 for two years, in the United States and Possessions, also in Argentina, Balearic Islands, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Canary Islands, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Foreign subscriptions including postage: $5.50 a year to all other countries.

Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States Funds to The Crowell Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. To avoid mistakes in delivery, subscribers should notify us of change of address five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.

Half the gas*... twice the Smartness

NOTE THE WIDTH • • • • NOTE THE ROOM

* One motorist says: "Before I bought my Willys, I generally purchased 15 gallons of gas each week. Now I buy only seven."

* A salesman writes: "Recently I drove with three in the car, a 76-mile trip on exactly two gallons of gas."

* A son writes: "I've saved enough money on my Willys to buy mother a refrigerator and completely outfit my car with a new radio, a hot-water heater, and special seat covers."

* A credit manager says: "When I changed to Willys, I cut my driving expense . . . and in this manner am saving enough out of my mileage allowance to pay for the car."

$395

list, Standard Coupe, F. O. B. factory, Toledo—other models higher. Prices subject to change without notice.

up to 35 miles per gallon

Lowest priced full-size car—safety all-steel body and top.

Here's the New Willys—the type of car people have wanted for years.

All eyes follow as it passes . . . Its FULL-SIZE width and cleverly designed interiors mark a new era in USABLE space . . . Its spirited performance captures the imagination of modern youth . . . But most important is *low operating cost.* Willys makes it possible for motorists to save their hard-earned money.

Up to 35 miles on a gallon of gas! Just like cutting the cost of gas in half. Only four quarts of oil to buy when you change. Up to 40,000 miles on a set of tires. Lowest depreciation. Lowest taxes and insurance. Lowest down payment and monthly payments. In fact, with savings you will find Willys can *pay for itself* within 35,000 miles.

The brilliant beauty and exclusive economy of the New Willys are matched by the great safety provided by all-steel body and *top,* extra large brakes, safety glass, low center of gravity, fender lights and highly responsive operation and control.

Willys-Overland Motors, Inc., Toledo

The New WILLYS

Shaving Oddities

BEARD TAX!

DURING THE REIGN OF QUEEN ELIZABETH OF ENGLAND A LAW WAS PASSED TAXING BEARDS OVER TWO WEEKS OLD! TODAY, IF IT WEREN'T FOR GEM MICROMATIC BLADES, MANY TENDER-SKINNED MEN WOULD RATHER PAY A BEARD TAX THAN SHAVE!

EGYPTIAN SOCIAL REGISTER!

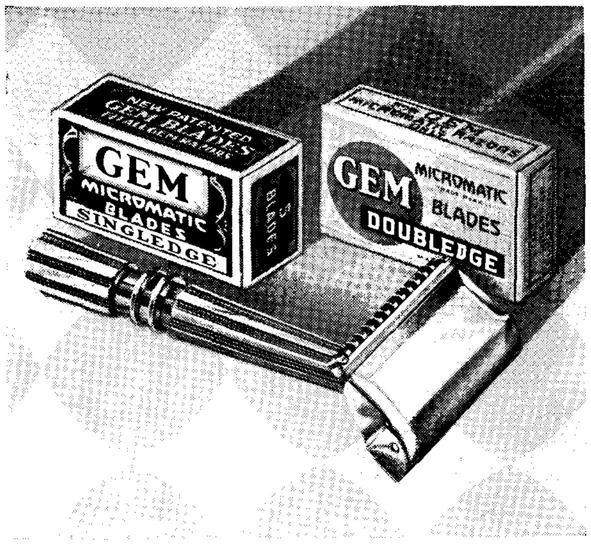
IN ANCIENT EGYPT THE SIZE OF A MAN'S BEARD INDICATED HIS SOCIAL RANK! BUT TODAY, GEM MICROMATIC BLADES GIVE YOU CLEAN-SHAVEN, ALL-DAY NEATNESS THAT HELPS YOUR BUSINESS AND SOCIAL STANDING.

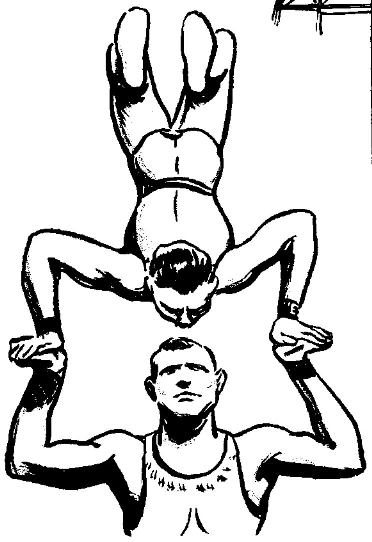
SIZZLE SHAVE!

SOME SOUTH AFRICAN SAVAGES BURN OFF THEIR WHISKERS WITH SULPHUR PASTE! IF YOUR FACE FEELS FIERY AFTER SHAVING, CHANGE TO GENUINE GEM BLADES AND ENJOY COOL REFRESHING SHAVES.

BEACON-LIGHT TEST!

HERE'S WHY GEM CAN GUARANTEE YOU PERFECT SHAVING EDGES—WHY GEM BLADES NEVER IRRITATE YOUR FACE! THEY'RE MADE OF 50% THICKER STEEL... HONED FOR 3 MILES... STROPPED 4840 TIMES TO MAKE THEM EXTRA SHARP. THEN EACH BLADE IS INDIVIDUALLY INSPECTED UNDER LAMPS SO POWERFUL THAT THE SLIGHTEST DEFECT SHOWS UP LIKE A BEACON-LIGHT!


NEW PATENTED GEM BLADES
GEM MICROMATIC BLADES SINGLEDGE
5 BLADES
GEM MICROMATIC BLADES DOUBLEDGE



BALANCED TEAM!

ONLY THE GEM MICROMATIC RAZOR HAS THE FACE-FITTING BEVEL THAT FORCES YOU TO SHAVE WITH THE MASTER BARBER'S SMOOTH STROKE. ONLY GEM HAS THE PATENTED DUAL-ALIGNMENT THAT LOCKS THE BLADE RIGID, ENDING OFF-ANGLE SCRAPES.

BUT ONLY A GENUINE GEM BLADE CAN MAKE YOUR GEM RAZOR 100% EFFICIENT! TRY THIS BALANCED TEAM. GET A NEW $1.00 GEM RAZOR WITH 5 BLADES FROM YOUR DEALER. OR SEND 25¢ WITH COUPON FOR SPECIAL TEST SET WITH STANDARD $1.00 GEM RAZOR AND 2 BLADES AND INTRODUCE YOUR FACE TO MODERN SHAVING COMFORT!

SPECIAL OFFER

Gem Division, American Safety Razor Corp.
Dept. C38, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Enclosed find 25c for complete trial Gem set with a single- and a double-edged blade and the regular $1.00 gold-plated Gem Micromatic Razor.

PRINT NAME________________

STREET________________

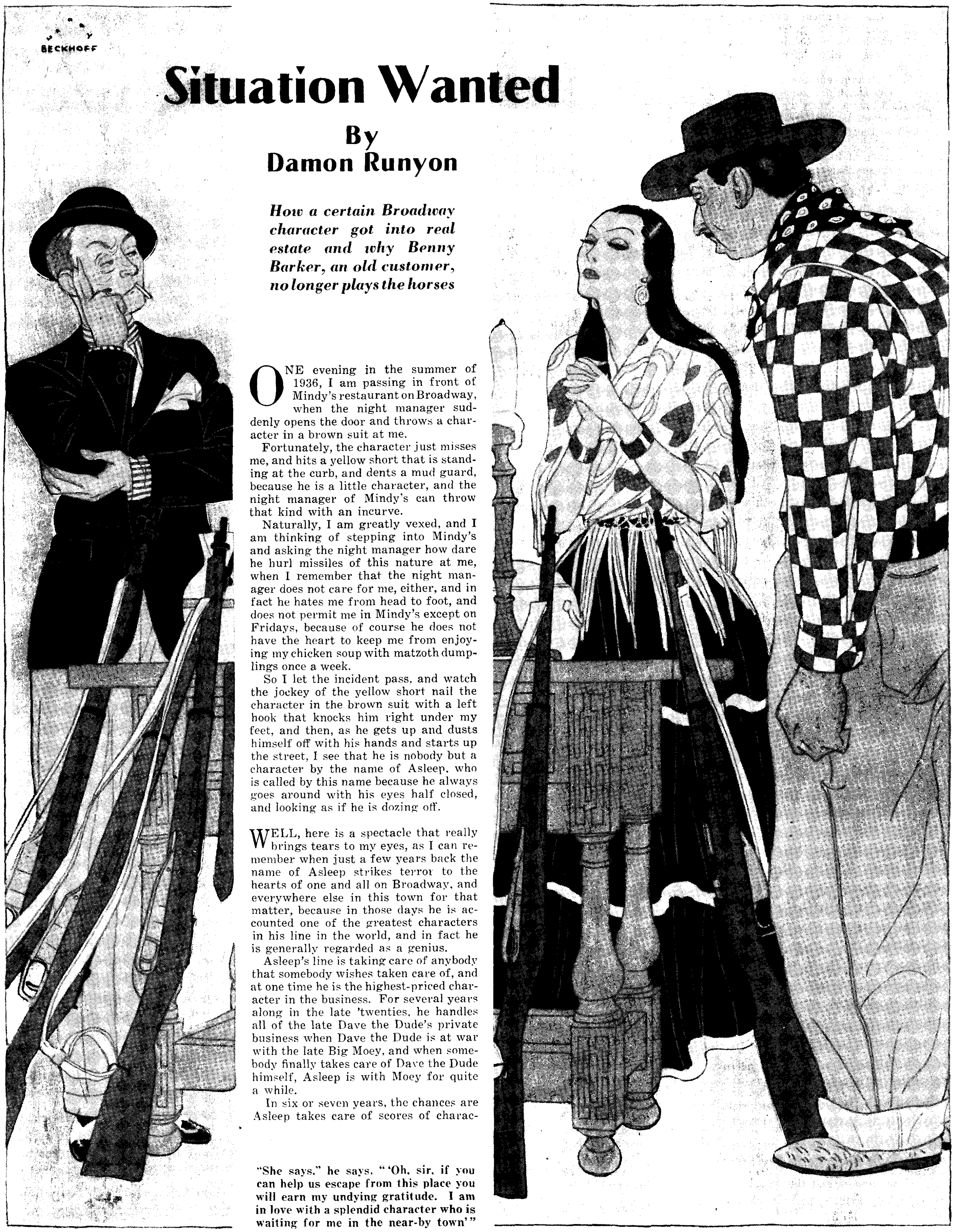
CITY________ STATE________

(If you live in Canada, write Mutual Sales Co., 436 Wellington St., W., Toronto, 2, Canada)

© 1936, A. S. R. Corp.

GEM
MICROMATIC
RAZOR and BLADES

Collier's The National Weekly for November 21, 1936



Situation Wanted

By Damon Runyon

How a certain Broadway character got into real estate and why Benny Barker, an old customer, no longer plays the horses

ONE evening in the summer of 1936, I am passing in front of Mindy's restaurant on Broadway, when the night manager suddenly opens the door and throws a character in a brown suit at me.

Fortunately, the character just misses me, and hits a yellow short that is standing at the curb, and dents a mud guard, because he is a little character, and the night manager of Mindy's can throw that kind with an incurve.

Naturally, I am greatly vexed, and I am thinking of stepping into Mindy's and asking the night manager how dare he hurl missiles of this nature at me, when I remember that the night manager does not care for me, either, and in fact he hates me from head to foot, and does not permit me in Mindy's except on Fridays, because of course he does not have the heart to keep me from enjoying my chicken soup with matzoth dumplings once a week.

So I let the incident pass, and watch the jockey of the yellow short nail the character in the brown suit with a left hook that knocks him right under my feet, and then, as he gets up and dusts himself off with his hands and starts up the street, I see that he is nobody but a character by the name of Asleep, who is called by this name because he always goes around with his eyes half closed, and looking as if he is dozing off.

WELL, here is a spectacle that really brings tears to my eyes, as I can remember when just a few years back the name of Asleep strikes terror to the hearts of one and all on Broadway, and everywhere else in this town for that matter, because in those days he is accounted one of the greatest characters in his line in the world, and in fact he is generally regarded as a genius.

Asleep's line is taking care of anybody that somebody wishes taken care of, and at one time he is the highest-priced character in the business. For several years along in the late 'twenties, he handles all of the late Dave the Dude's private business when Dave the Dude is at war with the late Big Moey, and when somebody finally takes care of Dave the Dude himself, Asleep is with Moey for quite a while.

In six or seven years, the chances are Asleep takes care of scores of charac-

"She says," he says, "'Oh, sir, if you can help us escape from this place you will earn my undying gratitude. I am in love with a splendid character who is waiting for me in the near-by town'"

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

ters of one kind and another, and he never looks for any publicity or glory. In fact, he is always a most retiring character, who goes about very quietly, minding his own affairs, and those who know him think very well of him indeed.

The bladders print many unkind stories about Asleep when he is finally lumbered in 1931 and sent to college, and some of them call him a torpedo, and a trigger, and I do not know what all else, and these names hurt Asleep's feelings, especially as they seem to make him out no better than a ruffian. In fact, one bladder speaks of him as a killer, and this title causes Asleep to wince more than anything else.

HE IS in college at Dannemora from 1931 until the late spring of 1936, and although I hear he is back, this is the first time I see him in person, and I hasten to overtake him to express my sympathy with him on his treatment by the night manager of Mindy's and also by the jockey of the yellow short, and to deplore the lack of respect now shown on Broadway for a character such as Asleep.

He seems glad to see me, and he accepts my expressions gratefully, and we go into the Bridle Grill and have a couple of drinks and then Asleep says to me like this:

"I only go into Mindy's seeking a situation," he says. "I hear Benny Barker, the bookie, is in there, and I understand that he has a disagreement with another bookie by the name of Jersey Cy down at Aqueduct, and that Jersey Cy punches Benny's beezer for him. So," Asleep says, "I figure Benny will wish to have Cy taken care of immediately, and that it will be a nice quick pickup for me, because in the old days when Benny is a bootie, he is one of my best customers.

"It is the first time I see Benny since I get back," Asleep says, "but instead of being glad to see me, he seems very distant to me, and the minute I begin canvassing him for the business, he turns as white as one of Mindy's napkins, and in fact whiter, and says for me to get out of there, or he will call the law.

"Benny says he will never even dream of such a thing as having anybody taken care of, and," Asleep says, "when I start to remind him of a couple of incidents back down the years, he carries on in a way you will never believe. I even offer to cut my fee for him," Asleep says, "but Benny only gets more excited, and keeps yelling no, no, no, until the night manager appears, and you see for yourself what happens to me. I am publicly embarrassed," he says.

"Well, Sleeps," I say, "to tell the truth, I am somewhat amazed that you do not out with that thing and resent these familiarities."

But Asleep seems somewhat horrified at this suggestion, and he sets his glass down, and gazes at me awhile in pained silence, and finally he says:

"Why," he says, "I hope and trust that you do not think I will ever use that thing except for professional purposes, and when I am paid for same. Why," he says, "in all my practice, covering a matter of nearly ten years, I never lift a finger against as much as a flea unless it is a business proposition, and I am not going to begin now."

Well, I remember that this is indeed Asleep's reputation in the old days, and that a midget can walk up to him and tweak his ear without running any risk, and of course I am bound to respect his ethics, although I am sorry he cannot see his way clear to making an exception in the case of the night manager of Mindy's.

"I do not understand the way times change since I am in college," Asleep says. "Nobody around here wishes anybody taken care of any more. I call on quite a number of old customers of mine before I visit Benny Barker, but they have nothing for me, and none of them suggests that I call again. I fear I am *passé*," Asleep says. "Yet I am the one who first brings the idea to Brooklyn of putting them in the sack. I originate picking them off in barber chairs. I am always first and foremost with innovations in my business, and now there is no business.

"It is a tough break for me," Asleep says, "just when I happen to need a situation more than at any other time in my life. I simply must make good," he says, "because I am in love and wish to be married. I am in love with Miss Anna Lark, who dances behind bubbles over in the Starlight Restaurant. Yes," he says, "Miss Anna Lark is my sweet pea, and she loves me as dearly as I love her, or anyway," he says, "she so states no longer ago than two hours."

"Well," I say, "Miss Anna Lark has a shape that is a lulu. Even behind bubbles," I say, and this is a fact that is well known to one and all on Broadway, but I do not consider it necessary to mention to Asleep that it is also pretty well known along Broadway that Benny Barker, the bookie, is deeply interested in Miss Anna Lark, and, to tell the truth, is practically off his onion about her, because I am by no means a chirper.

"I often notice her shape myself," Asleep says. "In fact, it is one of the things that starts our romance before I go away to college. It seems to me it is better then than it is now, but," he says, "a shape is not everything in this life, although I admit it is never any knock. Miss Anna Lark waits patiently for me all the time I am away, and once she writes me a screeve, so you can see that this is undoubtedly true love.

"BUT," Asleep says, "Miss Anna Lark now wishes to abandon the bubble dodge, and return to her old home in Miami, Florida, where her papa is in the real-estate business. Miss Anna Lark feels that there is no future behind bubbles, especially," he says, "since she recently contracts arthritis in both knees from working in drafty night clubs. And she wishes me to go to Miami, Florida, too, and perhaps engage in the real-estate business like her papa, and acquire some scratch so we can be married, and raise up children, and all this and that, and be happy ever after.

"But," Asleep says, "it is very necessary for me to get hold of a taw to make a start, and at this time I do not have as much as two white quarters to rub together in my pants pocket, and neither has Miss Anna Lark, and from what I hear, the same thing goes for Miss Anna Lark's papa, and with conditions in my line what they are, I am greatly depressed, and scarcely know which way to turn."

Well, naturally, I feel very sorry for Asleep, but I can offer no suggestions of any value at the moment, and in fact the best I can do is to stake him to a few dibs for walk-about money, and then I leave him in the Bridle Grill looking quite sad and forlorn, to be sure.

I do not see Asleep for several months after this, and am wondering what becomes of him, and I watch the bladders for news of happenings that may indicate he finally gets a break, but nothing of interest appears, and then one day I run into him at Broadway and Forty-sixth Street.

He is all sharpened up in new clothes, and a fresh shave, and he is carrying a suitcase, and looks very prosperous, indeed, and he seems happy to see me, and leads me around into Dinty Moore's, and sits me down at a table, and orders up some drinks, and then he says to me like this:

"Now," he says, "I will tell you what happens. After you leave me in the Bridle Grill, I sit down and take to reading one of the evening bladders, and what I read about is a war in a place by the name of Spain, and from what I read, I can see that it is a war between two different mobs living in this Spain, each of which wishes to control the situation. It reminds me of Chicago the time Big Moey sends me out to Al.

"Thinks I to myself," Asleep says, "where there is a war of this nature, there may be employment for a character of my experience, and I am sitting there pondering this matter when who comes in looking for me but Benny Barker, the bookie.

"Well," Asleep says, "Benny states that he gets to thinking of me after I leave Mindy's, and he says he remembers that he really has a soft place in his heart for me, and that while he has no business for me any more, he will be glad to stake me to go wherever I think I may find something, and I remember what I am just reading in the evening bladder, and I say all right, Spain."

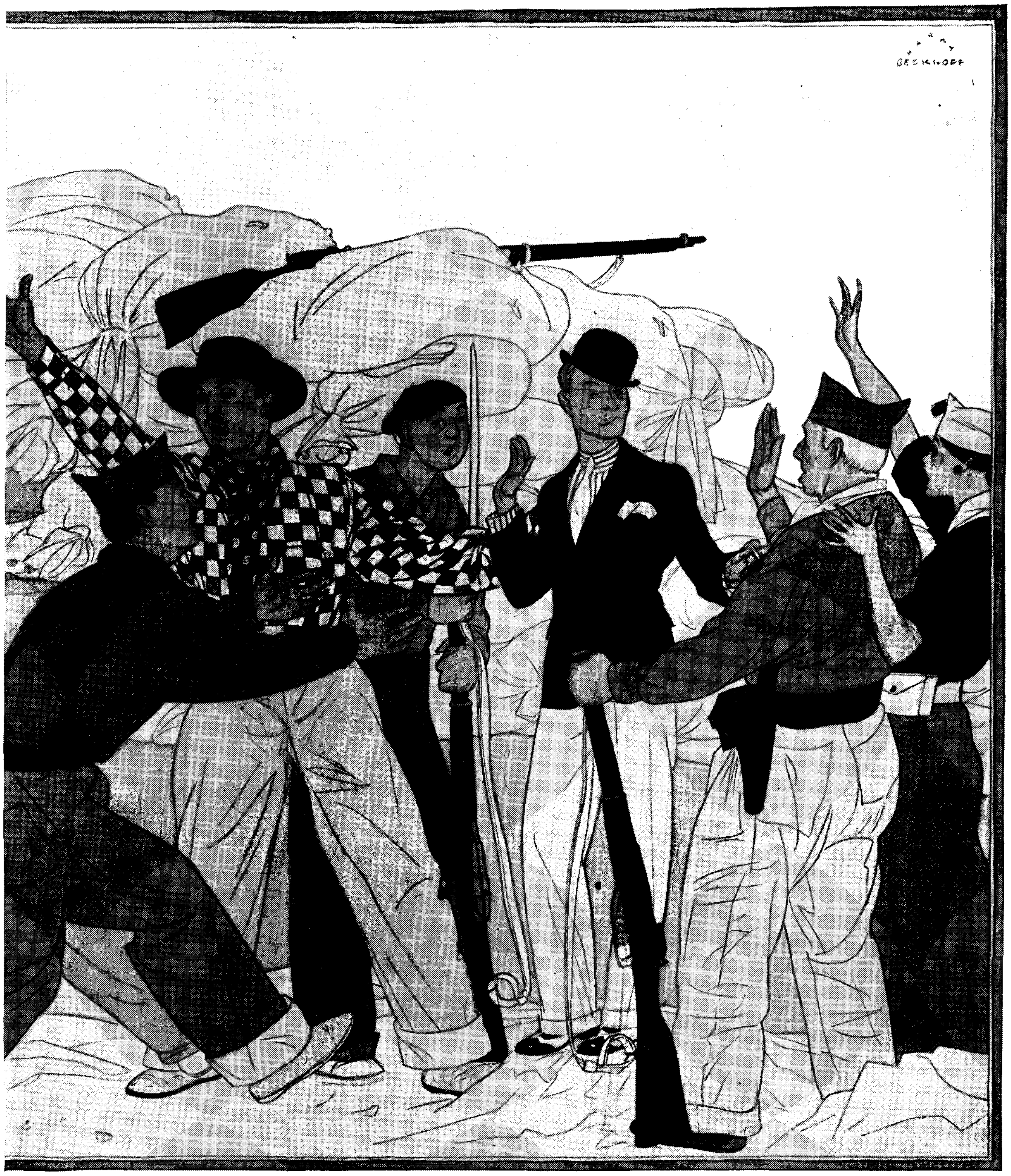
" 'Where is this Spain?' Benny Barker asks.

"Well," Asleep says, "of course I do not know where it is myself, so we inquire of Professor D, the educated horse player, and he says it is to hell and gone from here. He says it is across the sea, and Benny Barker says he will arrange my passage there at once, and furthermore that he will give me a thousand slugs in ready, and I can pay him back at my convenience. Afterwards," Asleep says, "I recall that Benny Barker seems greatly pleased that I am going far away, but I figure his conscience hurts him for the manner in which he rebuffs me in Mindy's, and he wishes to round himself up with me.

"So I go to this Spain," Asleep says, "and now," he says, "if you wish to hear any more, I will be glad to oblige."

Well, I tell Asleep that if he will keep calling the waiter at regular intervals, he may proceed, and Asleep proceeds as follows:

I GO to this Spain seeking employment, and you will scarcely believe the trouble and inconvenience I am put to in getting there. I go by way of a ship that takes me to France, which is a place I remember somewhat, because I visit there in my early youth, in 1918, with



When he concludes his speech they give me a big cheer and crowd around me shaking hands

the 77th Division, and which is a nice place, at that, especially the *Folies-Bergère*, and I go across France and down to a little jerkwater town just over the border from this Spain, and who do I run into sitting in front of a small ginmill in the town but a Spanish character by the name of Manuel something.

He is once well known along Broadway as a heavyweight fighter, and he is by no means a bad fighter in his day, and he now has a pair of scrambled ears to prove it. Furthermore, he is bobbing slightly, and seems to have a few marbles in his mouth, but he is greatly pleased to see me.

Manuel speaks English very good, considering the marbles, and he tells me he is personally in the fighting in this Spain for several weeks, but he is unable to find out what he is fighting about, so finally he gets tired, and is over in France taking a recess, and when I tell him I am going to this Spain, and what for, he says he has no doubt I will do very nice for myself, because of course Manuel knows my reputation in the old days in New York.

Furthermore, he says he will go with me, and act as my manager, and maybe take a piece of my earnings, just as his American managers do with him when he is active in the ring, and when I ask him what he calls a piece, he says 65 per cent is the way his American managers always slice him, but naturally I do not agree to any such terms. Still, I can see that Manuel is such a character as may come in handy to me, what with knowing how to speak Spanish, as well as English, so I say I will look out for him very nicely when the time comes for a settlement, and this satisfies him.

We go across the border into this Spain by night, and Manuel says he will lead me to a spot where the fighting is very good, and by and by we come to a fair-sized town, with houses, and steeples, and all this and that, and which has a name I do not remember, and which I cannot pronounce, even if I do remember it.

MANUEL says we are now in the war, and in fact I can hear shooting going on although it does not seem to be interfering with public business in the town, as many characters, male and female, are walking around and about, and up and down, and back and forth, and none of them seem to be disturbed by anything much.

But Manuel and I follow the sound of the shooting, and finally we come upon a large number of characters behind a breastworks made out of sandbags, and they all have rifles in their hands, and are shooting now and then at a big stone building on a high hill about three blocks away, and from this building also comes a lot of firing, and there are occasional bur-ur-ur-ups on both sides that I recognize as machine guns, and bullets are zinging about the sandbags quite some.

Well, Manuel says this is some of the war, but all the characters behind the sandbags seem to be taking things easy, and in fact some are sitting in chairs and firing their rifles from a rest over the bags while so seated, and thinks I to myself, this is a very leisurely war, to be sure.

But about two blocks from the breastworks, and on a rise of ground almost as high as the hill the building is on, there is a field gun, and this is also firing on the building about every fifteen minutes, and I can see that it seems to be doing some real damage, at that, what with knocking off pieces of the architecture, and punching holes in the roof, although now and then it lets go a shell that misses the mark in a way that will never be tolerated by the character who commands the battery I serve with in France.

Many of the characters behind the sandbags seem to know Manuel, who appears to be a famous character in this Spain, and they stop shooting, and gather about him, and there is much conversation among them, which of course I do not understand, so after awhile I request Manuel to pay more attention to me and to kindly explain the situation I find here.

Well, Manuel says the building on the hill is an old castle and that it is being held by a lot of Spanish characters, male and female, who are as mad at the characters behind the sandbags as the Republicans are mad at the Democrats in my country, and maybe madder. Manuel says the characters in the castle represent one side of the war in this Spain, and the characters behind the sandbags represent the other side, although Manuel does not seem to know which is which, and naturally I do not care.

"Well," I say to Manuel, "this is a good place to start business. Tell them who I am," I say, "and ask them how much they will give me for taking care of these parties in the castle."

SO MANUEL makes quite a speech, and while I do not understand what he is saying, I can see that he is putting me away with them very good, because they are gazing at me with great interest and respect. When he concludes his speech they give me a big cheer and crowd around me shaking hands, and I see Manuel talking with some characters who seem to be the mains in this situation, and they are listening eagerly to his remarks, and nodding their heads, and Manuel says to me like this:

"Well," Manuel says, "I tell them you are the greatest American gangster that ever lives, and that they undoubtedly see you often in the movies, and they are in favor of your proposition 100 per cent. They are anxious to see how you operate," Manuel says, "because they wish to install similar methods in this country when things get settled down."

"Kindly omit referring to me as a gangster," I say. "It is a most uncouth word, and besides I never operate with a gang in my life."

"Well, all right," Manuel says, "but it is a word they understand. However," he says, "the trouble here is they do not have much *dinero*, which is money. In fact, they say the best they can offer you to take care of the parties in the castle is two pesetas per head."

"How much is two pesetas?" I ask.

"The last time I am here, it is about forty cents in your language," Manuel says.

Naturally, I am very indignant at this offer, because in my time I get as high as twenty thousand dollars for taking care of a case, and never less than five hundred, except once when I do a favor for one-fifty, but Manuel claims it is not such a bad offer as it sounds, as he says that at the moment two pesetas is by no means alfalfa in this Spain, especially as there are maybe four hundred heads in the castle, counting everything.

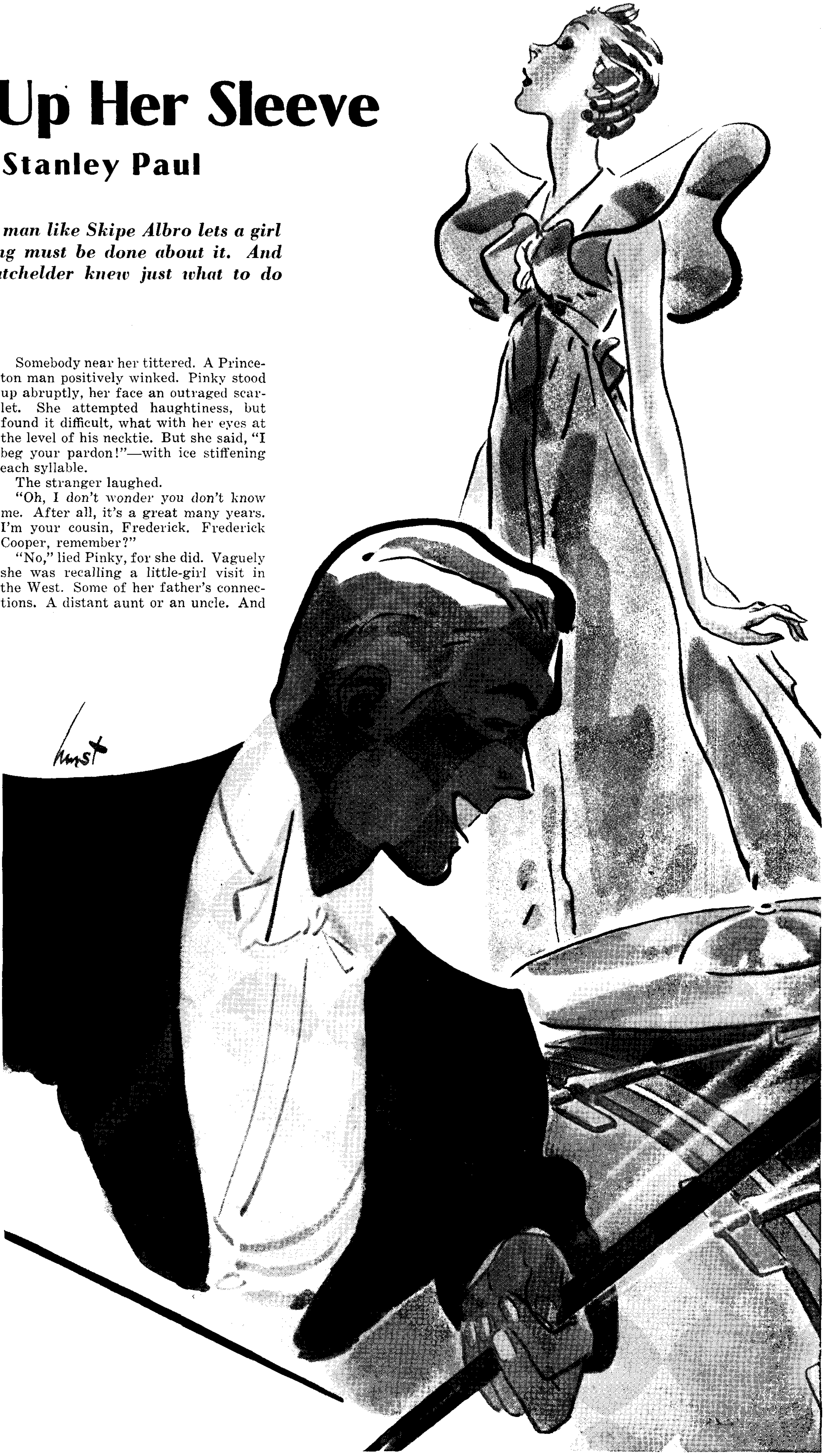
Manuel says it really is an exceptional offer as the characters behind the sandbags are anxious to conclude the siege because certain friends of the parties in the castle are arriving in a nearby town, and anyway, sitting behind these sandbags is getting most monotonous to one and all. Furthermore, Manuel says, when they are not sitting behind the sandbags, these characters are required to work every day digging a tunnel into the hill under the castle,

(Continued on page 48)

A Trick Up Her Sleeve

By Stanley Paul

When a young man like Skipe Albro lets a girl down something must be done about it. And Miss Pinky Batchelder knew just what to do



PINKY BATCHELDER sat upon an upended traveling case by a track head in the Grand Central Station, where presently the gates would open to debouch upon the Yankee Flyer, Boston bound. It was the afternoon preceding Thanksgiving. About her milled a young and happy home-going throng.

Considering the occasion, Pinky, sitting there in slim, youthful loveliness, should have had a heart both buoyant and happy. Not so, however. The heart was lower than the mercury in the November wind outside.

Reason: Skipe Albro, currently a junior at Yale. He with whom she'd brought home The Curlew to victory before a spanking summer's blow, and with whom a poignant moment had been shared under a soft September moon.

He who had said on the beach that last night: "Hm-m-m! You're growing up, shrimp! Add a little sparkle and I'll file you right under N for Next Year." And who, when she'd lifted lips somewhat expectantly, had almost—but not quite—kissed them.

Pinky hadn't minded—much. For she'd felt pretty sure of November. But after that night, silence. And she not sixty miles away. In fact, up to the moment of departure from her school on the Hudson that same afternoon she'd expected a special, or even a wire.

For he knew about the dress she'd bought at Stannard's. He knew that the Town Club was having Ben Davis' Paradise Band tonight. He knew, for she'd written him. And not one word from Skipe in reply.

Pinky sighed and shrugged, with an air of immense detachment. Her glance, when it fell upon people, was as coldly aloof as that of a Vassar senior. Men! A sorry lot. And undependable at best. Pinky'd go home and forget that they ever existed. Lose herself in Swinburne despite the Paradise Band. Or, when alone, that copy of Ten Wondrous Nights.

SO SHE sat there feeling infinitely superior to life, love, gaiety—all mundane things—until one man detached himself from the crowd and made a direct approach. At first Pinky was vaguely conscious of a tremendous length of bony-looking male. But in a moment when it became apparent that the man had an objective, and that the objective was herself, Pinky was forced to look more closely. Even then all she saw was someone decidedly uninteresting, terribly old—all of thirty—with a touch of gray at each flat temple and mild-looking eyes that stared and blinked painfully through glasses.

He said, in a voice that carried horribly: "Pinky, my dear, how are you? I haven't seen you since you had the strawberry colic in Denver. And tell me, do strawberries still distress you?"

Somebody near her tittered. A Princeton man positively winked. Pinky stood up abruptly, her face an outraged scarlet. She attempted haughtiness, but found it difficult, what with her eyes at the level of his necktie. But she said, "I beg your pardon!"—with ice stiffening each syllable.

The stranger laughed.

"Oh, I don't wonder you don't know me. After all, it's a great many years. I'm your cousin, Frederick. Frederick Cooper, remember?"

"No," lied Pinky, for she did. Vaguely she was recalling a little-girl visit in the West. Some of her father's connections. A distant aunt or an uncle. And a boy in the household, much older than she, who kept snakes in cages and bugs in bottles, and who pounded a drum in the depths of the cellar. She hated and loathed him then. Without effort, she hated him now.

"I *mean,*" *she amended,* "what are you doing here?"

If this seemed lacking in cousinly grace, the bland Frederick gave no outward sign.

"Well," he said, "through family correspondence your mother discovered I was stationed at Columbia this year. She reached me on the telephone this morning and insisted I spend the holiday in Boston. At first I refused; I'm really awfully busy. But family holidays being what they are . . . well, here I am."

"Yes," said Pinky, "here you are." Which adequately expressed her feelings, but more or less left things on an *indefinite basis. She added:* "Still, how did you know me?"

"OH, THAT!" smiled Frederick. "Easy! To begin with, your mother suggested I take the Yankee Flyer. She told me you couldn't afford to ride it on your allowance, but you—being you—would be aboard."

Heavens! Would the man never get his voice down so others wouldn't hear.

"And you haven't changed much," Frederick went on, with an air of amused indulgence. "The regal air. Snub nose. And you still dress beyond your years."

"Well!" spluttered Pinky. "I *must* say—"

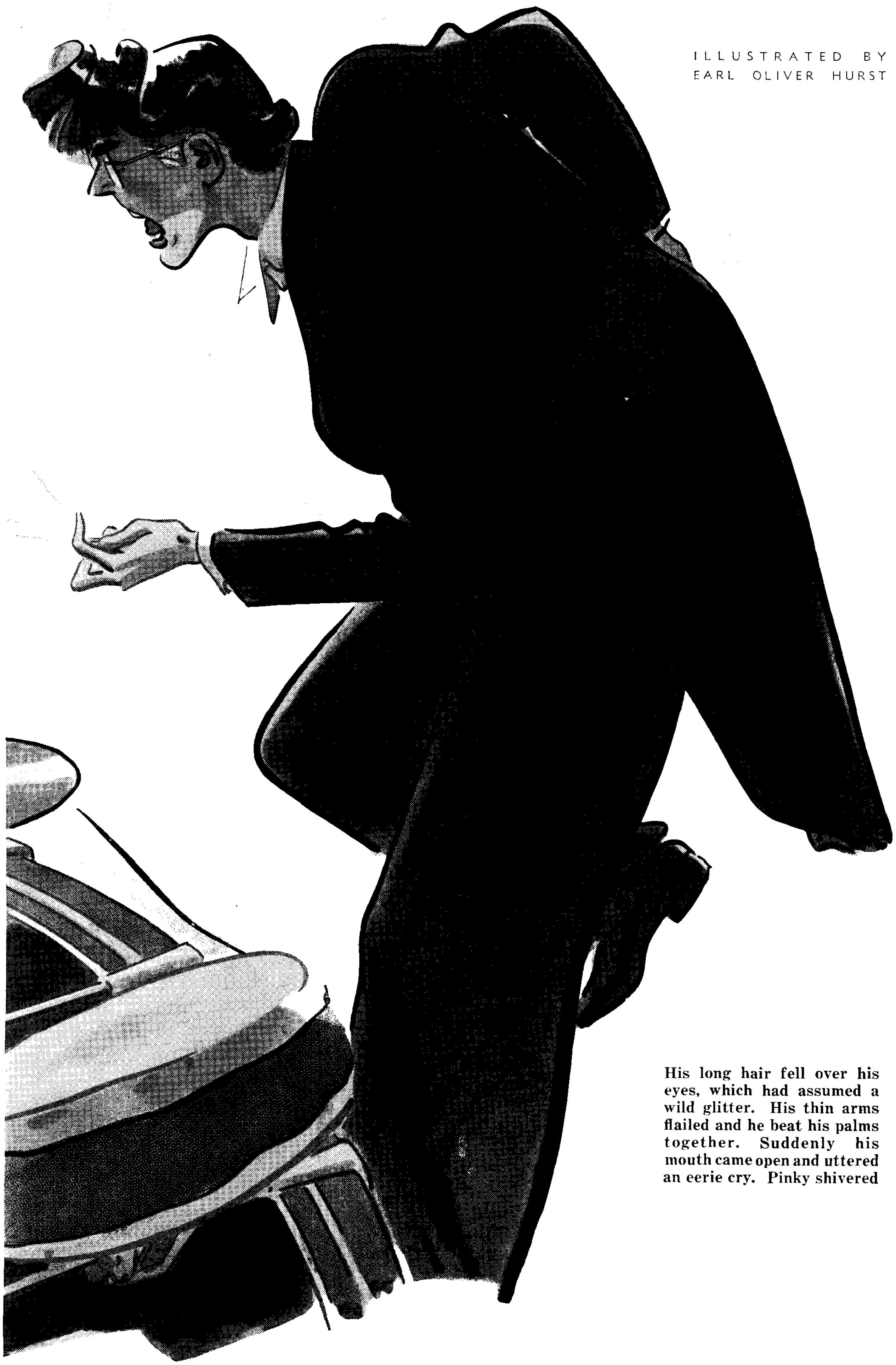
"There's the gate. I'll get a porter."

"Really, I—"

"Oh, we'll sit together, never fear," said Frederick with confidence. "I'm an old hand at trading reservations. You just leave it to me."

Pinky followed unwillingly down the platform. She stood in agonized silence in the hushed confines of the Pullman, while Frederick, with ingratiating ease, arranged to trade his own chair two cars back.

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST



His long hair fell over his eyes, which had assumed a wild glitter. His thin arms flailed and he beat his palms together. Suddenly his mouth came open and uttered an eerie cry. Pinky shivered

"Now," he said, "we can talk." He sat down and rubbed his thin palms together. "This is going to be fun. Guess where I was last Thanksgiving."

"I haven't the least idea," said Pinky coldly, knowing full well where she wished he was *this* one.

"In the Formosan jungle," said Frederick. "Eating roast pig. A very poor substitute, too, for the real New England turkey."

"I can imagine," said Pinky, who couldn't imagine at all. Devoutly she wished that the Flyer would set up the sound of departure. Thankfully, in a moment, it did, jerking a little at first, then gliding into the gloom of the avenue tunnels. But that didn't matter to Frederick, who overcame this obstacle by raising his voice immediately.

He inquired loudly: "Did you know Aunt Abby passed on?"

Pinky didn't even know who Aunt Abby was, to say nothing of the lady's demise. Particularly did she not wish to be asked about it in a Pullman car on the Flyer.

"Yes," Frederick went on, "though they wrote she was a long time dying. Our branch of the family is rugged. Not like you Boston Batchelders. Take Uncle Ernest Batchelder, now—"

Pinky took Uncle Ernest through 125th Street and out into the Bronx. In Westchester she took other Batchelders, Western branch. She took them sitting stiffly on the edge of her deep-cushioned chair, with the uncomforting conviction that every other passenger was taking them also.

AT MT. VERNON, desperate, she said: "What is it you do, Frederick? I'm stupid, but I really haven't kept track of you."

Anything to get him away from family talk.

"Well," Frederick responded, as most men will when invited to discuss themselves, "my principal interest is primitive psychology. Thus far, I've worked in the field. But this winter I'm in residence at Columbia for discussion with Meredith of Anthropology. He and I may collaborate on certain work."

Stamford flashed by, and Bridgeport. Pinky thought of the lounge car in the rear. But if she announced that she'd like to walk back for a smoke the creature would get off some gauche remark; or else, worse luck, go with her.

The Flyer was rocketing into the New Haven yards. Almost imperceptibly it slowed. Pinky had a sudden inspiration. She leaned forward to interrupt Frederick's flow of words.

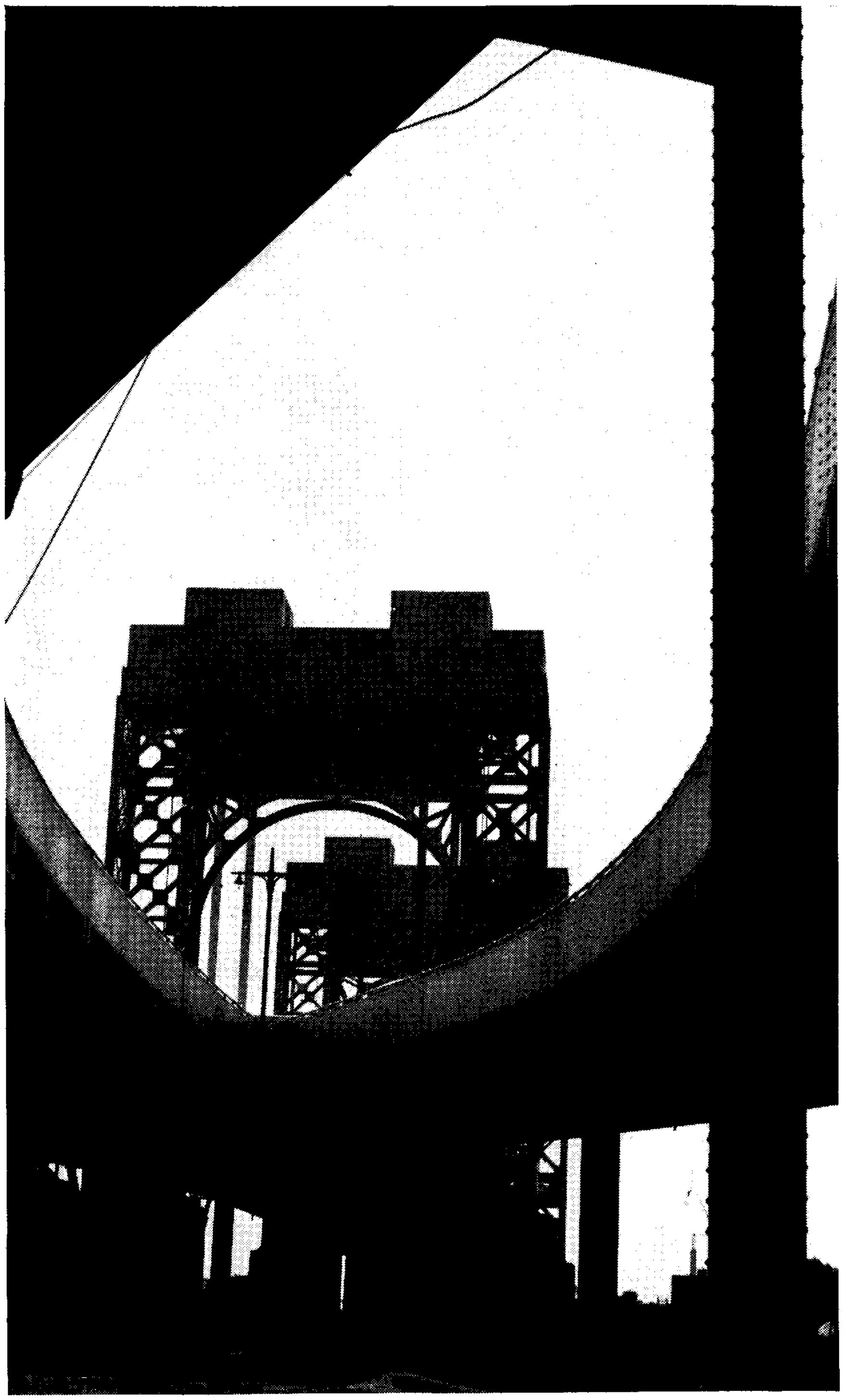
"Frederick," she suggested, "shouldn't you save some of this for Mother and Father tonight? They'll be frightfully interested, I know."

"Tonight!" Frederick exclaimed; then snapped his bony fingers. "I nearly forgot *to give you your mother's message.* She said to tell you she and your father were going out to dinner. But that they'd see us later upon our return from a place called the Town Club. She said we were attending a dance there; that you knew all about it."

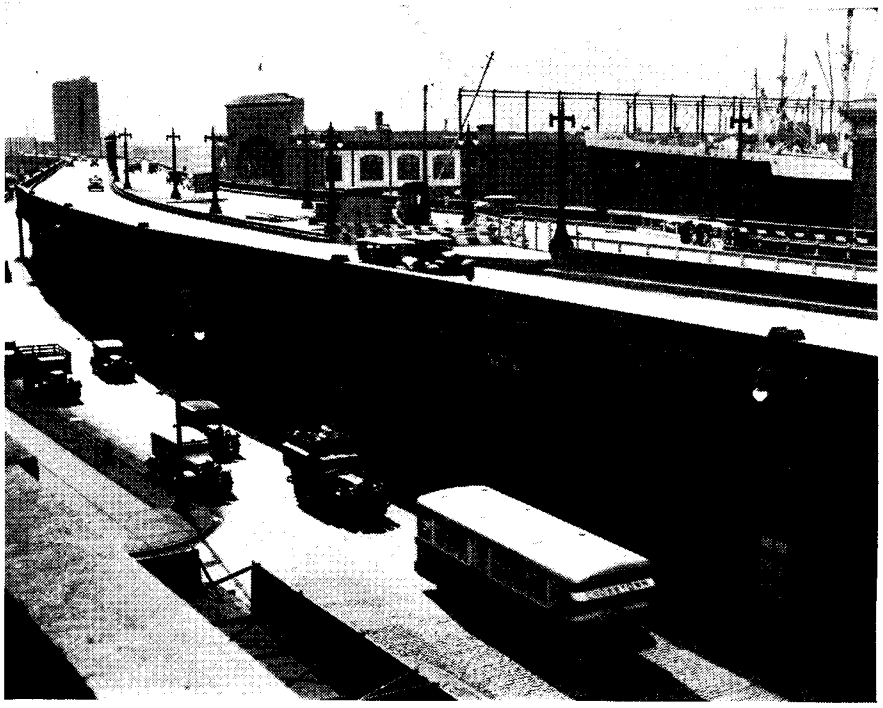
Pinky sat in stricken silence. She knew the finality of maternal command. And, oh, the cloistered seclusion she'd planned. Woefully she regarded her cousin anew. A tropical adventurer, her first. And that type of man should be brownishly lean with the intriguing light of mysticism in his eyes. Not a mild-mannered skeleton who prattled of uncles and aunts.

The train slid to a smooth stop in the New Haven station. A strong dash of Yale came aboard. For a wildly hopeful

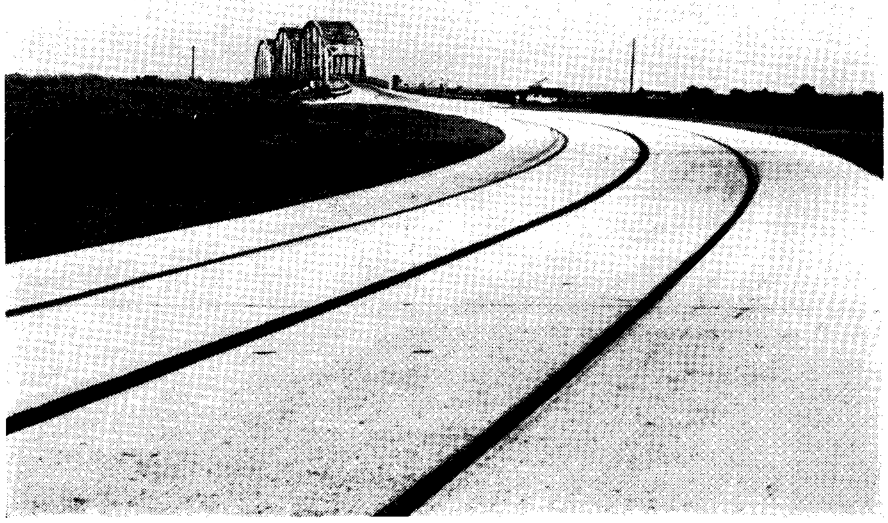
(Continued on page 44)



IFOR THOMAS



IFOR THOMAS



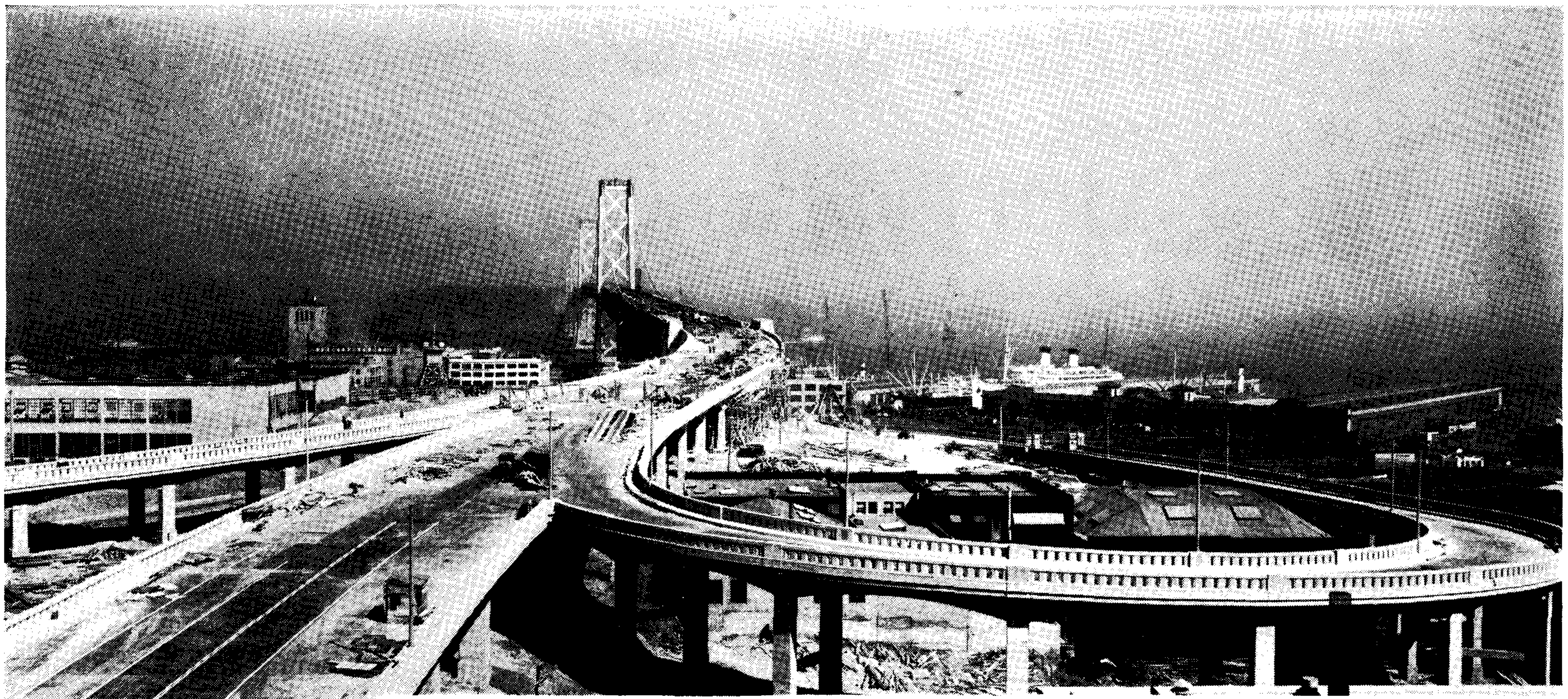
COURTESY LOUISIANA STATE HIGHWAY COMMISSION

IFOR THOMAS

ROADS Into the Future

By John T. Flynn

Our roads have to keep up with our cars. To make them do that we shall have to move our cities around a bit, rearrange old roads, build new ones. In addition to safety we'll get the advantages of the new form of transportation that is remaking our nation



GABRIEL MOULIN

IFOR THOMAS

From coast to coast a gigantic program of road construction is under way. On the opposite page are shown: Upper left, New York's new Triborough Bridge, connecting Manhattan, the Bronx and Queens. Below is the Pulaski Skyway, diverting traffic above Jersey City and Newark, N. J. Upper right, New York's elevated highway, which provides rapid north-south transportation through Manhattan. Lower right, one of the new wide highways built by Louisiana. This page: The approaches to the San Francisco-Oakland Bridge and a section of the Grand Central Parkway, a fast Long Island traffic artery

THE next big job we have to do—certainly one of the next big jobs—is to get ourselves some roads.

Roads! Why, as Huey Long told the Senate about Louisiana, we're lousy with roads, aren't we? We've got roads *running* from here to there and everywhere. In fact, aren't we all bogged down now under the weight of mortgage bonds to build the roads we have—three million miles of roads buried under three million dollars of bonds? Didn't the states and counties go busted building roads? Do you want them to go busted some more?

I know it will surprise many people to be told that our roads are not finished; that, as a matter of fact, we have just about begun the building of roads. The general impression is that our road system is practically done, that all we have to do now is to perfect them here and there, fix up the secondary ones a little and somehow get the old bills paid.

Will Rogers once said of New York City that it would be a great city if we ever got it finished. And that is true of the country as a whole. In this civilization of ours, alas!—or fortunately!—nothing is ever finished. Or at least nothing is finished until it is ready for the scrap heap.

Here is a choice morsel from a Midwestern daily newspaper—date, January 2, 1906—in a financial review:

"In the field of municipal transportation we now have covering every city in the nation the most magnificent system of urban rapid transit to be found in the world. It may be true that there is still room for expansion and development of a somewhat more comprehensive system of interurban transport, but city rapid transit has about reached its ultimate goal, save of course for supplying such new neighborhoods as may be developed."

And as the prophet looked through his rose-colored glasses on our trolley system, the jitney was waiting just around the corner ready to grow into the bus and chase our magnificent system off the streets. No sooner was our trolley system finished than it was obsolete. When our roads are finished it will be because we have taken to trucking and bussing in the skies.

Civilization Changes with Roads

The truth is, as H. G. Wells sagely observed in Collier's a year ago, transportation is just about the one big dynamic force which is not merely altering the face of the earth but the very core of its civilization. It is changing the habits, the modes of thought, the objectives, the points of view of populations everywhere and, of course, nowhere so much as in this nation. Men are actually talking about a time when we will lift our homes off their solid foundations of brick or concrete, put them on wheels, throw them into high and send them rolling off their traditional twenty-by-a-hundred town lots onto the broad highway. Of course if you are one of those excessively wise persons who always know what can't be done, who knew that autos would be just toys, that telephones might someday be used to send a band concert, that the X-Ray was a scientist's plaything and the airplane an impossible dream, then of course you know that this and most of the other wonders that lie ahead will never happen. But don't be too sure.

The simple fact is that we are getting to be a great migratory people, like the primitive race which wandered over Asia before Genghis Khan. We are the world's and history's greatest rovers. Those ancient wanderers were really looking for a place to settle down. But we seem to be looking for a place to keep going. And so let us get out of our minds the idea that our roads are finished. Of course, I really am not speaking of our possible road needs in the distant future when miracles will have come to pass. I speak of our roads *now* and our needs *now*.

Of course we have the best roads in the world. We have three million miles of them. That's enough to wrap around the world 120 times. They represent a gigantic investment—countless billions. Among them are roads so fine, indeed so magnificent, that it is difficult to imagine anything better. But, taken as a whole, engineers tell us that we have only scratched the surface of our road problem; that what we have is not so much a great road system as a vast collection of road locations where we can now proceed to put the kind of roads we need.

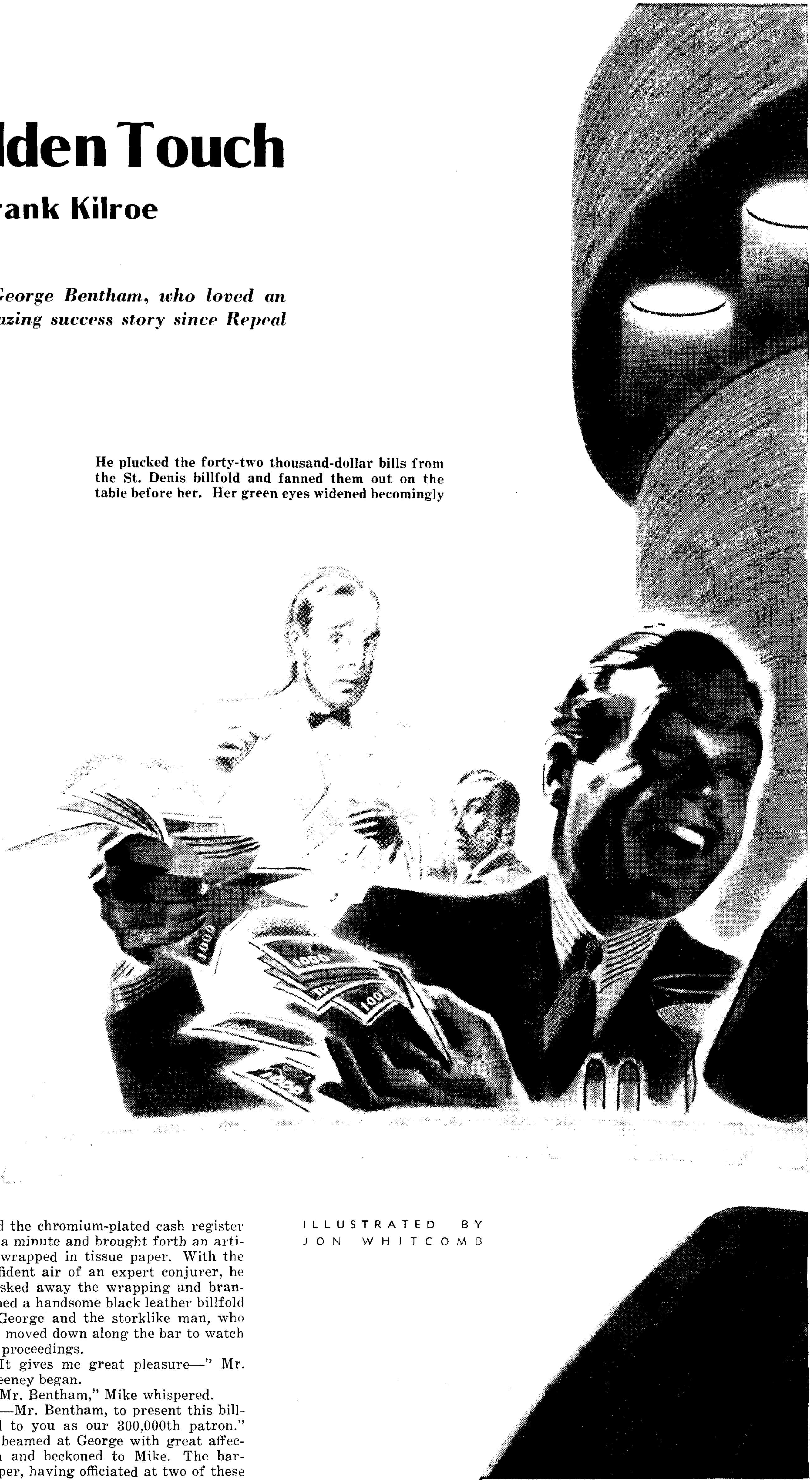
Before we can fully grasp this, we have to recall how we came by these

(Continued on page 69)

The Golden Touch

By Frank Kilroe

The dizzy career of George Bentham, who loved an heiress. The most amazing success story since Repeal



He plucked the forty-two thousand-dollar bills from the St. Denis billfold and fanned them out on the table before her. Her green eyes widened becomingly

ILLUSTRATED BY JON WHITCOMB

HE WAS in his second week of hang-over and no jury would have called it the act of a sane man, but George Bentham's step did not falter as he approached the entrance of the St. Denis bar. He pushed the door open and followed it into the quiet room.

Behind the bar, Mike held up his bar rag in welcome.

"It's Mr. Bentham!" he cried. "Tell Mr. Sweeney to come, Paul. It's Mr. Bentham who's the one."

The waiter polishing the onyx-topped table nodded and backed away toward the door that led into the hotel, like a bedazzled slave leaving the golden presence of Montezuma. There was the same shine of admiration in Mike's eyes when George looked back at him. The other customer at the bar, a tall, bespectacled, storklike man, was bobbing his thin head thoughtfully at the sight of the new arrival. Even the old man drinking sherry and penciling in a newspaper crossword puzzle at the corner table seemed impressed.

Mr. Bentham felt vaguely annoyed as he ordered his double Martini. He had come in here for a brief respite from a harsh world and here they were giving him riddles to do. The one who what? The one who tipped the hat-check girl at the Coq Rouge eight cents last night? The one who hadn't paid the rent on his one-room apartment in the three months since he was canned by American Motors for lack of ambition? The one who had had his honorable proposal of marriage rejected by Doris Gleason because she happened to have two millions and she was afraid he would be marrying her for her money, when as a matter of fact he loved her for her beautiful self, as well as for her money? He looked up irritably at Mike, who was draining amber liquor from a bar glass into a glistening half-tumbler. The one who what?

He reached for the drink but Mike stayed his hand with a gesture of his bar spoon. "There's something that goes with it," the barkeeper told him.

"An onion?"

MIKE pointed to the pale vegetable resting on the bottom of the glass. "Mr. Sweeney is on his way," he said. "Mr. Sweeney is the manager of the hotel. He will be here any moment."

George sighed and felt his embattled innards relax, and then a brisk, plump man smelling of barbers' lotions was hurrying in from the hotel corridor and ducking under the movable flap in the bar to join forces with Mike. This was evidently Mr. Sweeney. He fished behind the chromium-plated cash register for a minute and brought forth an article wrapped in tissue paper. With the confident air of an expert conjurer, he whisked away the wrapping and brandished a handsome black leather billfold at George and the storklike man, who had moved down along the bar to watch the proceedings.

"It gives me great pleasure—" Mr. Sweeney began.

"Mr. Bentham," Mike whispered.

"—Mr. Bentham, to present this billfold to you as our 300,000th patron." He beamed at George with great affection and beckoned to Mike. The barkeeper, having officiated at two of these

ceremonies, was ready on cue. He handed George's unpaid bar tab to Mr. Sweeney, and Mr. Sweeney quickly inserted it behind the celluloid window in the wallet, passed the whole business across the mahogany to George. "This," he said, "will entitle you, not to 300,000 drinks—the receivers wouldn't stand for that—but to a round of drinks on the house today and next year on this day and so on."

He gazed around the sparsely populated bar with calculating generosity. "And since you are here alone today," he went on expansively, "I think that entitles us all to be your guests for this round."

George bowed and waved his hand grandly in acquiescence and hoisted his Martini to his lips. It was up to body temperature after all the ceremonies but maybe that was just as well. He poured down a gulp and waited for something to happen. Nothing did.

"You know," he told his admiring guests, "there is really nothing like the first Martini in the morning."

THE storklike man was talking now. Mr. Sweeney had gone back to his office, the old man with the newspaper had finished his puzzle and departed, and the storklike man was talking.

"The important thing," he was telling George, "about you being the 300,000th patron of the St. Denis bar, and getting that free drink and wallet for it, is that it is extraordinary enough to indicate that you are beginning a remarkable spell of luck." He blinked through his spectacles at George, who was methodically transferring his cash reserve of two rumpled ten-dollar bills to the new billfold. "For instance," he went on, "you have twenty dollars there. I will roll you for it and you will be sure to win."

He called to Mike for the dice cup and watched with satisfaction while George took the twenty away from him with a roll of four fives in one and another of five sixes all day.

"You see," he said as he passed over the money, "you are Fortunatus, equipped with an inexhaustible purse by the Hotel St. Denis. This is your day. All that you ask for shall be given to you. Most people, in such circumstances, become timid and throw away their chance, not realizing that everything that happens is in series with a number of other events. Caught up in such a series, the wise, adventurous man plays his luck out to the end and makes his fortune."

George nodded politely. He was ready to make his fortune, he said, if that was his appointed fate for the afternoon. He could have done with a bit more sleep last night, but nevertheless he was ready. How did his adviser propose that he go about it?

The storklike man laid a lean forefinger athwart his upper lip and gazed thoughtfully at George. "What we must look for," he explained, "is the common denominator, the tie that will bind these events together. It may be a number, it may be a name, it may be only a letter. Whatever it is, there is a clue to it somewhere in your winning that wallet. Let me see it a minute."

George handed it over blithely and ordered another round of drinks. It was nice to think that maybe he was on his way to making his fortune at last but the bespectacled gent's system for making it seemed a mite improbable. Not that he couldn't use a small fortune very nicely. His savings account, according to the blue figures in the passbook, was down to $46.37, and he had no kind relations likely to push off and leave him a tidy legacy. Besides, if this fellow was even partly right, he might make enough to convince Doris of his solvency, and, thereby, of his true love.

He heard his friend with the glasses saying something to him. "I have found it," the thin man was telling him. "You will remember that you won this wallet as a direct result of ordering a Martini—a double Martini, to be sure, but still a Martini. There we have the letter M. You ordered it from a man named Mike. Now here again—"

He ran his finger excitedly over the celluloid panel in the billfold to the index number on George's lucky check: M300000. He seized George's limp hand and pumped it vigorously. "You are a very fortunate young man," he said, "and I am very fortunate to have met you. This is obviously an M day. If you remember that letter in everything you do today, you will be a rich man by evening."

George and Mike watched him hurry out on his way to his broker's office. Mike shook his head and sloshed a glass in and out of the warm, gray dishwater.

"That fellow," he told George, "he used to have a lot of money."

The first race that afternoon was easy. George was barely up in the stand and turned around when the two-year-olds came down the chute, with Melodiana, the only M horse in the field, out in front by plenty and winning on the bit. They gave him back his original thirty and two hundred and forty more for being right about that and he went out to the bar to assemble his thoughts with another Martini.

In the steeplechase there were no horses beginning with M or having the letter anywhere about them, but the third race made up for that. Not only was there Maeriel, a sterling three-year-old son of Ariel, there was also Midvictorian, and while this was the day when one of them was sure to win, there was nothing on the program to indicate which.

"Close your eyes," the old man behind the bar told him. "Now I'll be turning the program. Now jab it with a pencil."

Obediently he jabbed and heard the old man grunt. He opened his eyes and looked at the pencil point. It leaned upon the mustaches of the old clubman in the whisky ad.

"If I was you," the old man said, "I'd leave the race alone."

GEORGE wagged his head. That was the counsel of timid souls, of old men tending bar when they might have been rolling about on the shaded lawns of grand country estates. What was it his friend at the St. Denis had said? "The wise, adventurous man plays his luck out to the end and makes his fortune." Wasn't he a wise, adventurous sort of fellow? Well, then—

He spun a coin into the air and caught it. It came down with the goddess showing. Heads was for Maeriel. He squared his shoulders with a wise, adventurous air and moved out to the betting ring, where the books, after the lull of the steeplechase, were beginning to chalk up their slates for the third race.

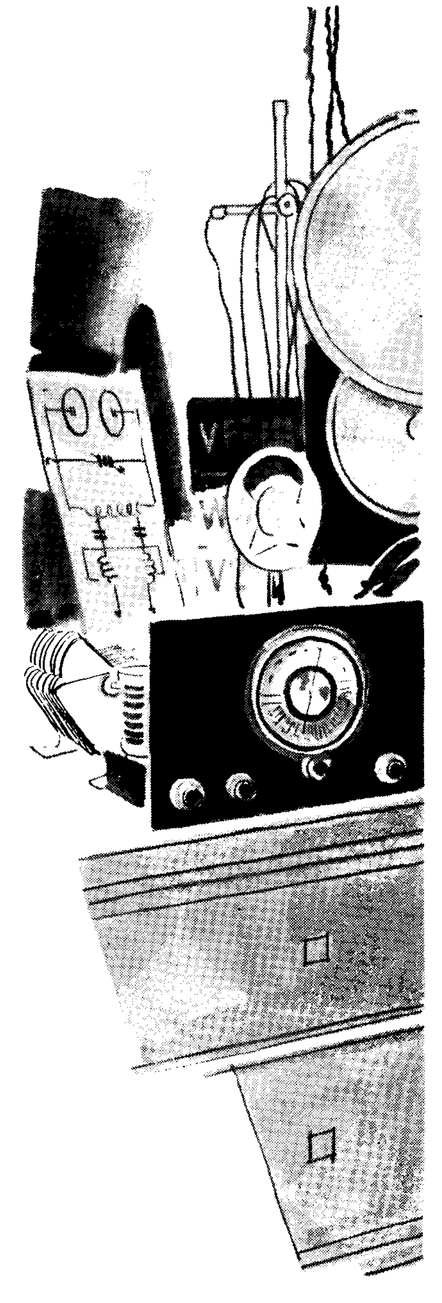
It took George quite a while to decide where he would do his business. The best he could get anywhere on Maeriel seemed to be twelve-to-one, which was a lot better than the two-to-one they were laying on Midvictorian, but by the time he had fastened upon a small-eyed, ferret-faced bookmaker from whom it would be a pleasure to take the money, the ring was jammed with punters barging back and forth to get their money down.

Intimidated by the stampede, George drew back to count the wealth that was packed into his St. Denis wallet. Two hundred and seventy-five dollars. If he were the man of destiny he had thought himself to be, he would send it all in on Maeriel, but now that it was time, his spirit wavered. After all, there was the rent to pay, and maybe Midvictorian was the one he was supposed to play. He

(Continued on page 42)

The Heart Has Wings

By Faith Baldwin



ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS

The Story Thus Far:

A STRANGER in New York, Gail Williams, noted girl flyer from the Middle West, attends a party given by the Harrises—Peter Harris, wealthy aircraft manufacturer, and his wife, Hildreth—to announce the engagement of their daughter, Dolly, to George Crosley, Gail's cousin. The party (at the Harris' Long Island estate) rather bores the young Middle Westerner—until she meets her host. Peter Harris discusses aviation with her; he fascinates her; she accepts his invitation to inspect his plant.

A few days later, Peter shows her over his impressive factory. Then, driving away with her, he swerves to avoid a truck (his nickname is "Speed")—and catapults into a tree. There is a terrific crash; oblivion for Gail. When she opens her eyes, she finds herself in Peter's arms. "Darling," he is saying, "Gail darling, are you hurt?"

It is then that, for the first time, Gail Williams (who has never hitherto loved any man) realizes that Hildreth Harris' husband is in love with her; *and that she is in love with him.* . . . At the Harris estate, to which Peter takes her, she is put to bed and, under the tender guidance of Hildreth, carefully nursed. And there, in the course of a talk with Peter, she mentions a man, Bill Jones, radio expert, whom she has recently *met through a strange series of circumstances* and whom she has seen several times.

Who, Peter wants to know, is this Bill Jones? Is he young? Is he attractive? Is he—but all questions are answered by Bill Jones himself. As Gail and Peter are conversing in the library, he bursts in. He is a stocky young fellow with unruly hair—a very dynamic person. He greets Gail. He turns to Peter: "You," he exclaims, "were driving the car, weren't you? Why the hell aren't you more careful?"

III

BILL!" shouted Gail. It wasn't a ladylike expostulation, it was a shout of pure rage.

But Peter grinned, and the grin became vocal. He flung back his head and laughed and laughed. Helplessly, Gail found herself joining in. And Mr. William Jones' own particular brand of merriment was added to theirs.

They laughed till their sides—Gail's sides especially—ached; and then Peter said:

"You're perfectly right. Why *didn't* I drive more carefully? I always have. Almost always, that is. But truly," he added, sobering, "no great harm was done. You can see for yourself how she looks."

Bill looked; saw. He said, liking Peter Harris immediately, "That's so. I'm sorry. You must think me slightly wacky, barging in on you like this. Anything I can do to make amends? I swing a mean lawn mower, and of course if you've a balky radio I can fix, everything would be lovely. Haven't you a jittery tube or crotchety aerial? I'm willing to risk my valuable life on your imposing roof to express my contrition."

A long speech for Mr. Jones. Peter shook his head. He said:

"The only way you can really prove your remorse is to help Gail out on the terrace . . . My secretary is coming in presently. I'll see that you're both taken care of, out there."

"Well," Bill told him, "that sounds pretty good. I've a couple of hours before I have to get back to town. If you're sure I won't be in the way . . . ?"

He spoke to Peter but he looked at Gail. She said crossly, "I bet you're always in somebody's way. You're getting in my hair already."

"Such nice hair," remarked Bill, sweetly.

"Will you two get out of here?" demanded Peter. He went over to help Gail to her feet but Bill was just a fraction of a second ahead of him. He pleaded, "Steer me straight, Gail; I don't know my way around palaces."

Going out, they met Gerry Downing coming in. He stopped with a quick word of commiseration for Gail's minor incapacity. He had the sensitiveness of the long-handicapped for others in pain. Gail presented him to Bill, assured him of her well-being and went on out to the terrace, where she and Peter had lunched.

"Who was that guy?" asked Bill curiously. "Nice face, poor devil!"

"He's Mr. Harris' secretary," said Gail. "I met him briefly yesterday." She paused to wonder, was it only yesterday? It seems a thousand years ago—

"He's lucky to have a job," Bill commented with the callousness of the young and untouched, "in this day and age, with things the way they are with him."

"He flew with Mr. Harris during the war," Gail explained, "and cracked up. He is grounded for good. But he has a life berth . . . and he can be around planes, and even fly in them, if not as pilot. I believe he crashed going to Mr. Harris' rescue."

Mr. Harris this, Mr. Harris that! Peter, said her heart.

"Harris," said Bill, "must be a swell person. I liked him. Wonder he didn't throw me out on my ear. What's the rest of the family like . . . ? Oh, that's right," he said suddenly, "you were down here for the daughter's debut or something when I met you, weren't you?"

"When you held me up, you mean. Yes. Dolly's a mere child and very pretty. Don't prick up your ears. She's being married quite soon, to my cousin. I told you all that when we lunched."

"I wasn't listening," he admitted shamelessly. "You see, I like your voice so much it doesn't matter what you say. Women," he added largely, "rarely make sense anyway."

"Thanks," said Gail, infuriated.

"He looks—Harris, I mean—pretty young," said Bill.

"He is, to be as successful . . ."

"How'd you come to know him?"

"Through Dolly," answered Gail, "of course."

SHE hadn't said anything, had made no elaborate explanations, but she knew perfectly well that she had succeeded in allying herself with Dolly, presenting herself in the innocent light of one of Dolly's friends. Just as well. This young man before her was entirely too sharp of eye.

They talked, or rather Bill did. He had, she realized with amusement, completely claimed her for his own. He assumed she would be interested in everything he said or did. Since the night on the road he had not permitted her to forget him. He telephoned every day, and more than once. They had lunched, and dined. And now here he was, leaning back in a reed lounge chair with a giddy cushion behind his head, the smoke of his cigarette gray and blue on the soft May air and a robin singing like mad in the apple tree just beyond him.

Tea came, and thin sandwiches and highballs. Bill ate, drank, leaned back and sighed. "When I make my million," he told her—

"Yes, when?"

Then he said contentedly, "We'll have a place just like this, only better."

"We?" she demanded, knowing it was indiscreet. But there were times when indiscretion served as discretion itself.

"Sure. You and me. Us. Gail and William. You're my girl, you know. I knew it the other night, right off the bat. Always figured it would hit me that way. A sock to the button. A haymaker. They haven't stopped counting yet—No, don't speak. I don't expect you to feel that way. Girls don't . . ."

Oh, don't they? she thought.

She said, lightly, "I'm very flattered . . ."

"Nix on the refrigeration, sprinkled with powdered sugar. You aren't flattered. You're probably so darned vain you take it as a matter of course, as coming to you. Perhaps it is. I don't blame you. What I meant to say was, it will take you a little time to get used to me . . . but—you will some day. Otherwise nothing adds up." He grinned at her, after his lopsided fashion, but the gray eyes were sober. "Anyhow can't marry you yet, woman. Haven't enough money. Need all I make and the little I have beside to perfect my gadgets. Once those go over, we'll be sitting pretty—"

"I'd like to hear more about them," she said.

"NOPE. Hearing isn't effectual. I'll have to show you. Soon as you're back in town you'll come to the lab and I'll explain things to you," he said kindly, "not that I'd expect you to understand . . ."

"I like that," she said indignantly. "I don't know very much about your blessed radio but I might be able to grasp it. After all, I'm a pilot and a pretty good mechanic in the bargain."

"That's so." He regarded her dolefully and reached for his glass as if its contents would sustain him. "Forgot you were Williams' daughter . . . there's another hookup with Harris, I suppose. You didn't tell me."

"What difference would it make to you whose daughter I am?" she said, incautiously.

"Quite a lot. I used to think it would be elegant to marry a girl with plenty of what it takes . . . in the checkbook. She could finance the gadgets . . . But now that I've met you, I dunno. Think I'd a lot rather have the upper hand. I'd need it."

"You," said Gail simply, "have a nerve!"

"My sweet," said Bill, "you talk like my dentist."

A little later Peter and Gerry came out on the terrace and found them laughing together.

Bill rose. He said, looking down at Gail, "I must be going. Otherwise panic on the air." He shook Peter's hand as Peter got to his feet. "Thanks a lot," he said, "and if I made a nuisance of myself, well, I'm glad of it. It was worth risking the bum's rush."

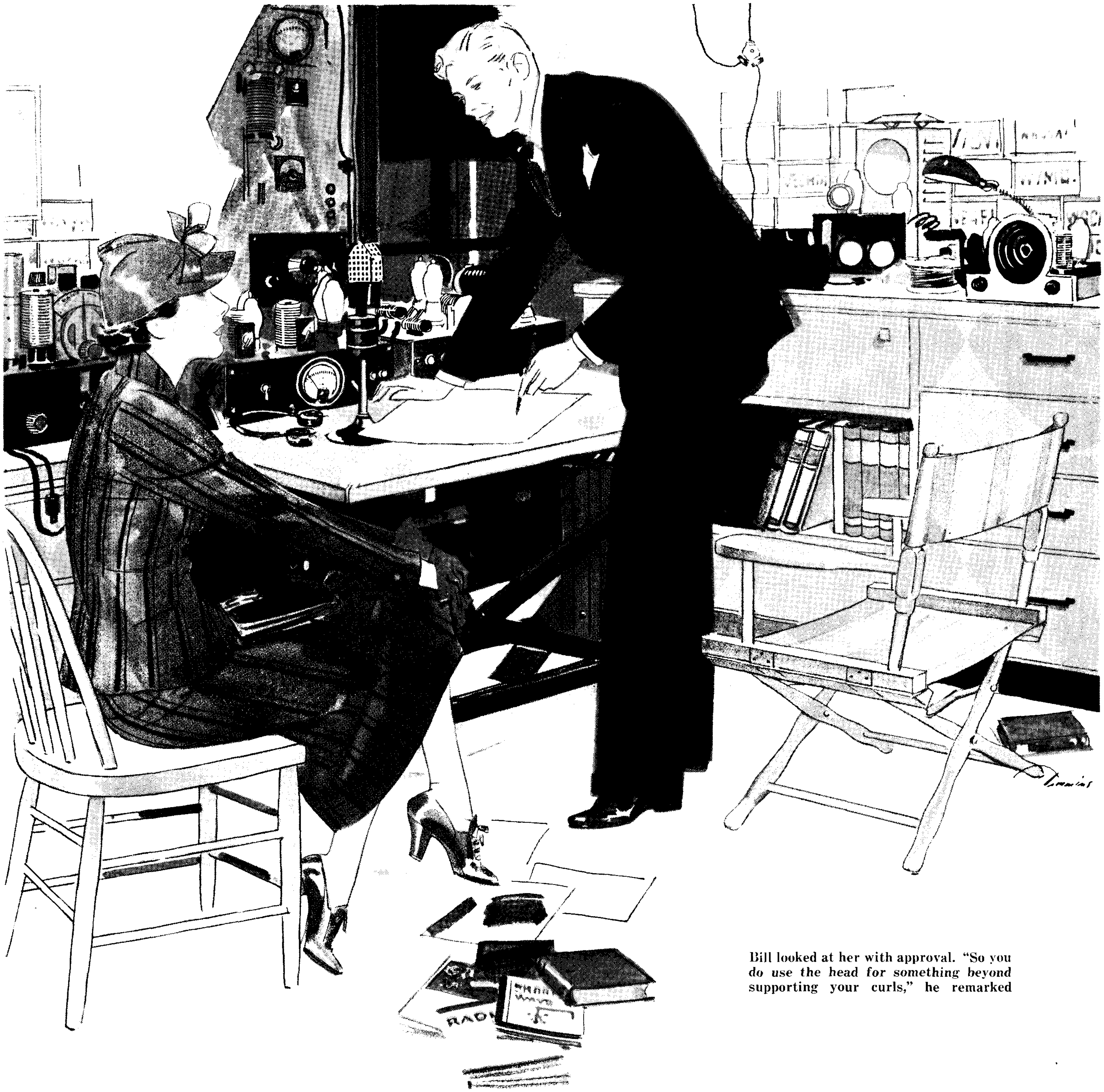
Presently he had gone and Peter smiled lazily at Gail.

"Very impetuous young man, your Mr. Jones," he remarked.

She said, "Oh, he's addlebrained. Don't mind him, please . . . he isn't nearly as crazy as he sounds. He has some sort of an invention—radio—and you know how inventors are. I don't know anything about it, what it's like or if it works. I don't suppose it does; such things rarely do."

Hildreth and Dolly came in. Hildreth looked a little pale and tired, but Dolly's recent emotional agitation had been camouflaged bravely by defiant fresh lipstick and powder. But her blue eyes were heavy and the lids faintly pink.

GAIL regarded her with something very like envy. Dolly had a right to weep, her grief was legitimate. It would be short-lived, for the trains ran on schedule and one day, not far off, would bring George back to her, for better or worse. Gail hoped that it would be for better. Envisioning George Crosley, with the clear eyes of a woman who did not love him and who was moreover a blood relative, she wondered what the child saw in him. All his most splendid traits—stability, integrity, the fact that he worked hard, was a reasonable human being with a sense of responsibility toward society—were not those which, she felt, inspired passionate love in a young girl—or indeed in any unrelated woman. On the contrary, young girls, and older women too, fell in love with quite different things—charm, gaiety, physical magnetism, contradictions. From Gail's viewpoint, George was uniquely lacking in these signatures of personality. But perhaps Dolly saw deeper, and surely she was fortunate, for having fallen in love, she would grow to congratulate herself that George possessed other, less



Bill looked at her with approval. "So you *do use the head for something beyond* supporting your curls," he remarked

exciting but more durable qualities.

For a day or two Gail was almost constantly in Dolly's company. The youngster followed her around like a friendly puppy anxious to be of help, ingratiating herself into Gail's affections. Hildreth was busy, and Gail without Dolly would have been left much to her own resources. Dolly chattered away at top speed and sooner or later the conversation arrived, by a long road, past familiar landmarks, at George. Dolly had the pseudo-frankness of her generation, hiding her little strategies under an attitude of extreme nonchalance. Gail, never accounted stupid, smiled inwardly and, obediently, made George the axis upon which their conversation revolved.

She wished, silently, that she knew more exciting things about him, but reviewing the years in which he had been part of her life, more years than Dolly had lived as a matter of fact, she found nothing ever faintly stirring. So she invented an episode or two and was rewarded by Dolly's wide-eyed amazement and pleasure. And Gail trusted, uncomfortably, that Dolly, after marriage, would not recall the non-existent black-haired dancer with whom George's cousin had shamelessly endowed him during his junior year at college. For Gail, whose imagination was apt to carry her away, had bestowed upon the señorita every fascination of fiction, stopping just short of the rose between the teeth and the dagger in the jeweled garter.

FOR the sake of the conventions, however, she let it be understood that the lady had suffered—or so one assumed—from an unrequited ardor.

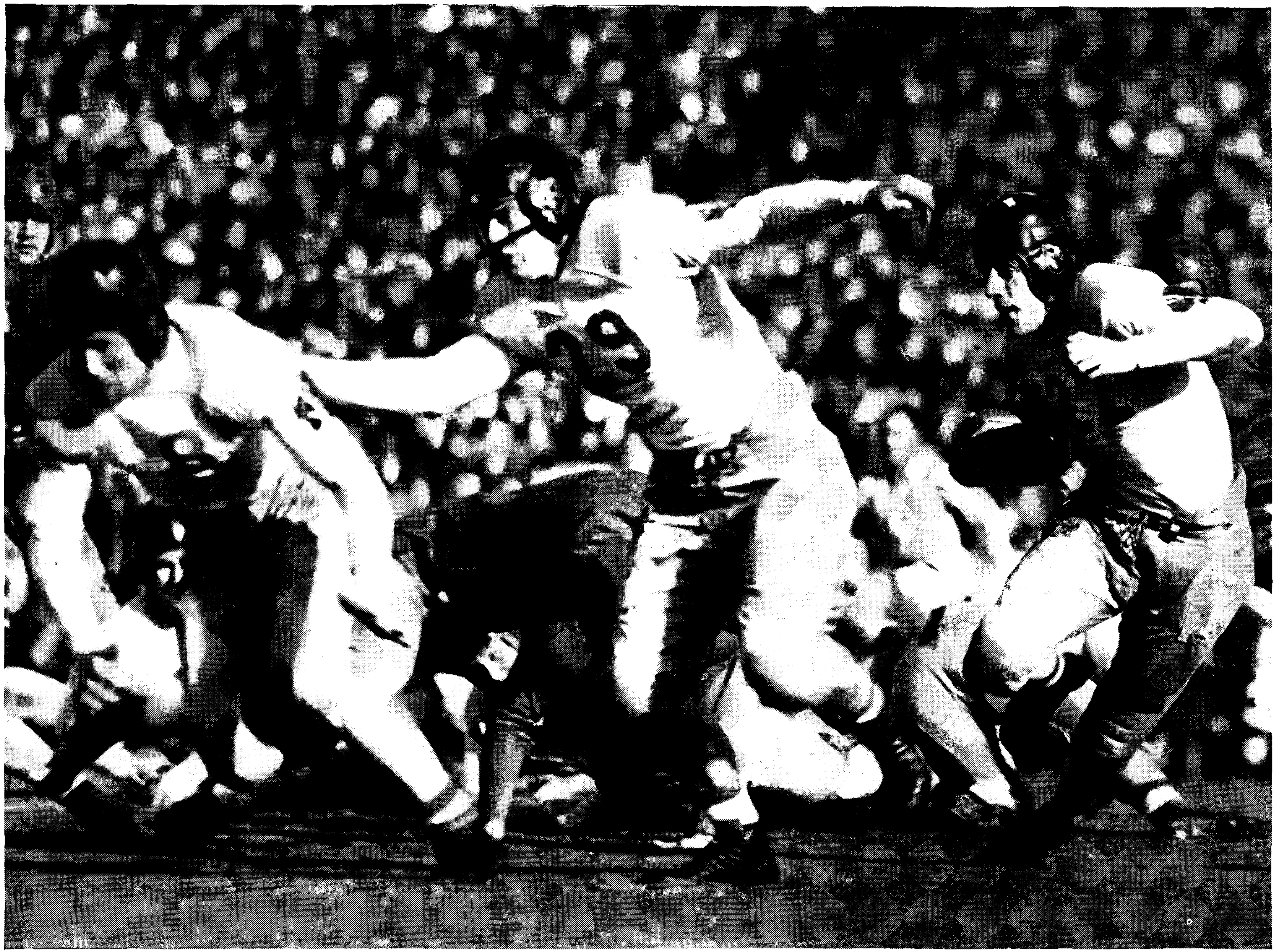
Friday night there were to be guests for dinner. Gail begged off. She hadn't stayed on to make more of a burden of herself than could be helped, and if she came to dinner, she would upset the arrangements, unbalance the table and send Hildreth scurrying to the telephone to drum up an extra man. The sticking plaster was gone from her forehead but there was a mark, and her cheek was bruised. Besides, she had no dinner frock. Would Hildreth excuse her and let her have dinner quietly in her room? She felt so horribly guilty at being so much trouble.

Hildreth excused her, after stating with every appearance of sincerity that she would miss her and that her guests would be deprived of a very real pleasure. And Gail had her tray, a little early, ate slowly, with a new novel beside her, conscious that Mrs. Harris employed a superb cook. Dolly ran upstairs when dinner was over to talk to her for a few minutes, regretting violently that she would be forced to make up a second table of contract. Hildreth looked in on her, too, and brought her a tiny glass of some unusual liqueur which, she said, Peter wanted her to try.

LATER Gail found that the novel did not hold her attention. She trailed her lace and chiffon skirts out to the balcony which opened off her room, and finding a comfortable chair beside a standing ash tray, sat down to smoke in the warm, windless night. There were stars over the Sound and it was not quite dark. There was a dusky bloom on the night and she could smell salt and earth and new-cut grass and honeysuckle.

Her mood was sad but she was not unhappy. She loved; and was not loved.

(*Continued on page* 98)



© INTERNATIONAL

Bobby Grayson, with Beedle (8) and Hamilton (29) as interference, on an end run in the last Rose Bowl game

Good Mixers

By C. E. "Tiny" Thornhill with Frank J. Taylor

The experts prophesied that Stanford would be hopelessly beaten by the Southern Methodist passes in the last Rose Bowl game. It seems they had overlooked the expert field strategy of Bobby Grayson, a quarterback who knew how to mix up plays

THE big idea among football coaches used to be that the objective of every single play in the game was a score. Nowadays the strategy is different. It isn't the individual play but the sequence of plays that puts most ball games on ice.

So what every coach prays for each season is a natural field general among *his players who can sense how the game* is going to go three or four plays ahead. He senses a rhythm of the plays and calls them accordingly. Bobby Grayson did this better than any other football player I have ever known. Take the series of plays he dished up before the first and only touchdown in the Rose Bowl game last New Year's Day.

Early in the game Stanford got the ball near the center of the field. Grayson faded back and ran to the right, gaining four or five yards on the play. On the next play he started for the right again, then passed the ball to Bones Hamilton. Instead of running, Hamilton faded back and threw a long pass to Coffis which put Stanford down on the Mustang's fifteen-yard line for a first down.

At this point Grayson sent Coffis carrying the ball over to the left toward *the middle of the field. On the next play* the Mustangs were all laying for Grayson because he had been pounding the line and they figured he would try to put the ball in a position to score. Bobby fooled them by handing the pigskin to Hamilton, who charged through to the two-yard line for another first down.

On the first play of that series Grayson banged the line and gained about a foot. The Mustangs were still waiting for him and Bobby knew it. So, on the next play he reached for the ball just as he had before. But it was only a fake reach. As he charged into the line the whole Mustang team hit Grayson. But Bobby didn't have the ball. He had instructed Muller, the center, to flip it directly to big Bill Paulman, whom nobody was watching. Paulman trotted through a hole big enough for an elephant for an easy touchdown.

In that effective series of plays, no two were identical. Grayson had mixed them up so that the Mustangs couldn't tell what was coming next.

Study strategy behind that game and you get an insight into what goes on inside the huddles of a well-played football game. The Rose Bowl game was a battle between one team which relied upon a single spectacular method of attack and another that used all the plays in the book.

The Texas Mustangs came to Pasadena with the reputation of being the greatest passing team in the country. The odds were two to one that they would have the Stanford players' heads swimming with passes flipping up and down the field. Stanford, on the other hand, had been dubbed "The Passless Wonders." They could push, but they couldn't pass. That was the prevailing *notion.*

I have always contended that a good passing attack is a great offensive threat, but that you can't rely upon it to win the ball game. If the other fellow knows you are going to pass he can plan his defense to smear your passes every time. You have to mix them up to win consistently.

The inside story of last New Year's Rose Bowl game has never been told in

(Continued on page 93)

You Can't Be Too Careful

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

A Short Short Story Complete on this Page

TWO young state troopers, sitting in a police car in front of their branch station, grinned widely as Ebbsmith's car squeaked and rattled toward them. Ebbsmith didn't mind. He knew that his old bus was a laugh. He'd spent a lot of thought and pains to make sure that it would be.

The cargo it carried made it look all the more respectable. Neat bags and bundles, neatly stowed, filled it almost to its roof and overflowed to both its running boards. On the trunk rack in the rear four venerable suitcases had been lashed in place with clothesline. Unmistakably it was the lovingly cherished car of just such a comically harmless tin-canner as the man who drove it, a meek, middle-aged man in a linen duster, keeping an anxious eye on the road through gold-rimmed glasses.

Ebbsmith had given plenty of care to appearances, but those two amused grins paid him for it. In a business where one sour break in the luck washes out a million sweet ones, you never could play safe enough. Ebbsmith never missed a chance to remind himself that a crook just couldn't be too careful.

There wasn't any danger of Ebbsmith's feeling too safe, anyway, until he was a good deal farther away from those troopers. There was an astonishing amount of spare power hidden under that ancient hood and he would have liked to use a little of it, but a little way ahead of him a long freight train was panting toward a crossing and he saw that he couldn't get there first. A lone gas pump in front of a country store gave him an idea. His tank was two thirds full but he might as well fill it up while he waited for that train to pass. It would save a stop, later on, when—you never could tell—stopping might not be so safe.

Ebbsmith pulled in at the pump. A sleepy-looking, fattish man in shirt sleeves turned the crank and volunteered the news that they'd just been a bank robb'ry over to Haddleboro.

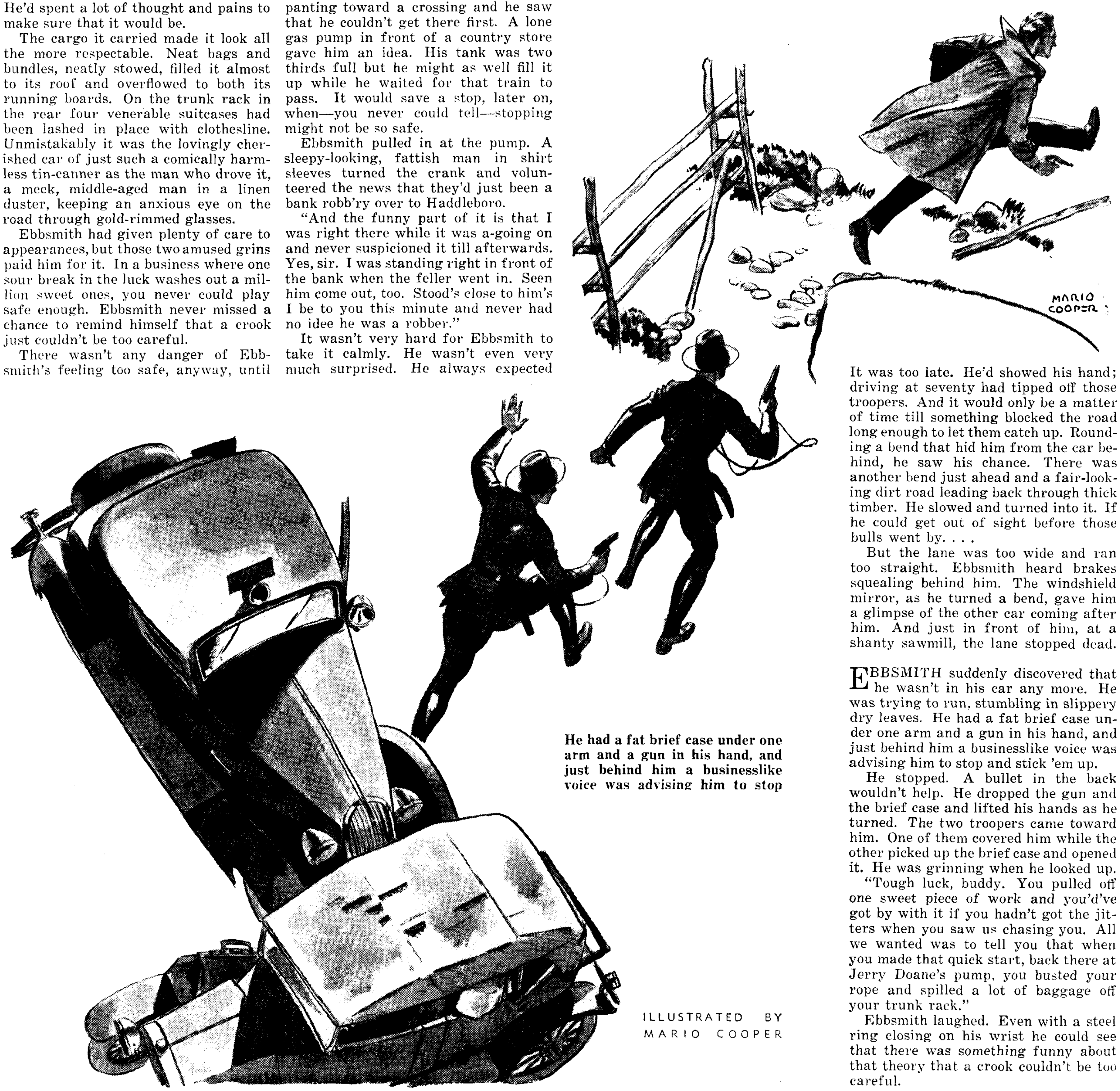
"And the funny part of it is that I was right there while it was a-going on and never suspicioned it till afterwards. Yes, sir. I was standing right in front of the bank when the feller went in. Seen him come out, too. Stood's close to him's I be to you this minute and never had no idee he was a robber."

It wasn't very hard for Ebbsmith to take it calmly. He wasn't even very much surprised. He always expected just such breaks as this, always was ready for them. That was why this fat hick hadn't seen anybody who looked at all like George Ebbsmith. That was why the man who had robbed the Haddleboro bank had been driving a new roadster, had been flashily dressed and swarthy, with a stubby black mustache and a big purple birthmark painted all over one of his cheeks. That was why Ebbsmith, who worried about bad luck before it happened, didn't need to worry about it afterward.

HE REMEMBERED, though, his rule against feeling that way. Slowly, as if his cheek itched a little, he raised a hand to rub it, hiding his mouth and chin. Almost instantly his hand dropped. The fat man's eyes had widened a little and Ebbsmith guessed why. Covering his cheek and mouth had hidden his carefully counterfeited unlikeliness to the bank robber, given those dull, fishy eyes a chance to spot the likenesses.

They'd already noticed something, Ebbsmith saw. Ebbsmith glanced ahead at the freight train, still blocking the crossing, and forced himself to be deliberate about fumbling for money and paying for his gas. It needed all his self-control to keep grinning, to count his change. That freight still blocked the road; nothing to do but wait. Five cars more—three—one. . . . The old car leaped under him as his foot jerked back from the clutch and the other one pushed down on the throttle. He'd gone two hundred yards before he could make himself slow down and lift his glance to the windshield mirror. What he saw there pushed his foot down hard again. The fat man was standing in the road, waving his arms wildly. And a car was coming up behind him.

His reason, somehow, tried to reassure him; told him there wasn't any danger; told him it would be a cinch to persuade those troopers that the fat man was cockeyed. But Ebbsmith wouldn't listen.



He had a fat brief case under one arm and a gun in his hand, and just behind him a businesslike voice was advising him to stop

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

It was too late. He'd showed his hand; driving at seventy had tipped off those troopers. And it would only be a matter of time till something blocked the road long enough to let them catch up. Rounding a bend that hid him from the car behind, he saw his chance. There was another bend just ahead and a fair-looking dirt road leading back through thick timber. He slowed and turned into it. If he could get out of sight before those bulls went by. . . .

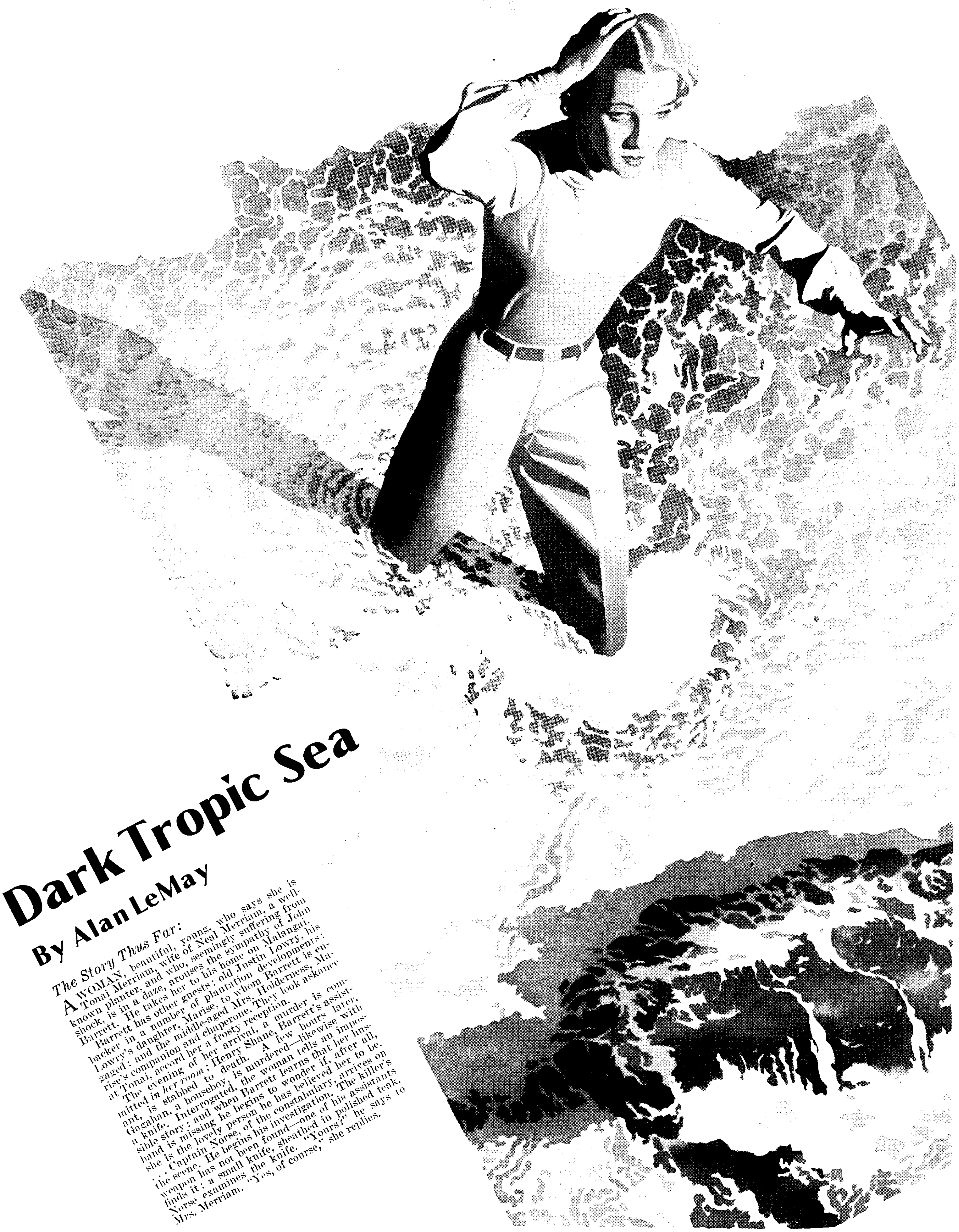
But the lane was too wide and ran too straight. Ebbsmith heard brakes squealing behind him. The windshield mirror, as he turned a bend, gave him a glimpse of the other car coming after him. And just in front of him, at a shanty sawmill, the lane stopped dead.

EBBSMITH suddenly discovered that he wasn't in his car any more. He was trying to run, stumbling in slippery dry leaves. He had a fat brief case under one arm and a gun in his hand, and just behind him a businesslike voice was advising him to stop and stick 'em up.

He stopped. A bullet in the back wouldn't help. He dropped the gun and the brief case and lifted his hands as he turned. The two troopers came toward him. One of them covered him while the other picked up the brief case and opened it. He was grinning when he looked up.

"Tough luck, buddy. You pulled off one sweet piece of work and you'd've got by with it if you hadn't got the jitters when you saw us chasing you. All we wanted was to tell you that when you made that quick start, back there at Jerry Doane's pump, you busted your rope and spilled a lot of baggage off your trunk rack."

Ebbsmith laughed. Even with a steel ring closing on his wrist he could see that there was something funny about that theory that a crook couldn't be too careful.



Dark Tropic Sea

By Alan LeMay

The Story Thus Far:

A WOMAN, beautiful, young, who says she is Tonai Merriam, wife of Neal Merriam, a well-known planter, and who, seemingly suffering from shock, is in a daze, arouses the sympathy of John Barrett. He takes her to his home on Malangai.

Barrett has other guests: old Justin Lowry, his backer in a number of plantation developments; Lowry's daughter, Marise, to whom Barrett is engaged; and the middle-aged Mrs. Holderness, Marise's companion and chaperone. They look askance at Tonai, accord her a frosty reception.

The evening of her arrival, a murder is committed *in her room*; Henry Shane, Barrett's assistant, is stabbed to death. A few hours later, Gagahan, a houseboy, is murdered—likewise with a knife. Interrogated, the woman tells an impossible story; and when Barrett learns that her husband is missing he begins to wonder if, after all, she is the lovely person he has believed her to be.

. . . Captain Norse, of the constabulary, arrives on the scene. He begins his investigation. The killer's weapon has not been found—one of his assistants finds it: a small knife, sheathed in polished teak. Norse examines the knife. "Yours?" he says to Mrs. Merriam. "Yes, of course," she replies.

V

EVERYBODY was looking at Tonai Merriam now; their eyes had the sharp fixity of unready judgment as they shifted from the girl to the knife, and back again. The pale blue eyes of George Bates seemed popping out of his head.

“You don't need to be so careful about handling it,” Tonai Merriam said clearly. “There aren't any fingerprints on it. I wiped them off. But the knife is mine.”

“You put it in the coat?” Norse asked.

“Certainly. I did that to stop people from jumping to silly conclusions.”

“It doesn't seem to have helped us much, does it?” Norse said mildly.

“I see now that it was a foolish thing to do.”

“Where did you get this thing, Mrs. Merriam?”

“It—it used to belong to my mother.”

There was a silence while Norse kept studying the knife, turning it over in his hands.

“I knew a young fellow once,” Lon Llewellyn said absent-mindedly, “mate on a freighter; we caught him with two submachine guns. Come to find out, he kept them to remember his poor old daddy, who was hung. For my part—”

“For the last time, Lon,” I exploded, “shut up!”

Captain Norse stuck the teak-sheathed knife in his pocket and his tone changed abruptly. “You, Mateo, go find Suva Jim Cooper. Tell him I want to see him right away. Mr. Barrett, where may we expect to find that Moro you spoke of?”

I told him, and he sent his other corporal to look for Nural Hakim.

“All of you stay around,” Norse ordered. “Mr. Barrett, I'll talk to you alone.”

I took him to my *oficina* off the portal.

When the door was shut upon us, Captain Norse permitted himself to look disturbed—or at least annoyed—for the first time. “Barrett,” he said, “I want you to tell me the exact full truth about your trip to Kivasawan early this month.”

I SAT down and got a cigarette out of one of the cylindrical tins we always used there to keep out the damp. There wasn't anything to tell him. I had anchored my Mindoro Maid off Salter's store, October second, while hunting up and down the coast for some seed coconuts, being dissatisfied with what I had. George Bates had been with me, and a native crew. I had not gone to Kivasawan, five miles away, as he kept implying. I had not seen Neal Merriam. I had not seen any white man except old Salter himself, and a middle-aged Swede who worked for him, and who seemed to be trying to get rich by laying away a dollar a day for a million days. They told me they had seen Neal Merriam a few days before; that he was doing very badly; that he was sick.

“While you were anchored off Salter's store, could George Bates have gone to Kivasawan and got back without your knowing it?”

“It's barely possible that he could have. But I think the idea is very far-fetched.”

Norse was pacing up and down nervously, with his long lurching strides. “I'm not interested in what you think. I'm trying to find out what you know.”

“As for instance?”

“Just why did you avoid Kivasawan while you were at Salter's store?”

To answer that question was not easy. I knew very well that to have spent the night at Kivasawan, when I was so close at hand, would have been a kindness to that whipped, sick, and lonely planter, Neal Merriam. But I had been there twice before, and nothing about the experience had made me wish to go there again.

Over the little group of buildings that Neal Merriam had built and named Kivasawan—but especially in Neal Merriam's house itself—hung a curious air of unhappy madness. Some hills, forested with red narra and camagon, rose behind his plantation, and here lived a tribe of the hill people; a strange pagan survival so peculiar that they have the anthropologists guessing yet. Night after night, in certain seasons, the beating of their drums and *agongs* carried hour after hour across the grass, turning sleep into an unwholesome sort of hypnosis—if you could sleep at all.

I had not visited Neal Merriam at Kivasawan simply because Kivasawan was too much for me. When I thought of Tonai trying to live there, alone with that nerve-racked, fever-ridden man, I wondered that she was not completely mad.

“I have work to do,” I answered Norse shortly. “I haven't time to go visiting around.”

Norse stared at me for a moment. “Where does Lon Llewellyn have his quarters?”

“Since Lowry's party has been here, he's lived with Bates, aboard the Mindoro Maid.”

Norse jerked open the door impatiently, and shouted for George Bates; and after a moment or two Bates came in and stood waiting. His face was stolid, but he did not appear to know what to do with his heavy hands.

“Did one of the houseboys come out to the Mindoro Maid last night?”

“Yes, sir. About eight o'clock.”

“Where was Lon Llewellyn, then?”

“He said he was going over to the bodega. He said he was going to count stores. I sent the Bilaan boy to the bodega.”

“The boy went to the bodega to look for Llewellyn?”

“I guess he did.”

“Why didn't you come ashore last night?”

“Because I was alone on the vessel.”

“How long,” Captain Norse snapped at him, “has there been a quarrel between Lon Llewellyn and Henry Shane?”

“Never knew anything about any.”

“You realize you are going to get in serious trouble if you lie to me?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Then answer my question.”

“I did,” Bates said stubbornly.

“Go bring in Lon Llewellyn.”

“This isn't getting any place,” I told Norse. “Neither Bates nor Llewellyn would get themselves mixed up in a thing like this.”

NORSE sat down and thoughtfully lit a cigarette. “There's too cockeyed much coincidence about this thing,” he said. “I admit I failed to turn up any trace of Neal Merriam at Kivasawan; but you know, and I know, that the chances are a hundred to one that he's dead. And now, right on top of that, this Shane is killed in Mrs. Merriam's room. Too much bad luck hangs around that woman; I'm going to find out why it is.”

I said slowly, “If you think Mrs. Merriam killed those men, I think you're a fool.”

“Don't know whether she did or not,” Norse said. “If she did she had an accomplice, because she couldn't have got that Bilaan boy in the compound.”

“That may have nothing to do with it.”

“Another coincidence, huh? Well, I don't believe it was.”

Bates now came back into the room, Lon Llewellyn strolling after him.

And now I began to watch what was happening with a redoubled wariness. Much, altogether too much, of my own was at stake here on Malangai; and I was wondering about the way Norse was bearing down on Llewellyn. Wondering, too, about Llewellyn's grim sardonic reaction.

“Why the hell, Llewellyn,” Captain Norse demanded, turning upon him, “didn't you report to John Barrett last night when you were sent for?”

“As it happened, I didn't know I was sent for.”

“Bates tells me that he expressly sent the boy to the bodega to find you and give you Barrett's message. Don't tell me that the boy paddled clear out to the Mindoro Maid looking for you, and then passed the bodega on the way back, without making a try!”

Lon Llewellyn smiled a little. “I'm not trying to tell you anything. I'm trying to answer the questions you asked. It isn't my fault if you prefer to do most of the talking yourself.”

“Just how,” Captain Norse demanded, “do you explain this sudden burst of industry that keeps you working in the bodega until all hours of the night?”

“I WAS counting soap,” Llewellyn told him. “I was counting soap because I wanted to check up on Shane.”

“Shane?” Norse caught it up. “And what seemed to be the matter with Shane?”

“Nothing much; except that he was a secretive, slippery little buck. Absolutely not worth the powder to blow him up.”

“Oh, you had a grudge against Shane?”

“Certainly I did.”

“Why?” Norse snapped.

“Because I'm in charge of the bodega; and I have good evidence that he stole half a case of soap on me.”

Norse sat back disgustedly and drew a long drag on his cigarette. When he spoke again he had changed his tone. “There's a hole in your story, Llewellyn; there's a hole big enough to sail a canoe through. You absolutely would have got Barrett's message—if you had been in the bodega at all.”

“I guess you don't know much about Bilaan boys,” Llewellyn answered. “The boy probably wasn't listening when Bates told him where to go.”

It was a good out. One of the hardest jobs on Malangai was to know whether a Bilaan boy was listening to you or not—or whether he understood you if he was.

“I understand,” Norse said now, “that you were left in charge here on Malangai while Mr. Bates took the Mindoro Maid out early this month. But—I understand that you did not stay here all of the time that he was gone.”

“You astonish me,” said Llewellyn.

“You mean to deny that you left here while the Mindoro Maid was out?”

“You'd better check that up for yourself,” Llewellyn said calmly. “I don't know what you're talking about.”

Norse turned to me, and spoke as if Bates and Llewellyn had not been there. “This is the most irritating bunch of people I ever put up with in my life,” he said wearily. “What's wrong with your people here, Barrett?”

“Nothing's wrong with them. Only you're questioning them as if they were natives, Captain Norse.”

“Maybe that's it,” Norse admitted. “I've worked in the bush so long that I guess I've forgotten that white men are the most cantankerous race on earth. Well, all right, Llewellyn. One question more.”

He paused and his eyes studied Llewellyn as he seemed to choose his words. “How long,” he asked, “have you been in love with Mrs. Merriam?”

LON LLEWELLYN'S answer surprised even me. “About four years.”

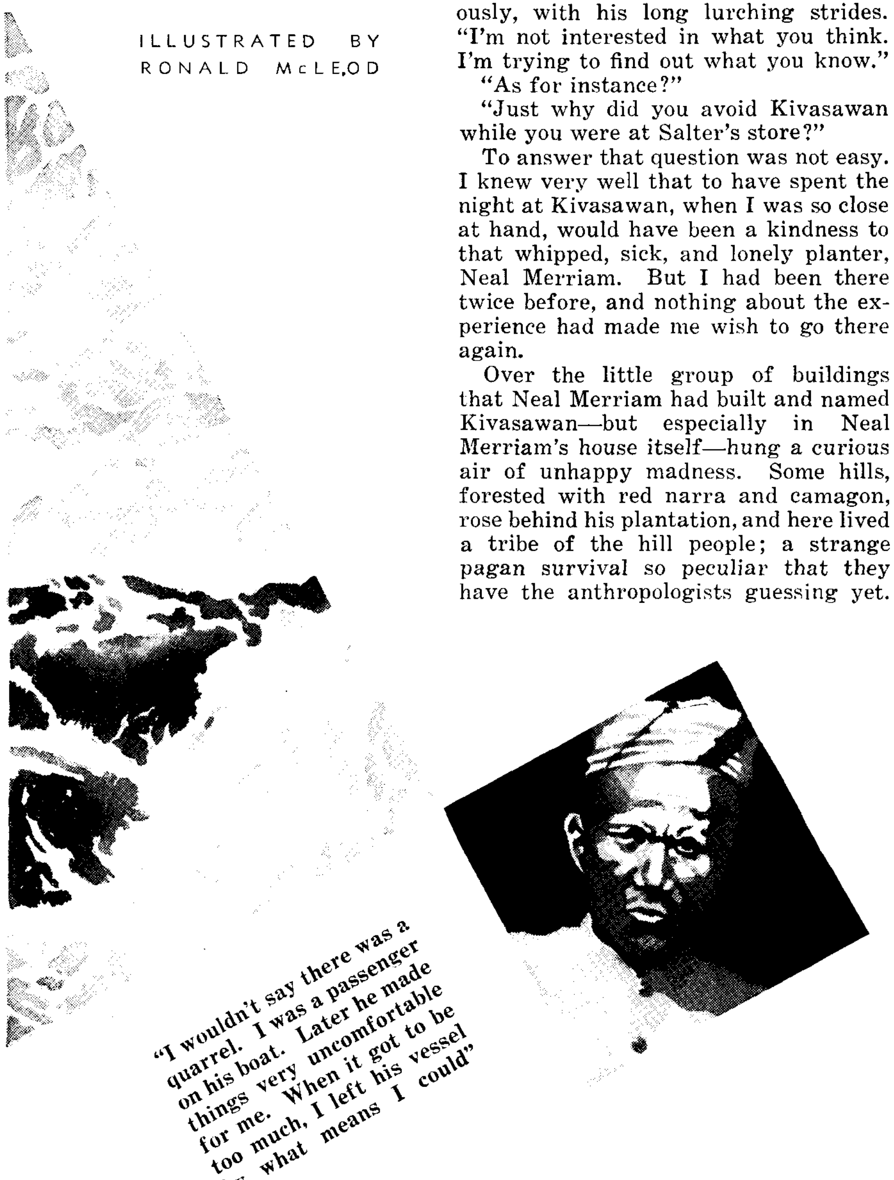
“I see,” said Captain Norse with real interest. “So I suppose, naturally, you are brokenhearted that Neal Merriam is missing?”

“My personal view,” said Lon Llewellyn candidly, “is that it's a damned good riddance.”

“Perhaps,” said Captain Norse, “if that's the way you feel about it, you might even have felt justified in helping him to disappear?”

Lon Llewellyn appeared to consider this judicially. “With proper opportunity, and under proper provocation,” he decided, “I would have dropped him

(Continued on page 103)



ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

“I wouldn't say there was a quarrel. I was a passenger on his boat. Later he made things very uncomfortable for me. When it got to be too much, I left his vessel by what means I could”

Actor at

By Kyle Crichton

Faced by the grim specter of his approaching maturity, Spanky McFarland—now eight years old—is busily gathering rosebuds

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY WILL CONNELL

REGARD the following incidents in the life of Spanky McFarland: When he was brought to Hollywood from Dallas so Hal Roach could look him over for a part with Our Gang, Spanky stood by Roach's desk, discovered the little black box (dictograph) through which Roach could talk to his various assistants, and began pushing all the buttons. From the box came, "Yes, Mr. Roach," "What is it, Mr. Roach?" "I'll be right there, Mr. Roach." Great confusion.

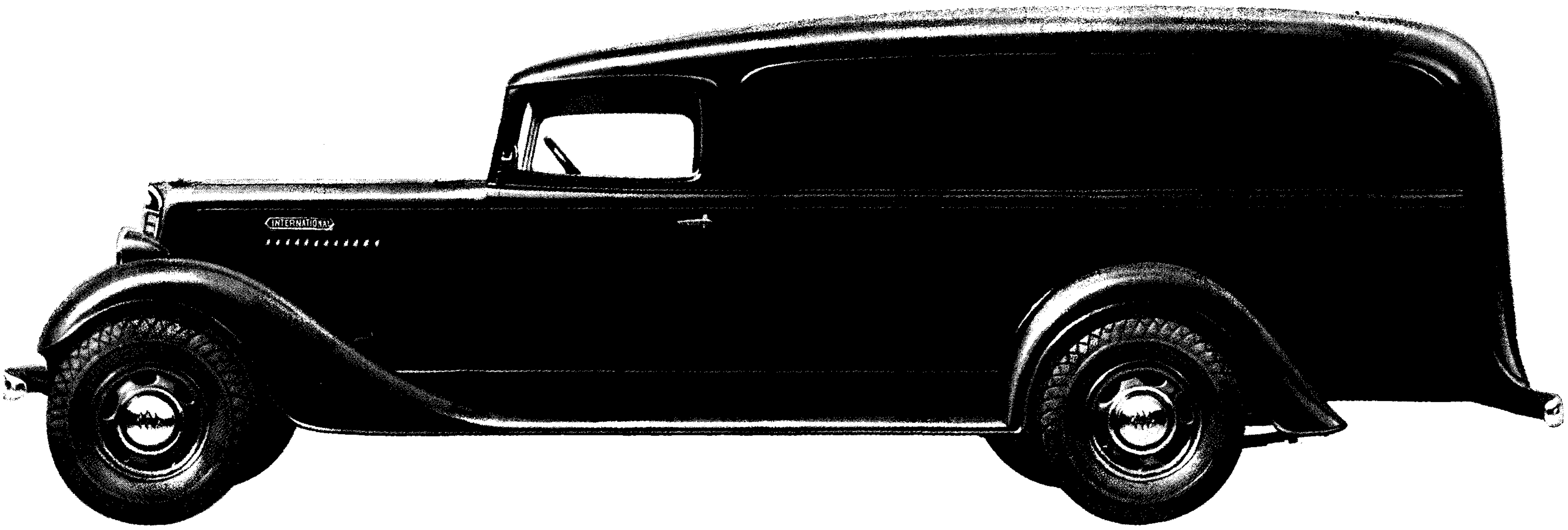
While Spanky was on loan to RKO for a role with Wheeler and Woolsey in Kentucky Kernels, Bert Wheeler "blew up" on a scene about seven times. Finally Spanky's patience gave out and he yelled: "For Pete's sake, is this a game? It's simple. This is all you got to say—" and spieled off the whole scene from beginning to end—letter perfect.

When Governor Merriam presented Spanky with a badge making him a California state highway patrolman, he upset the dignity of the occasion in two ways: First, he wanted to know if the badge was real or tin; he didn't want any of these five-and-ten fakes. Second, he was so fascinated by the sight of handcuffs and revolvers on the patrolmen that he wanted the governor to join him immediately in a game of Cops and Robbers.

Well, what do you make of all that? The world is at present made up of two schools, to wit: (a) All those who feel that child movie stars are cute and (b) those who maintain that the little brats of the screen should be treated as Pharaoh treated the first-born of Egypt.

The case of the World vs. McFarland is complicated by the fact that Spanky is a pretty good actor, as kid actors go (and they should most certainly go,

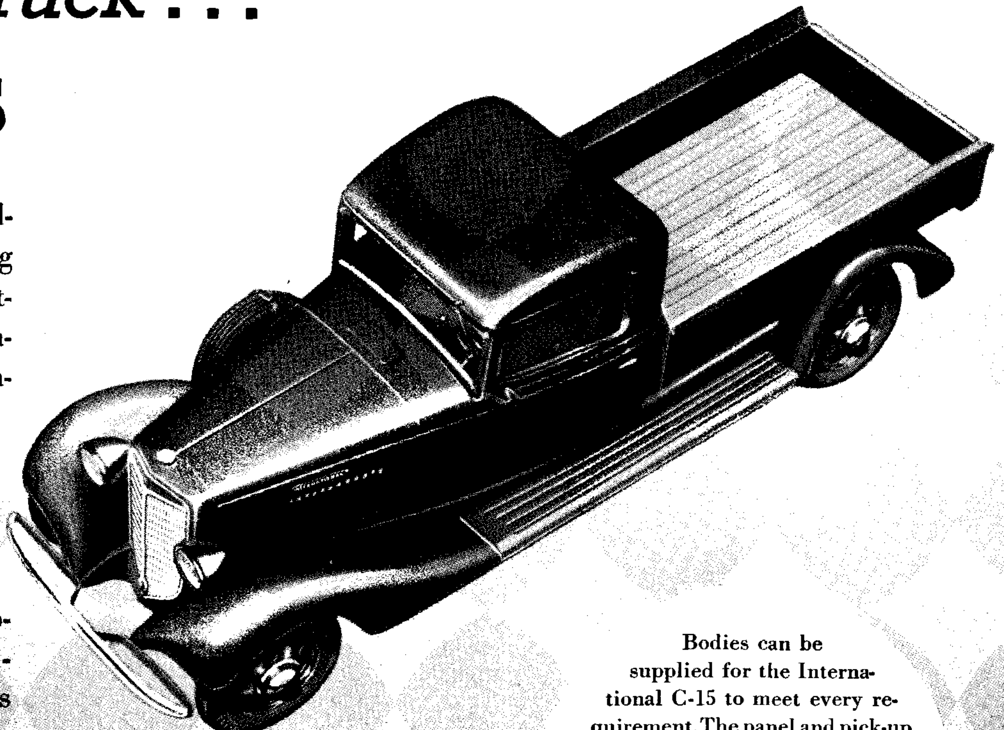
(Continued on page 40)



Another Example of **INTERNATIONAL** *Flexibility*—

A Great **"IN-BETWEEN"** *Truck . . .*

the ¾ to 1-ton Model C-15



The beautiful International Model C-15 offers a new combination of truck features of unusual interest. It has a 6-cylinder engine, 136-inch wheelbase, synchromesh transmission, hydraulic brakes, and full-floating rear axle, providing capacity and load space for almost any light, bulky load you'll ever want to haul. Its modern V-type radiator grille, sloping windshield, valanced fenders, and ventilated disc wheels are style details that make people *see* and admire this International Truck wherever it goes.

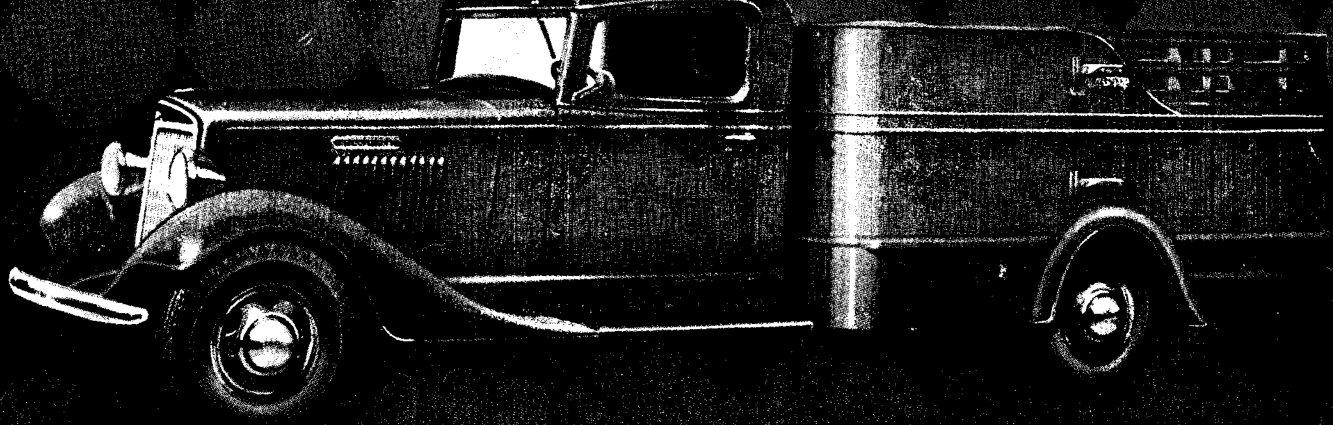
Back of this new Model C-15 is more than 30 years' *truck*-building experience. Also guarding your International Truck investment is the nation-wide International Harvester service organization. International has direct factory branches close to every truck user, and many hundreds of International dealers in between.

For further details, phone the nearest International Truck representative or write to the address below. International sizes range from Half-Ton light delivery to the big heavy-duty Six-Wheelers. All available on easy time-payment terms at low rates.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
606 So. [illegible]

Bodies can be supplied for the International C-15 to meet every requirement. The panel and pick-up bodies above are excellent examples. The drop-skirt stake body below shows how well the Model C-15 chassis and cab blend with special body designs. Chassis, f. o. b. factory

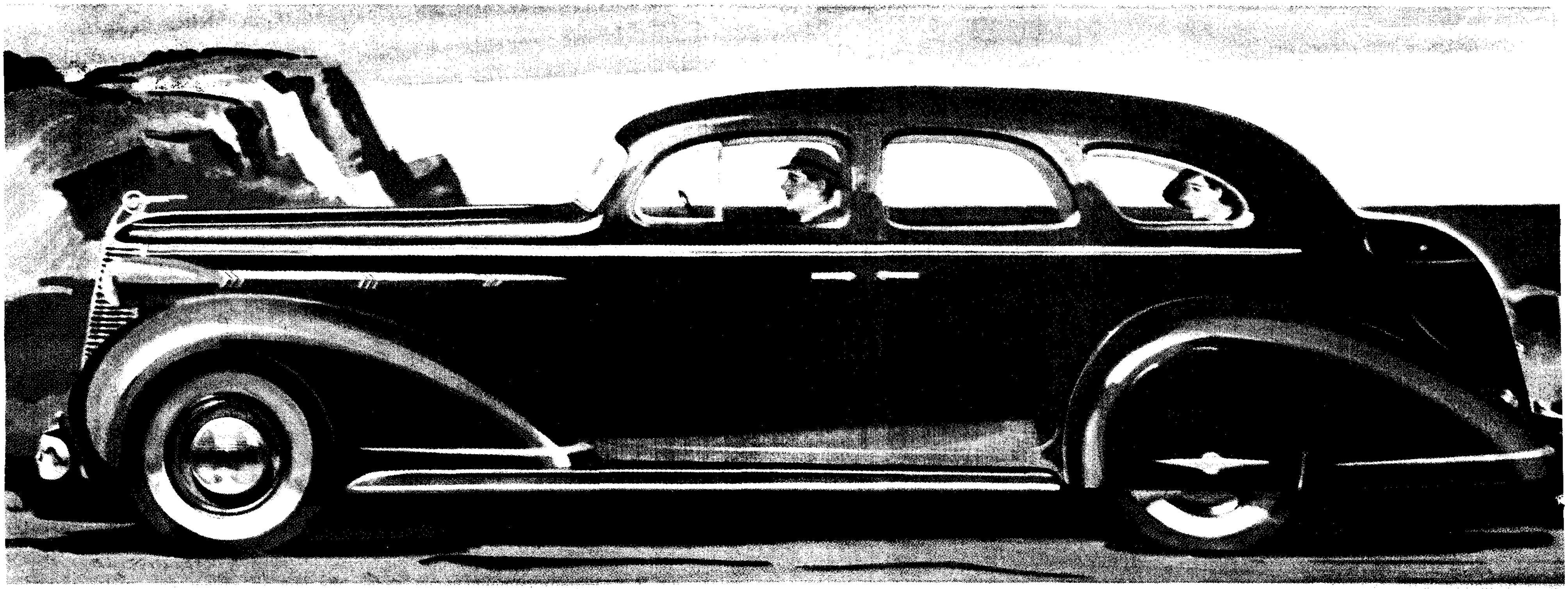
$545



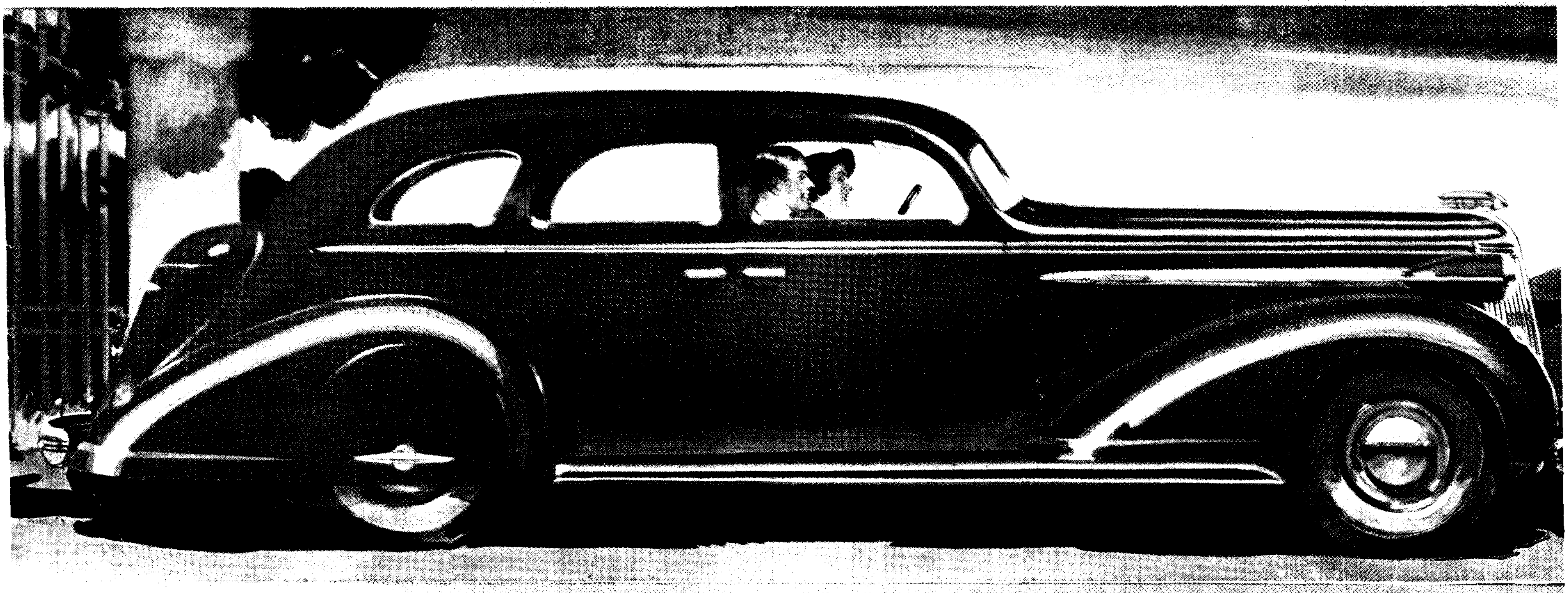
INTERNATIONAL

INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

"When you're



NASH *La Fayette-"400"* $595 AND UP*



NASH *Ambassador* $755 AND UP*

On the Air! CBS

Famous stars of stage, screen, radio. Floyd Gibbons as Master of Ceremonies with Vincent Lopez and his famous orchestra. C. B. S. Every Saturday Night, 9 P. M. (E. S. T.)

NASH

ut to win —

ou can't afford to coast"

"During the past year Nash and LaFayette won thousands of new buyers because we offered the public 'more car' for the money . . . But we're not coasting on the success we've had . . . We're out to win! We want still more new customers. See our new cars for 1937. I'm confident you'll agree we're giving you more real value, beauty, luxury for your money than any other manufacturer today."

C. W. Nash

Today, at the Automobile Shows, and at Nash dealer showrooms all over the country. Nash is showing America how much bigger and how much more luxurious popular-priced cars *can* be!

NASH LAFAYETTE-"400" The new Nash LaFayette-"400" is now a great big, six-passenger automobile with a 117-inch wheelbase! *It's more than sixteen feet long from bumper to bumper*— the longest, roomiest car, by far, ever offered in its price class!

And that's only part of the story. This new LaFayette-"400" now brings you the thrilling performance of a big, 90 horsepower motor. A remarkable motor so efficiently designed that *it actually costs less to run than many of the smallest cars on the road today!* In addition, this is the *only* low-priced car with all of the *vital engineering features* of the highest-priced cars!

NASH AMBASSADOR Nash has never believed that luxury in motoring should belong only to the few. Now we've proved it with a beautiful, big 121″ wheelbase Ambassador Six and a 125″ wheelbase Ambassador Eight!

Naturally, at these prices, we can't give you a car every *inch* as big as cars costing $2,000 to $3,000. But we have found a way to build into these new Ambassadors every *important* advantage of the most expensive cars—at moderate prices *thousands* of people can afford to pay!

When you see the Ambassador's long, sweeping lines; its imposing size; the spaciousness and luxury of its custom-styled interior; you will realize that no car within $1,000 of its price has ever been so luxuriously beautiful! When you drive behind its famous "Twin-Ignition" engine, you will experience a ride you will never forget!

ON DISPLAY AT ALL AUTO SHOWS! See these beautiful, new Nash cars for 1937 at the Auto Shows or at any Nash showroom. We're out to win! And we're *going to win* by offering the greatest automobile values America has ever seen! The Nash Motors Company.

for 1937

*All prices f.o.b. factory and subject to change without notice. Special equipment extra. Sensational, gas-saving Automatic Cruising Gear available on all models at slight extra cost.

NEW NASH-C.I.T. BUDGET PLAN

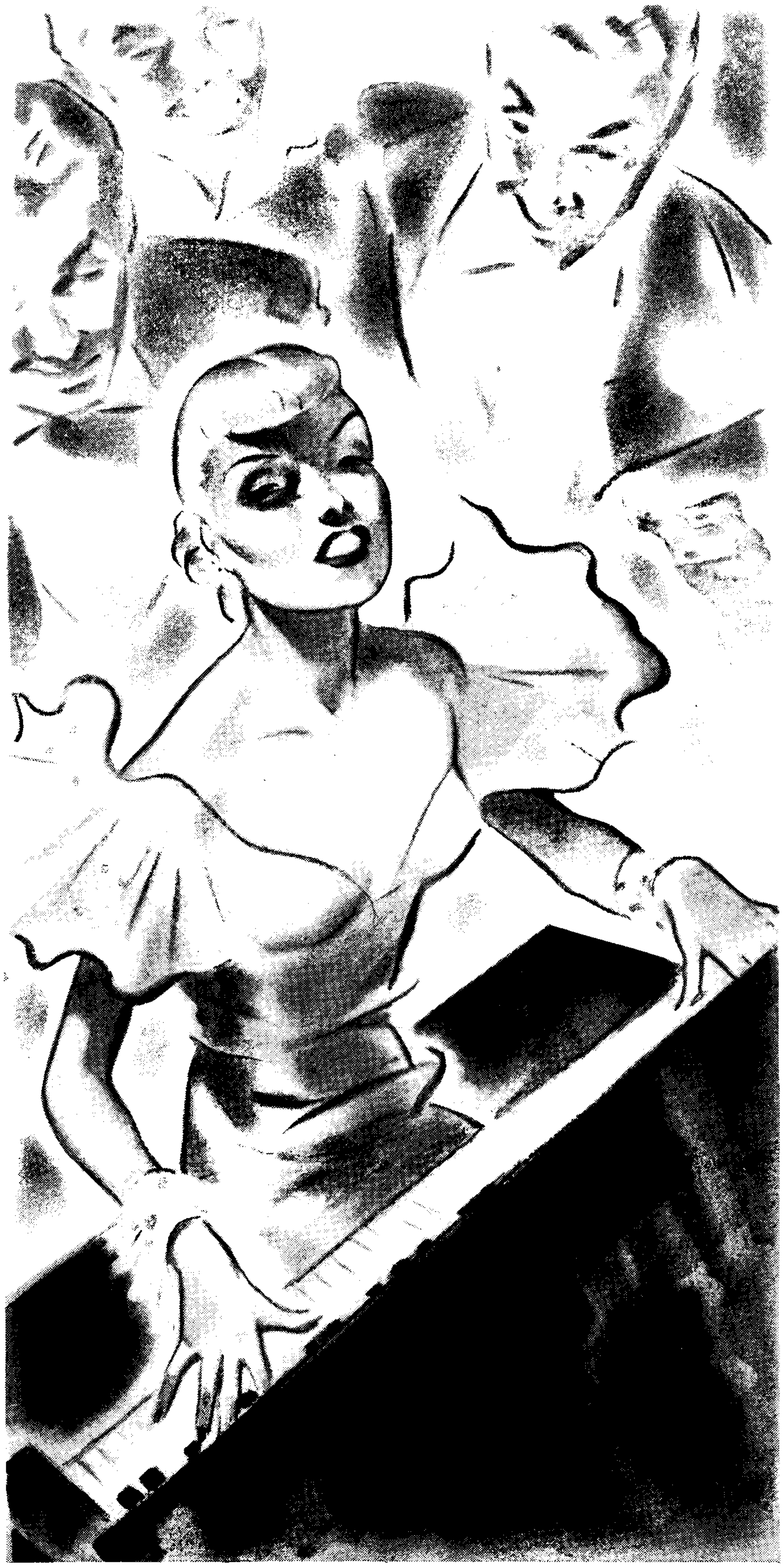
Low, convenient terms

For a Friend

The story of an ambitious woman whose sole consolation was that even her worst enemy couldn't call her a snob

By Frances Park

ILLUSTRATED BY DON BENDER



Jenny sang a torch song about a girl who had been jilted by her lover

AS GILBERT would not be home for luncheon, Anita Snowden thought she might ask Miss Pratt to stay. It would be a treat for the little thing, a change from the malted milk she probably drank at the drugstore counters. With that to look forward to, Anita faced the day more cheerfully.

Very svelte and trim in a well-tailored beige tweed skirt and soft hand-knit sweater, her fair hair brushed back from neatly spaced features, Anita sat at her Governor Winthrop desk and made notes on her memo pad. Hairdresser and fitting that morning, voice practice with Miss Pratt from twelve to one, singing lesson with Hobart at three, tea at the Carters', the Sandersons to dinner, and the concert that evening. She looked to see that the four orchestra tickets were in their narrow envelope, and rose to place them in the pocket of Gilbert's dinner waistcoat.

For luncheon, she thought, stopping—on her way to see Mary in the kitchen—to lower the Venetian blinds in the green-and-cream dining room; for luncheon, sweetbreads en casserole and fresh peas, strawberry tarts and coffee. That was not a meal, she thought comfortably, that Jenny Pratt ate every day in the week!

She sang gaily (she was convinced that her servants adored her) going back through the dining room and down the hall to her own room to get through her morning telephoning. Flowers for the drawing room and a centerpiece for the dinner table—those Sandersons; friends of Gilbert's and of course they were frightfully intelligent, but so hard to talk to. Thank heaven for the concert!

Dr. Sanderson was a professor at Columbia and very important in some kind of science. Political science, Anita thought it was. And Mrs. Sanderson had a deep voice and a mustache and a philosophy. She talked a great deal about her philosophy and made you feel small and unimportant when you didn't follow it. It was something about the things you had to do and the things you wanted to do and how you could do them, boomed at you in Mrs. Sanderson's impressive voice and practically impossible to get straight.

WHAT Anita believed was that if it was in the stars it would happen, and she always looked at her daily horoscope before starting anything important. She looked at it now, but all it said for today was: "Be careful of financial deals before noon. A good day for travel. The evening hours are propitious for courtship."

The flowers! She'd have Dard's send the flowers that morning so Miss Pratt could enjoy them. No one, she thought comfortingly, not my worst enemy, could call me a snob.

The cold feeling of the Sandersons melted into the warm feeling of Jenny Pratt. Miss Pratt was her latest find. Such a sweet, quiet girl and with real musical ability. She made the practice hours something to look forward to. Anita prided herself that she recognized real merit when she met it. Certain finds in the past who had disappointed her she pushed to the back of her mind: that young composer who had invited Flora, the parlormaid, out to the movies, and the woman who made hooked rugs and who had sued her for breach of contract just because she had changed her mind about doing the guest room in maple Colonial. But Miss Pratt was just a sweet child who glimpsed Anita's world with gratifying wonder.

ANITA poised a beige toque over one eye and slipped into her mink coat. If the world would only meet her in her own spirit, she thought, riding downtown on the bus with the sun shining and people bending like grass against the wind, there would be very little to trouble her. But the world was recalcitrant. The hairdresser that morning kept her waiting, and the tailor would not promise the suit for Saturday. Anita lost her temper with the tailor, and if the suit had been less of a dream she would have countermanded the order. Anyway, she thought, signaling for a taxi, I'll keep him waiting for his check, he can be sure of that! I won't be able to sing a note, she fretted; he's spoiled my whole day.

But the sight of Miss Pratt sitting at the piano (arguing with the tailor had made Anita late) smoothed her like a quiet hand. Miss Pratt was small and slight, with big, serious brown eyes that gave light to otherwise insignificant features. Her hair was straight and fine, cut close to her small head, and her plaid skirt and jersey jumper were, though inexpensive, in good taste.

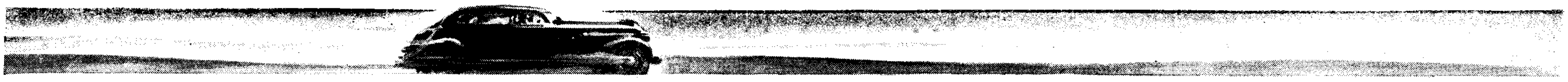
The way her fingers hit the notes made Anita feel like singing.

"I'll be with you right away," Anita called cheerfully. "I must speak to Mary about . . . Oh, will you stay for luncheon, Miss Pratt? Please do."

Jenny Pratt stopped playing and nodded gaily. "I'd simply adore to, Mrs. Snowden. How awfully nice!"

"Splendid! Be right there. Go on playing; it's lovely." Anita went through to the kitchen. "Luncheon at one-thirty, Mary." As long as Miss Pratt was staying, they might as well have their full hour.

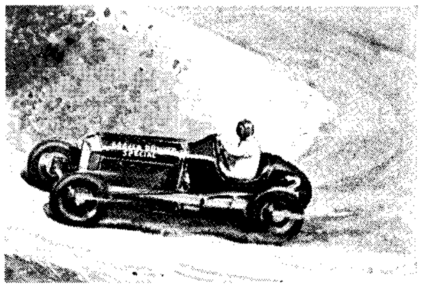
Anita stood, weight on the balls of her feet, beside the darkly polished grand piano, her chin tilted, letting the notes come out roundly as Hobart taught her. Her throat never constricted when she was alone with Miss Pratt. In a little while now she would be ready to give a program of songs, after a dinner, perhaps, for just the right people. She saw herself in pale gold velvet, very long and slim and trailing, in her perfect drawing room, with candles and flowers and a fire burning. In just a little while . . . when she was a bit more



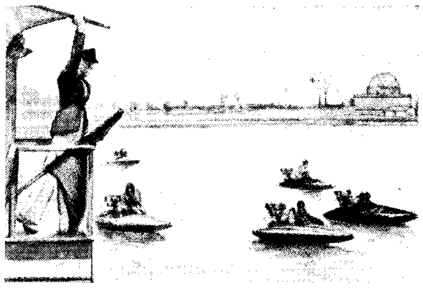
Want a Quicker Starting

More Responsive Engine?

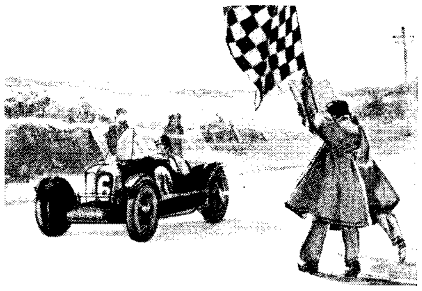
SYRACUSE, N. Y.—*Mauri Rose, famous Indianapolis race driver, topped the field here recently to win the 100-mile AAA championship race with his Champion-equipped car. Champion-equipped cars have won every AAA championship race this year.*



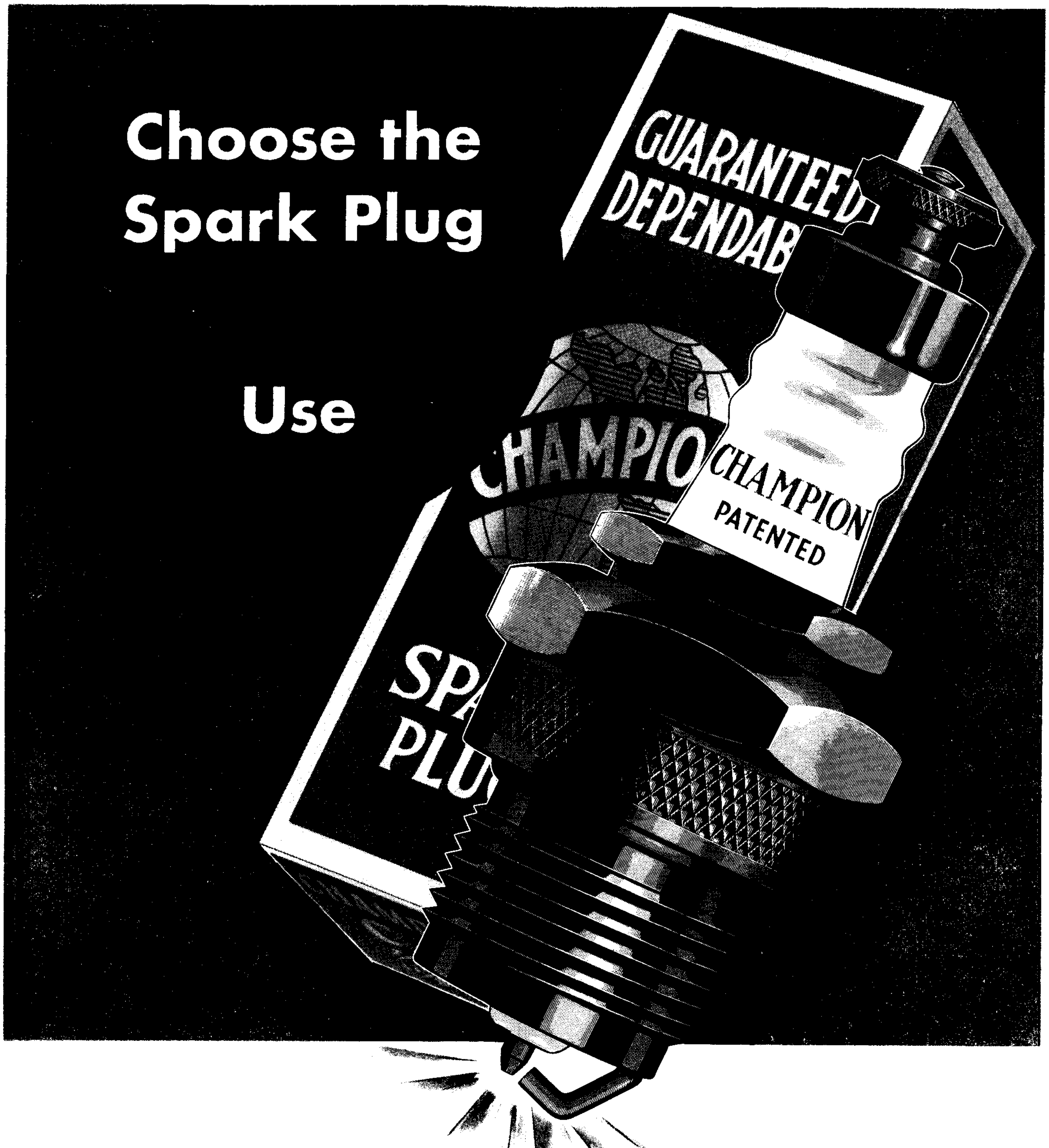
DENVER, COLO.—*Again Champions have helped to win the race up Pike's Peak. This year Louis Unser, in his Champion-equipped Stutz Special, won in near record-breaking time. Every car in this grueling race was equipped with dependable Champion Spark Plugs.*



CHICAGO, ILL.—*Champion Spark Plugs again score a clean sweep. At the National Outboard Association National Championship regatta held here recently, all winners in all the classes used Champions to win their victories. Five new records were set during time trials.*



BELFAST, IRELAND—*Freddie Dixon, aided by Charles Dodson, repeated his 1935 victory by winning the Ulster Tourist Trophy race in his Champion-equipped Riley. The lap record was set by Lebegue in a Delahaye equipped with Champion Spark Plugs.*

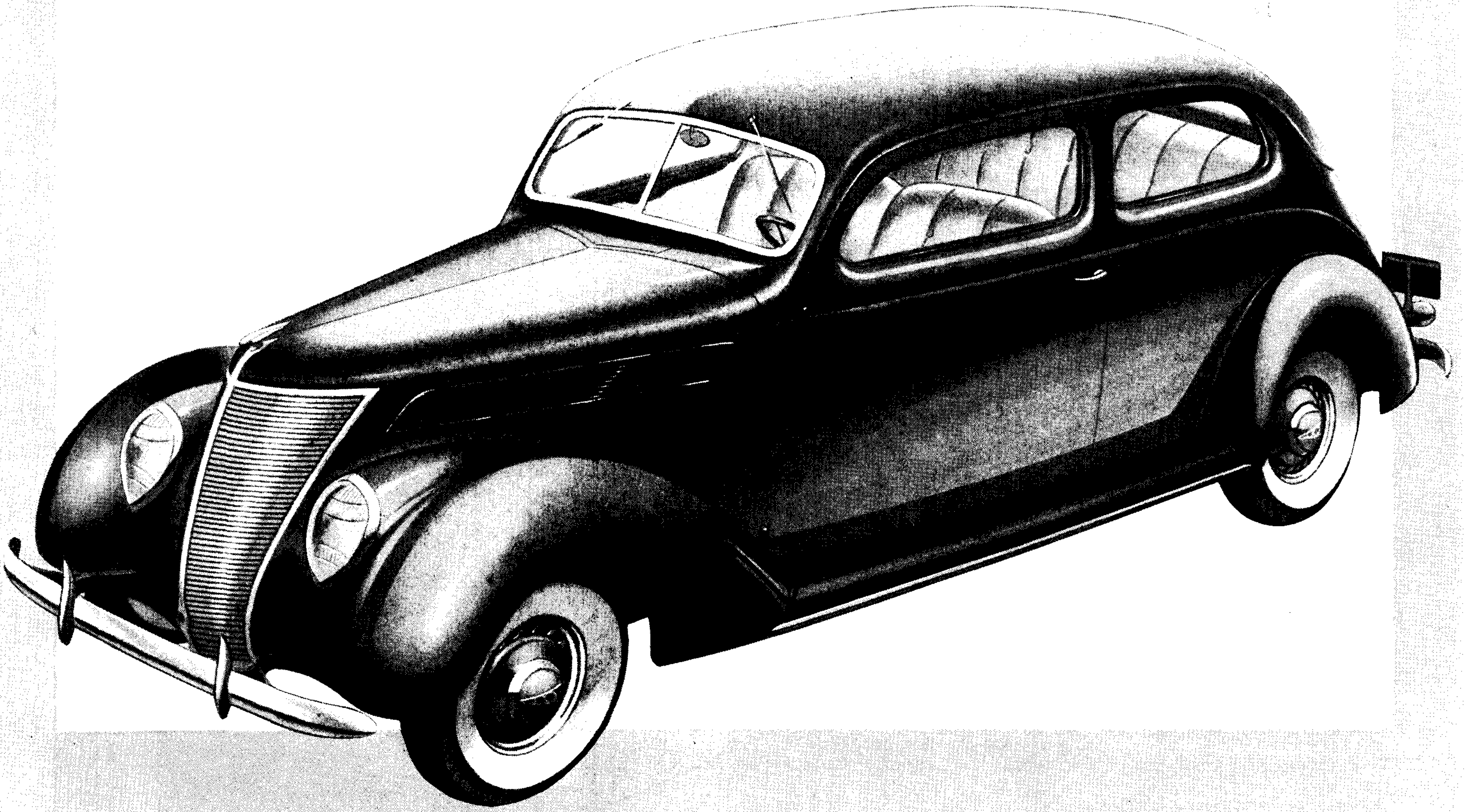


If you are like most motorists and rely entirely on your car for transportation—business and social—you must recognize that spark plugs are of the utmost importance in keeping your engine unfailingly at your service. Change to new Champions now for quicker starting, greater gas mileage and a more responsive, more dependable engine. Champion Spark Plugs have an unequalled record for making every engine a better performing engine. That is why most exacting motorists, operators of fleets of buses and trucks, and practically every racing champion use none but Champions. Remember, no engine is better than its spark plugs and inferior or worn-out spark plugs penalize the performance of the best engine, the best gas and oil.

TO RID YOUR CAR OF MOTOR "BUGS" INSTALL A SET OF CHAMPION PLUGS

Announcing

THE NEW
FORD V·8 CARS
FOR 1937



New and modern in appearance, the Ford V-8 for 1937 is powered by a modern V-type, 8-cylinder engine. But this year, two sizes of this engine are offered—an improved 85-horsepower size for maximum performance—a new 60-horsepower size for maximum economy. It is still one car, one standard of size and comfort. With the smaller engine optional in standard body types, new low prices are brought to the Ford line. The 1937 Ford is a beautiful car, inside and out. It is marked with many improvements for greater comfort—greater safety. It is more than ever

THE QUALITY CAR IN THE LOW-PRICE FIELD

sure . . . Oh, dear, she'd done something wrong. Miss Pratt had stopped.

"We'll take that over again," Anita said quickly. "From the fourth measure." I'd better give her a dress, she thought. Something really nice—or she could have my old blue taffeta. I'm sure I'll never wear it again and it's certainly lots nicer than anything she's ever had. The turquoise clip is really good . . .

"No," Miss Pratt said, stopping again. "Listen." And she sang the measure in a small light voice, true and easy.

"Oh," said Anita. "Yes. I didn't know you sang."

Miss Pratt smiled and shook her head. "I haven't any voice, really," she said. "Not to speak of."

"You can do something with it if you want to," Anita told her. "You can do anything you want to, or have to—or something." But then Miss Pratt didn't have to. It was she, Anita Snowden, who had to. When the Sandersons and the Carters and everyone heard her sing, they would be impressed. They wouldn't think she was a nobody then. And later on, when she was singing in concert or over the radio, they'd boast about knowing her. Gilbert would be proud of her. She desperately wanted Gilbert to be proud. . . .

"LOOK," she said to Miss Pratt. "Let's take those four German songs and go right through them. As if it were a recital or something. Shall we? Splendid."

Awful to be just the accompanist . . . playing second fiddle to someone more talented than oneself. Steady here . . . she must do this beautifully. She must be sure of herself, like Gilbert. But then lawyers always were sure.

At the table Miss Pratt sat at Anita's right, with the sun through the Venetian blinds making thin pencils of light across the embroidered runners and the flowers from Dard's. She looked happy, eating the sweetbreads and peas and the small hot rolls with curls of sweet butter. Easy enough for her to be happy. What did she have to worry her?

"What else do you do?" Anita asked her. "I mean, besides playing for me. I suppose you do something else."

"I play for a dancing class three afternoons a week." The girl's voice was pleasant and low-pitched. Certainly she was quite presentable. "That's strenuous, but it keeps my fingers limber; and then I have a little radio job Saturday mornings."

"The radio! Why, how wonderful!"

Miss Pratt laughed depreciatingly. "It's not, really. It's on a children's program, and I don't get paid for it. I just do it on the chance."

"Not paid! How dreadful. But I always thought that on the radio . . ."

"The big people make money," interposed Miss Pratt. "Not the little ones. They live on hope."

But if you weren't paid, it couldn't be so difficult to get on. "Could they use a singer on your program?" Anita asked. "Could they use me?"

Miss Pratt shook her head. "They've got a singer," she explained. "June Marsh. It's her program."

"I see." But there must be similar programs . . . and no one need know if she wasn't paid . . . She must begin soon. (Oh, my dear, I can't possibly on Saturday. I have my radio hour!) All Gilbert's friends were people you heard of; only she was nobody, just Gilbert Snowden's wife.

"How did you get on?" she asked.

"I had an audition . . ."

"An audition!" Anita shrank from the thought of an audition. But perhaps if you knew the right people you wouldn't have to. There was Russell Carter's cousin, Baxter Russell. He was something very high up in broadcasting. The Carters might bring him to dinner. She could see herself going to the piano after, quite simply and without self-consciousness. She could hear Baxter Russell's astonished exclamation, his quick questions, his . . . it was a pity she did not play. To have Jenny opportunely there seemed . . . but it needn't.

If I like Jenny enough to have her for a friend, it would be silly and snobbish not to ask her to a dinner party, she thought.

"I was scared," Miss Pratt was admitting. "But it was sort of fun, too. And I love the studios. You're always running into exciting people."

"Do you know Baxter Russell?"

"Oh, no. I've seen him, but I don't know him. Oh, he's somebody, that one! Nobody *knows* him, except the stars—and the sponsors."

Anita smiled. Dreadful to be one of those who never met the right people. The underprivileged . . . wasn't that what Dr. Sanderson called them?

She saw herself entering the studios, with Miss Pratt following, carrying the music. The slight stir as she arrived. "That's Anita Snowden, on the cigarette hour." "Isn't she beautiful?" And her own serene unconsciousness of the attention she attracted. She wouldn't speak to anyone, except Mr. Russell. She'd call him Baxter.

Her heart glowed.

"Jenny," she said. "Do let's be Jenny and Anita, shall we?"

Jenny flushed, laughed happily. "I'd love it," she cried. "You're ever so sweet to me, Mrs. Snow—Anita!"

"But I feel that we're friends. Real friends. And Jenny, I want to give you a dress. Would you take it? I mean, you wouldn't mind wearing something I'd worn just a few times?"

"I should say not!" The eyes she turned on Anita were full of affection, of admiration.

"It's blue taffeta, a French model. I really shouldn't give it away, but I know you'd look lovely in it. I'll show it to you after lunch, and Flora will leave it at your address."

"You're an angel. I wouldn't mind taking it along . . ."

"Oh, no. Flora will leave it."

How nice to make someone else happy. Really, the pleasantest sensation in the world. Why didn't more people realize it? Probably almost nobody had ever been kind to Jenny Pratt, treated her as an equal and a friend. But then, Anita liked her friends for what they were, not who they were or how much they had.

She rang the buzzer for Flora to bring the strawberry tarts.

LATER, when Anita gave the blue taffeta to Flora to wrap up, the maid cried, "You're never giving away that turquoise clip, Mrs. Snowden? Why, you could use that on something else!" And Anita answered, "I'm foolish, I suppose. It was quite expensive, but it makes the dress. Oh, well, take it off, Flora. I'd do a dozen crazy-generous things a day if I weren't stopped."

Yet when she was dressing for dinner that evening, and saw the clip lying on the dressing table, Anita felt uncomfortable. She put it away quickly in the drawer, tucking it out of sight under a pile of handkerchiefs. Carefully, she laid a blue shadow on her eyelids, concentrating.

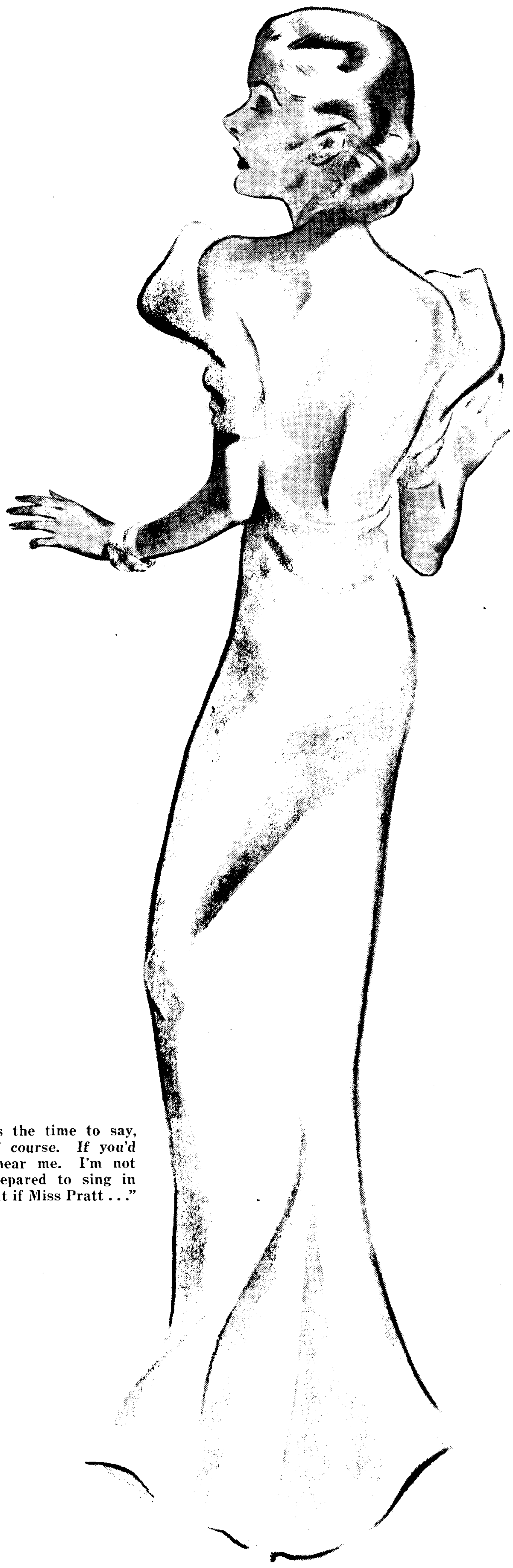
Gilbert wandered in from his room, pink and scrubbed and freshly shaved. He was on the short side, round-faced and with a little bald spot on the top of his head, like a tonsure. His manner was pleasant and authoritative.

"Had a nice day?" he asked, dropping a kiss on the top of her head.

"Not particularly."

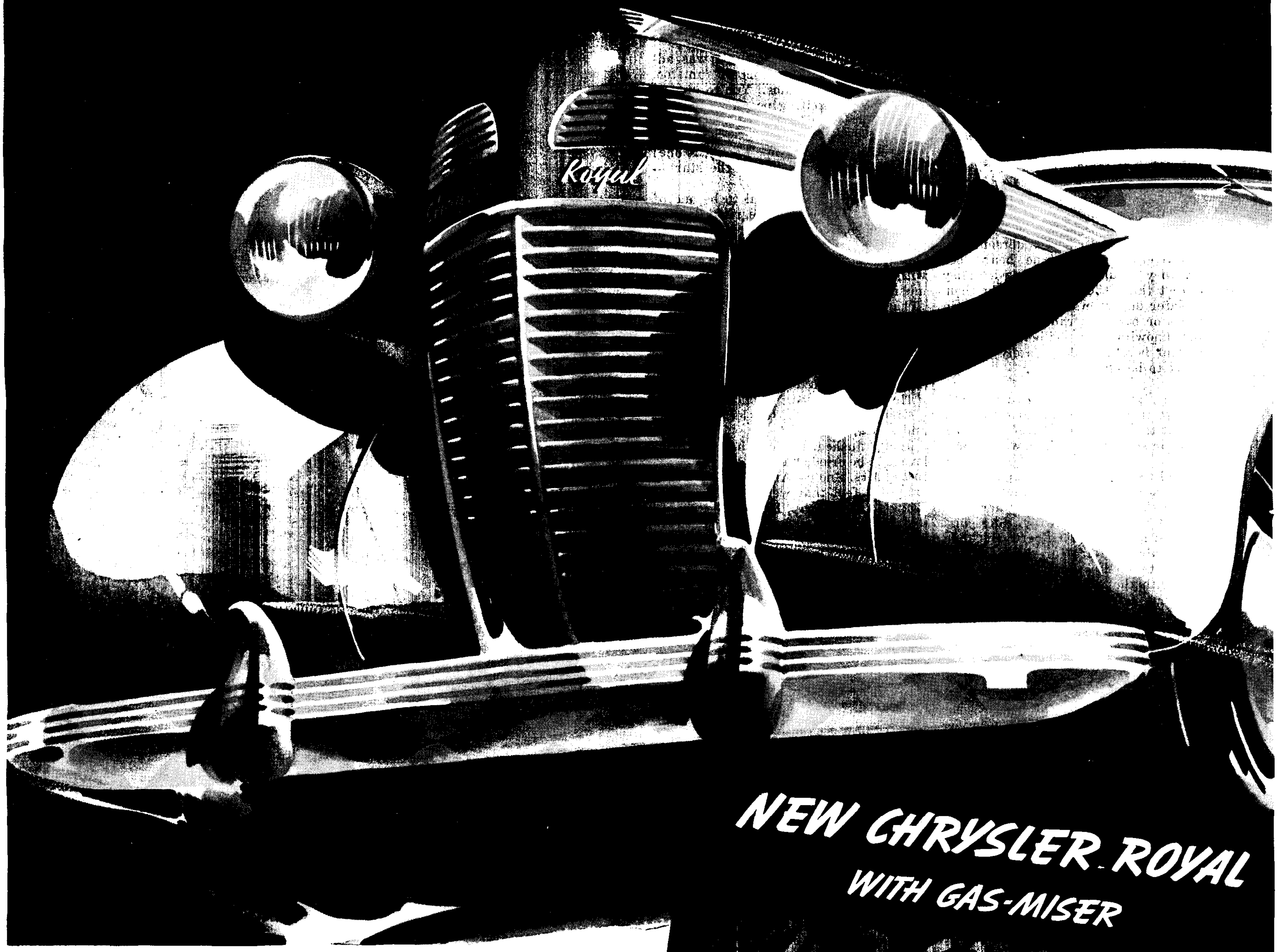
He looked at her then, at her face

(Continued on page 65)



Now was the time to say, "Why, of course. If you'd like to hear me. I'm not really prepared to sing in public, but if Miss Pratt . . ."

CHRYSLER



FOR 1937 . . . THREE GREAT NEW CHRYSLERS! . . . forward-reaching style . . . astonishing new results in performance . . . challenging the wide world with more-for-the-money value and reliability.

NOW IN LOW-PRICED FIELD

CHRYSLER invades the low-priced field.

A brand-new Chrysler Royal! A low-priced *fine* car . . . new style from bumper to bumper! . . . a big, roomy car! . . . a power-packed economy car!

A quality car . . . a *fine* car . . . because Walter P. Chrysler wouldn't compromise one inch with the quality of a car that bears his name.

What Chrysler engineers did was create an amazing new engine . . . the Gold Seal . . . 93 horsepower . . . with the highest compression for its bore the world has yet seen.

Then they created a new car style . . . new roominess . . . a new riding ease . . . all at a sensational new low price.

GOLD SEAL PRINCIPLE GIVES NEW POWER WITH ECONOMY

Gold Seal—Chrysler's new economy engine—is dynamite under complete and velvety control . . . super-high compression . . . new larger exhaust valves of Austenitic steel . . . *uses ordinary gasoline.* Gold Seal gives three or four more miles per gallon than many cars of much less horsepower.

Here's the *only* engine in the low-priced field which gives *all* the good new things engineers have discovered to improve economy and performance. It sets a new standard in flashing action . . . in the almost unbelievable power it delivers on such a miserly consumption of *ordinary* gas. With Automatic Overdrive[†] it gives even greater economy at touring speeds.

WORLDS OF ROOM

Chrysler Royal is lithe, sleek, dashing . . . a wonder for room . . . just read the dimensions in the diagram on opposite page . . . worlds of leg room, head room, elbow room and stretching room . . . spacious, level tonneau floors. Real racing yacht smartness with house-boat comfort!

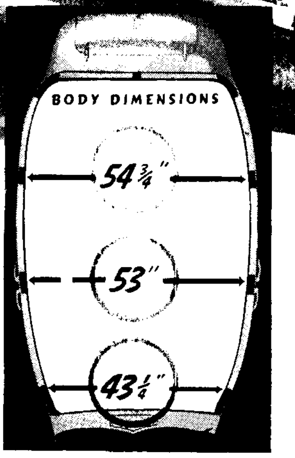
TOPS 'EM ALL!

nazing new Aero ydraulic Shock Absorbers . . . built like e landing mechanism an airplane. They shion road shocks . combine with adnced Airflow weight stribution and slowting Amola steel springs to give ch a ride as no other low-priced r ever gave before.

Positively regal trim! Appointents right out of custom cars! pholstery superb in quality!

Then add every famous Chrysler igineering feature . . . Valve-Seat iserts . . . Floating Power . . . me-tested, genuine Hydraulic rakes . . . Safety *All-Steel* Bodies . . . finger-touch, shockless steering . . . not one thing left out.

See all the great new Chryslers at the Automobile Shows. Drive the one that suits your needs the best.



AT LAST . . . REAL SPACE IN A LOW-PRICED CAR

☆ **CHRYSLER ROYAL** . . . 93 horsepower, 199-inch over-all length. Ten body types.

☆ **CHRYSLER IMPERIAL** . . . 110 horsepower, 204-inch over-all length. Six body types.

☆ **CHRYSLER CUSTOM IMPERIAL** . . . 130 horsepower, 223-inch over-all length. Two body types.

☆ **CHRYSLER AIRFLOW** . . . 130 horsepower, 213-inch over-all length. Two body types.

†Automatic Overdrive is standard on Chrysler Airflow and Custom Imperial. Available on all 1937 Chryslers at slight additional cost.

Ask for the Official Chrysler Motors-Commercial Credit Company Time Payment plan.

Wouldn't you like a catalog?

We will gladly send you our 1937 literature on request. Address Chrysler Corporation, Chrysler Sales Division, 12202 East Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

NEW CHRYSLER IMPERIAL FOR 1937 . . .

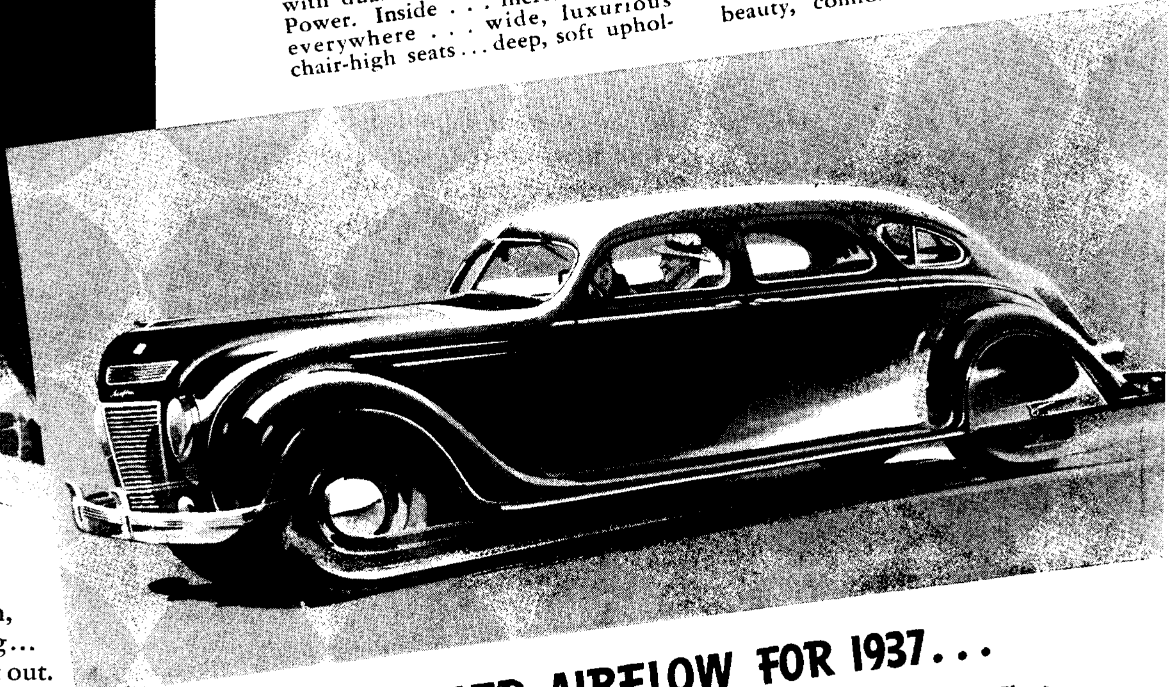
Here's Chrysler's greatest more-for-the-money triumph! Dollar for dollar, the 1937 Imperial is the greatest of the eights.

Its beauty commands the eye . . . the sweeping grace of the long, proud hood . . . the impressive length and grace of the new, larger body . . . 204 inches over-all.

Under the hood . . . the flashing action of 110 horsepower . . . a magnificent eight-cylinder power plant with dual carburetion and Floating Power. Inside . . . increased space everywhere . . . wide, luxurious chair-high seats . . . deep, soft upholstery . . . broad, level tonneau floors.

Superb riding ease . . . from new Aero Hydraulic Shock Absorbers and Airflow's scientific weight distribution . . . further enhanced by the length and size of the car. The latest in Safety *All-Steel* Bodies with beautiful one-piece steel roof . . . shockless steering . . . Hydraulic Brakes . . . Automatic Overdrive† to give extra miles per gallon at touring speeds.

You'll thrill to this great 1937 Chrysler Imperial . . . there's nothing in its field to compare with it in size, beauty, comfort and performance.



NEW CHRYSLER AIRFLOW FOR 1937 . . .

For 1937 . . . a beautiful new Airflow with new forward-reaching lines . . . a new length and grace to the hood . . . new appointments . . . new luxuries.

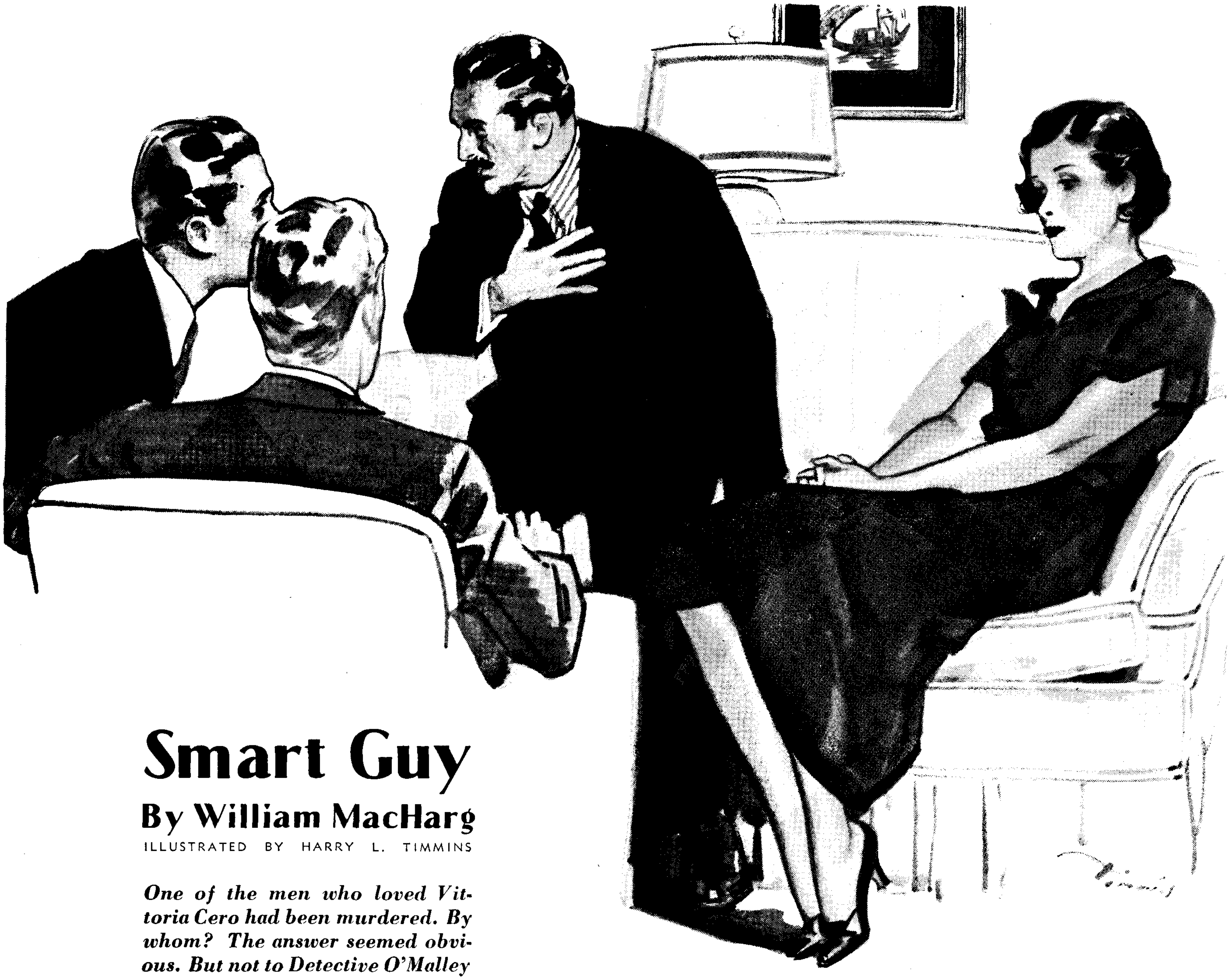
The surging performance of 130 horsepower . . . yet with the efficiency of Airflow design and Automatic Overdrive†, this big, powerful car holds an official A. A. A. record of 18.1 miles per gallon on a transcontinental run.

A great, spacious car . . . 213 inches over-all . . . with doors as wide as house doors . . . seats like divans . . . an all-adjustable front seat that moves up and down, forward and back, and tilts to any angle. The famous Floating Ride . . . with scientific weight distribution . . . passengers cradled in the middle of the car, close to the center of balance.

The safest car on the road . . . you actually ride *inside* the frame . . . surrounded by strong, steel girders. Life-guard tubes standard equipment . . . Chrysler's famous genuine hydraulic brakes.

If you want Chrysler's finest . . . the most modern automobile on the road . . . the Airflow is your car. See it and drive it.

★ **SEE ALL THESE GREAT NEW CHRYSLERS AT THE AUTOMOBILE SHOWS. THEN DRIVE THE ONE THAT SUITS YOUR NEEDS THE BEST . . . YOU'LL FIND IT THE SMARTEST BUY ON THE ROAD.**



"You find who kill Gaspare," he urged us. "Gaspare my good friend"

Smart Guy

By William MacHarg

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS

One of the men who loved Vittoria Cero had been murdered. By whom? The answer seemed obvious. But not to Detective O'Malley

THIS is one of them Italian murders," O'Malley said. "The cops been running in circles on it. A guy named Gaspare Perino got pushed off. I don't like these Italian cases. If you convict some guy you ain't never sure you got the right one, and if people tell you something, you know it ain't true or else they wouldn't tell it."

"What's the case?" I asked.

"This Perino was going to marry a girl named Vittoria Cero. He was about forty years old and was well off. A young guy named Carlo Rosini wanted to marry her too. Perino drank wine with some friends at a café because he was going to get married. He went home and when he got there he got shot and the idea is somebody was waiting at his place to knock him off. The cops found Rosini's fingerprint at Perino's place."

"That seems conclusive."

"You can't conclude nothing in these kind of cases."

We talked with Rosini. He was locked up at the station house. He was twenty years old and I thought him good-looking.

"How was it you shot Perino?" O'Malley asked him.

"I didn't."

"You seen him, though, that night."

"Yes. At the wineshop."

"You talk with him?"

"Why would I talk? He was at a table with his friends."

"Then what?"

"Then I go home to bed. Some cops come and wake me up. 'Get up,' they said; 'you kill Gaspare Perino.' I said, 'I don't even see the guy since nine o'clock.'"

"Yeah? Well, we got it different. We'll find the gun and then we'll have it on you."

WE WENT to see the girl. Her home showed that the family was well fixed financially. She was seventeen years old and was amazingly beautiful. Her father, named Mike Cero, was with her. He was a widower with several other children—a small man, but determined. He wore a mourning band on his sleeve as though the dead man had been a relative.

"You find who kill Gaspare," he urged us. "Gaspare my good friend and pretty near he was my son-in-law. I feel bad he get bump' off and Vittoria feel bad too."

The girl didn't look to me as though she were feeling very bad about it.

"Did you want to marry this Perino?" O'Malley asked her.

"*She* don't say who she want to marry. *I* say," Cero informed us.

"Do you think Rosini killed the guy?"

"Sure—maybe he did," Cero said.

"You suspect anybody else?"

"Sure. Everybody. All guys what see my Vittoria want to marry her."

"What guys?"

He gave us two names. One was Vito Vitelli, the other was John Spira. We saw Vitelli. He claimed to have been in White Plains the night Perino was killed and he had witnesses to prove it. Then we saw Spira. He was a handsome man and said he was thirty.

"You see Perino that night?" O'Malley asked.

"Yes; like I told the cops. I was with him at the wineshop."

"What about afterward?"

"I stay at the wineshop. What time did Gaspare get killed?"

"Everybody knows that. About midnight."

"Right. Well, I am at the wineshop. I say, 'What time is it?' Everybody there say, 'One o'clock.' Then some friends walk home with me and we hear Perino got shot. Then one friend that has been with me all the time come in and spend the night with me. You want to talk with that guy?"

We didn't. We knew what he would say.

"O'Malley," I said, "this is a neighborhood tragedy. These people all live close together, most of them on one street. They saw that girl grow up. She turned out a raving beauty and a half-dozen men, maybe more, wanted to marry her. Her father tried to marry her to his wealthy friend Perino, and it ended in murder."

"Sure, you got that right."

Perino had lived near by and across the street from Vitelli. He had been found dead in his hallway. There was still some blood there. Rosini's fingerprint had been found farther along the hall on the door to Perino's room.

"ANY blood on that fingerprint, O'Malley?" he inquired.

"There wasn't."

"What does Rosini say about the print?"

"Says it must have been made previously. Says that when it got announced that Perino was going to marry the girl, Perino asked him up to his place. Says Perino was kind about it and told him a guy ought not to get married till he'd saved up enough dough to keep a wife."

"It seems queer for Perino to do that. Do you think it was that way?"

"I don't think nothing in these kind of cases."

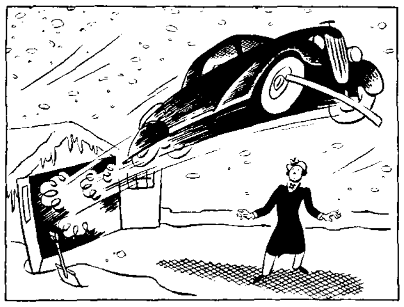
Rosini lived opposite Perino. His landlord was a barber who had a shop in the basement. The barber's name was

(Continued on page 96)

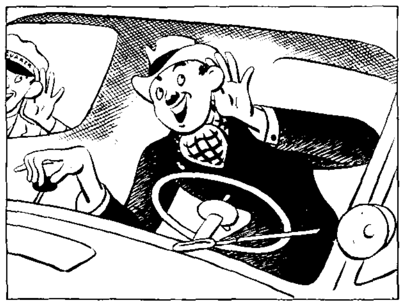
Don't let Winter catch you unprepared

Be ready for Winter. Then, more than ever, your car needs the extra margin of safety Quaker State lubrication can give it. Quaker State Winter Oils and Lubricants are specially refined to flow freely at low temperatures and still give full-bodied protection to a hot motor. Quaker State Oil Refining Company, Oil City, Pennsylvania.

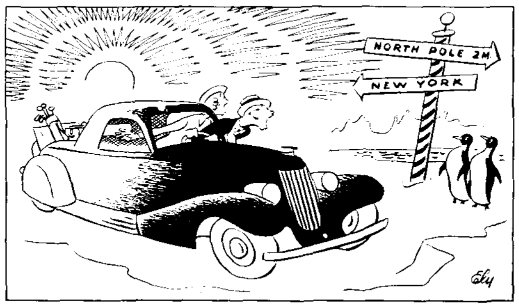
CHANGE TO QUAKER STATE WINTER OIL



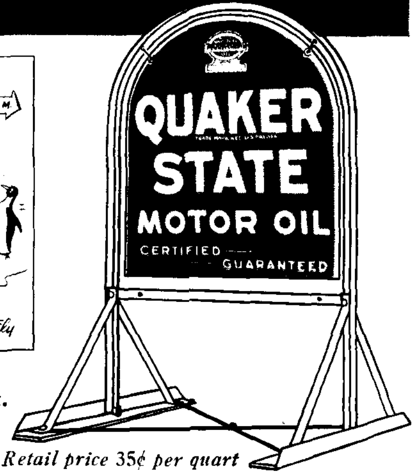
- Your car will start like a flash on the coldest mornings.



- Your gears will shift easily and noiselessly.


NORTH POLE 2M
NEW YORK
Ely

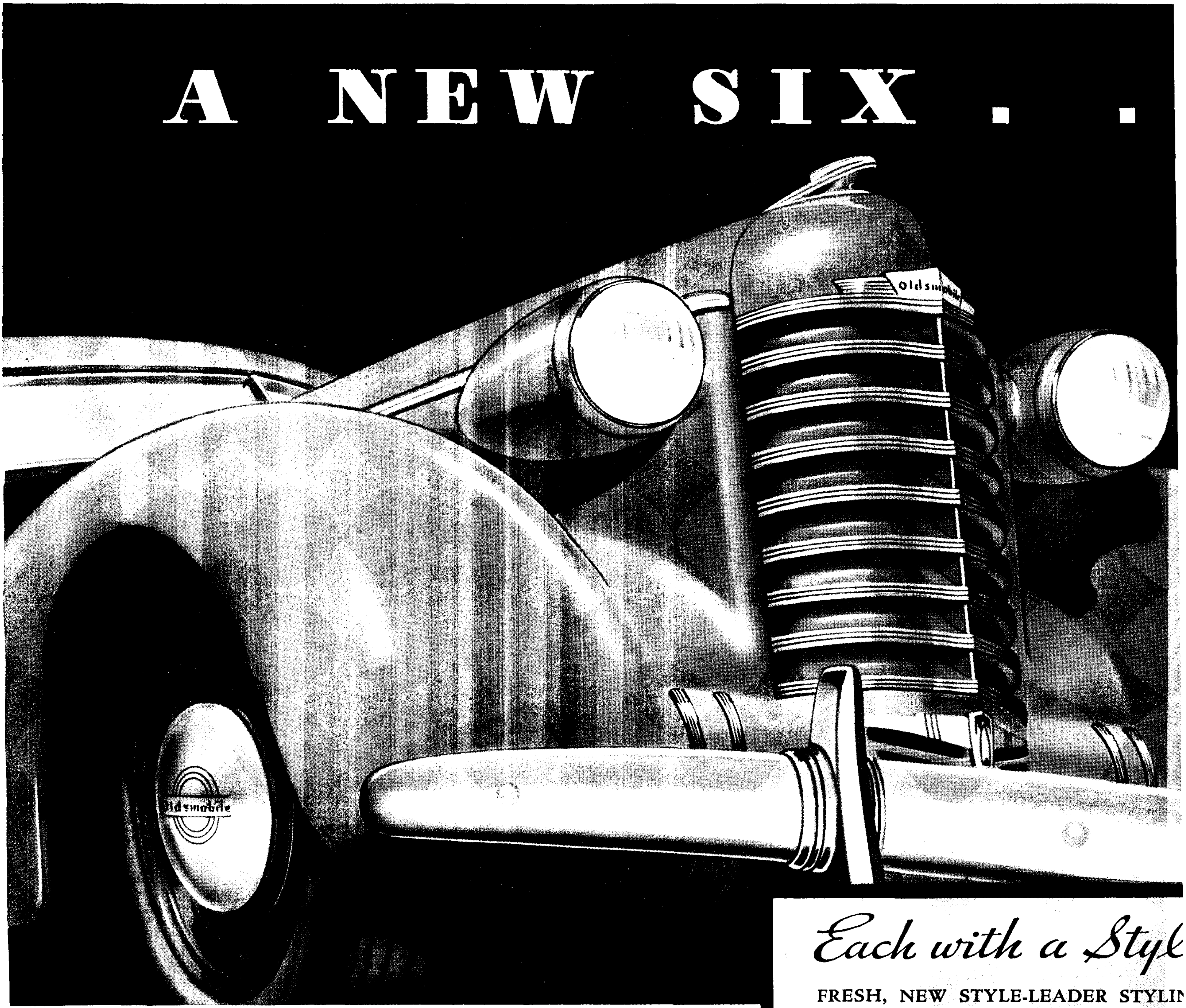
- And with Quaker State in the crankcase, you'll go farther before you need to add a quart.


QUAKER STATE
MOTOR OIL
CERTIFIED — GUARANTEED

Retail price 35¢ per quart

OLDSMOBILE

A NEW SIX . .



THE DISTINCTIVE NEW OLDSMOBILE SIX for 1937 is different from anything else on the road . . . A striking new Style . . . A smashing new Value . . . The greatest new buy in the lower-price field . . . See it and you will see new and freshly original Style-Leader Styling—new and impressively bigger size and roominess—new safety with fleetness and smoothness—a new all-time value-high, even for Oldsmobile! . . . Outstanding among its newest advantages is the new Unisteel Turret Top Body by Fisher . . . A bigger new Oldsmobile six-cylinder engine gives it new power-brilliance with newly increased economy . . . Look at its superlative quality—look at its low price—and your choice is sure to be this great new Oldsmobile Six.

Each with a Styl

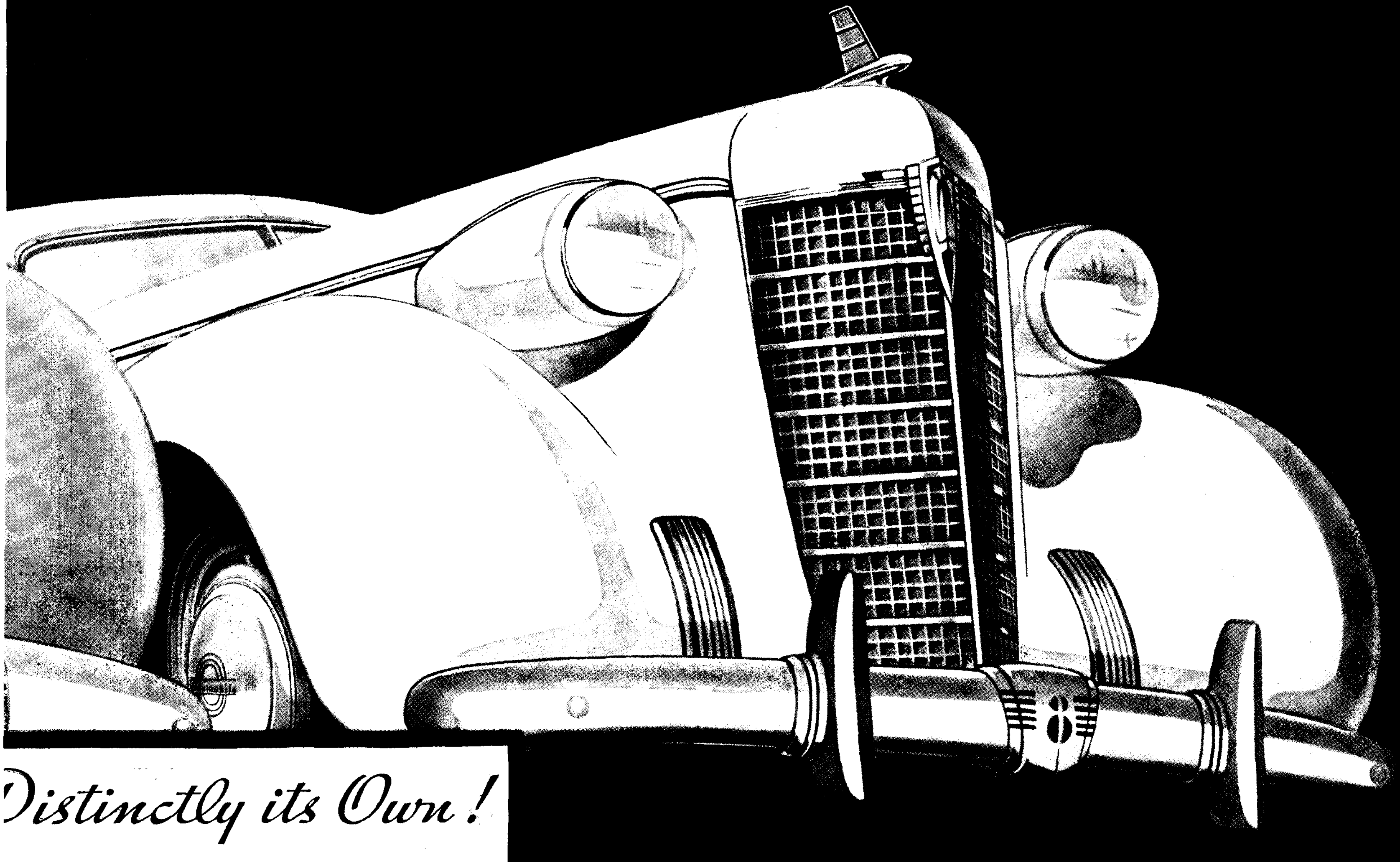
FRESH, NEW STYLE-LEADER STYLIN
LONGER WHEELBASE ◆ LARGER SI
ROOMIER BODIES ◆ LOWER FLOO
WIDER CHASSIS ◆ HEAVIER FRAM
BIGGER ENGINES ◆ HIGHER POW
EXTRA SAFETY ◆ GREATER ECONO
AND OLDSMOBILE'S TRADITIONAL
FINE QUALITY

The Cars that ha

TWO BIG NEW CARS **TWO FRESH N**

ANNOUNCES-

A NEW EIGHT



istinctly its Own!

W UNISTEEL TURRET TOP BODIES BY
HER • NEW COMPLETELY SEALED
PER-HYDRAULIC BRAKES • CENTER-
NTROL STEERING • NEW DUAL
E STABILIZERS, FRONT AND REAR
OVED KNEE-ACTION WHEELS
OOTH UNOBSTRUCTED FLOORS • AND
MANY OTHERS

verything for 1937

THE DISTINGUISHED NEW OLDSMOBILE EIGHT for 1937 marks a thrilling new fine-car achievement . . . A new conception of fine-car Luxury . . . A definite new standard of fine-car Value . . . The truly fine car of popular price . . . See it and you will see a bigger and more commanding car—a roomier and more luxurious car—the real Style-Leader of the fine-car field! . . . With its new Unisteel Turret Top Body by Fisher, it is safer, more convenient and more comfortable than ever . . . With its bigger, smoother, eight-cylinder engine, it is more powerful, more flexible, more responsive . . . For those accustomed to the finest, the 1937 Oldsmobile Eight—at its moderate price—is the year's smartest buy.

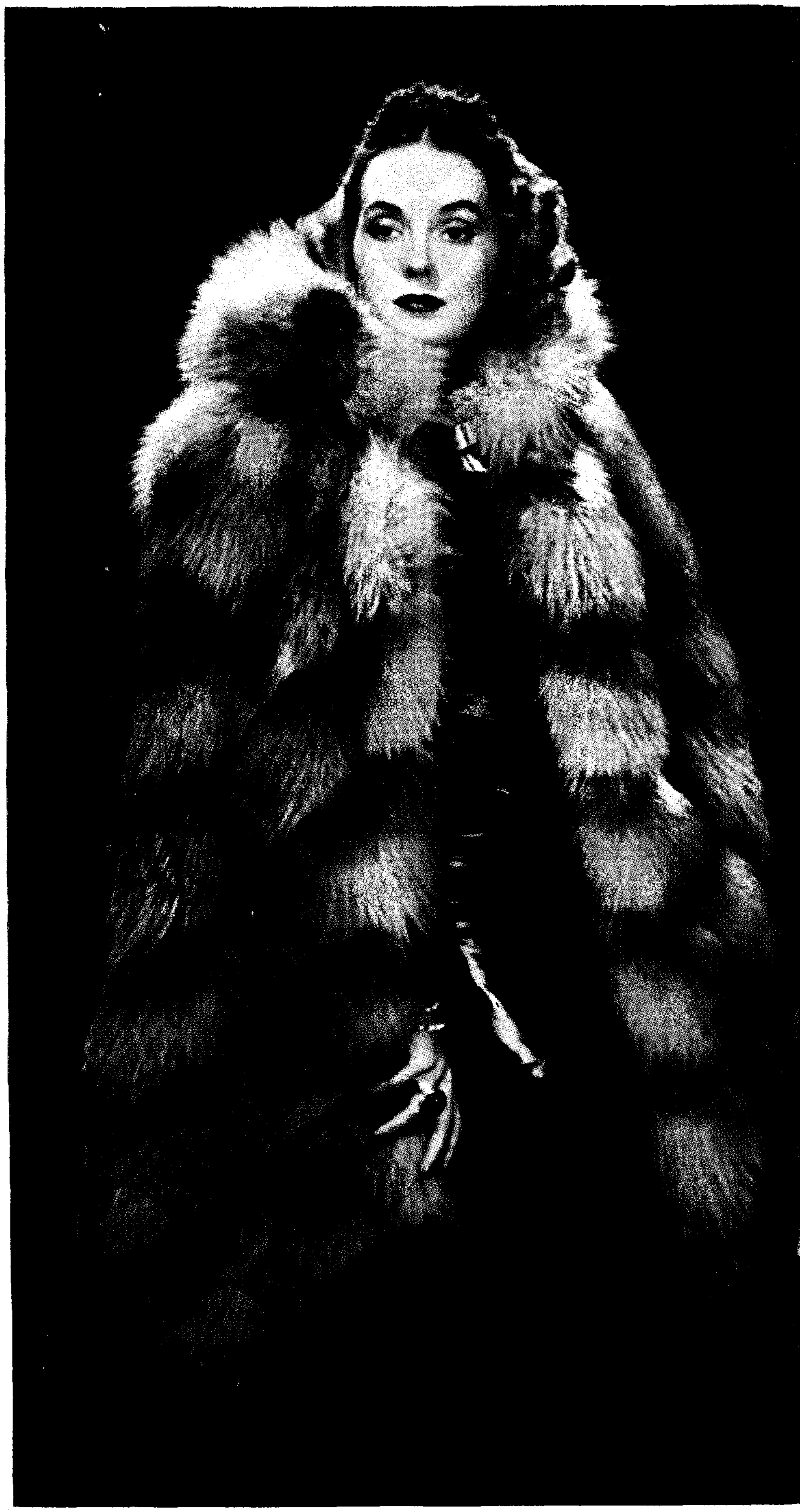
T STYLES TWO GREAT NEW VALUES

Warm Flattery

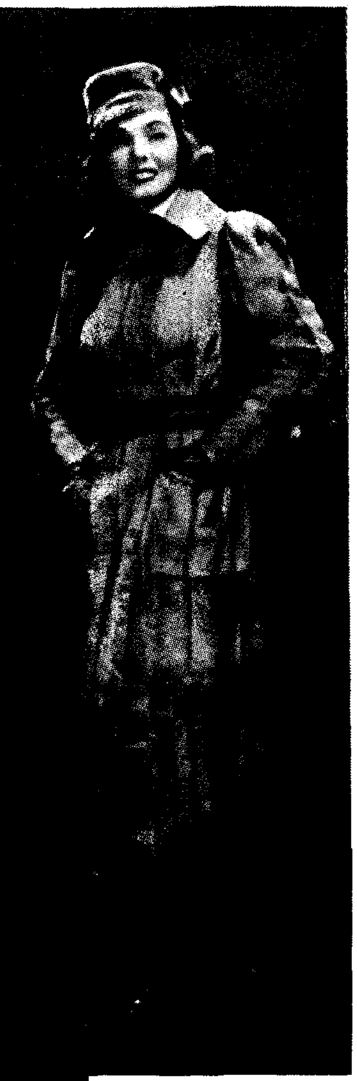
You'll be wearing it. Up your sleeve, on your hat, in a coat, somewhere fur is bound to get into your wardrobe. For it will be the biggest fur year in history

By Ruth Moore Morriss

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY PAUL A. HESSE STUDIOS



H. JAECKEL & SONS



H. JAECKEL & SONS

B. WEINSTEIN

Above: A sumptuous cape of red fox takes the honors of the evening. **Above, right:** Gray kidskin, one of the most popular furs of the season, makes a princess coat and drapes smoothly to a new high hat

Above: Mink, highlighting the fashion of long-haired fur in a short, boxy coat

FOX, marten, sable, sheared beaver, lamb, mink, leopard, lapin. The season's theme song in fashion. You will hear it—see it—from New York to Hollywood. In Paris. At the pre-coronation festivities in London. Fur from the tips of the smartest ears to the tops of the newest heels.

And you'll wear it—don't think you won't. There's no escaping fur in some form or other this year. A fur coat. Fur gloves. Fur hat. Fur up your sleeves, or around the hem of your skirt. Anything you like. But you've got to have a touch of fur somewhere, or you'll be as out of date as a tippet from the tandem days. Because this is a fur year—the greatest in the history of the world. The most luxurious!

Signs have pointed to its coming for a long while. The French couturiers sensed that it was on the way, when they designed the first silver fox capes. Schiaparelli experimented. Two skins, flung across astonished—but delighted—shoulders. Horizontally, after the manner of a scarf. Then three. Up to that time, any woman had felt fortunate if she owned a silver fox. One silver fox! Three of a kind had not entered her scheme of adornment.

But it soon did. The American houses saw the trend. And at this point Lanvin, who has a flair for doing something different in fur, had another clever French idea. Why not use the skins vertically? Why not use four of them, possibly five?

A Fur-bearing Season for All

Why not, indeed! This season most of the vertical capes boast six to nine lustrous pelts of silver—or red fox. Then there are the finger-length capes, with the skins placed together in a diagonal pattern. As many as eighteen skins have been banded together for these. And one of the New York furriers has just had a cabled order from a South American millionaire's wife for a cape of thirty-six skins.

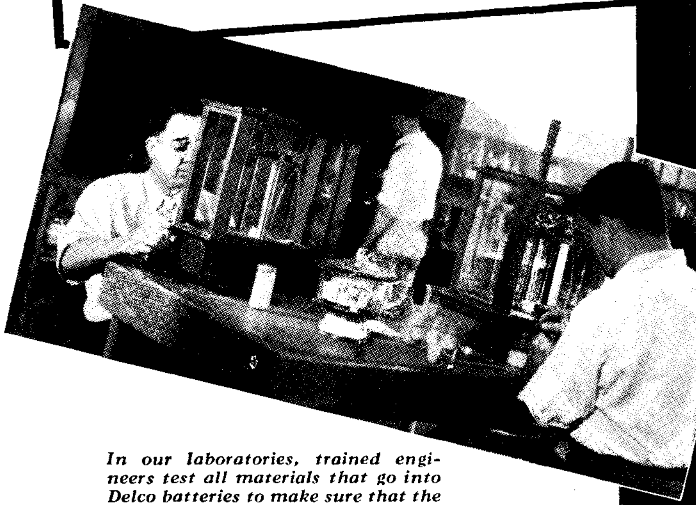
A long way from the lone fox, who carried himself so gallantly a few autumns and springs ago!

But don't be alarmed—or misled. Silver fox *en masse* may not be within your pocketbook. Sables may be as out of your reach as when the Czar of all the Russias kept all the best Siberian sables in the family. That doesn't mean, however, that you can't afford furs. Beautiful ones. Luxurious ones. Because the most reasonably priced furs, this winter, are so luxurious, so smartly designed, that a few seasons ago you couldn't have bought them at any price.

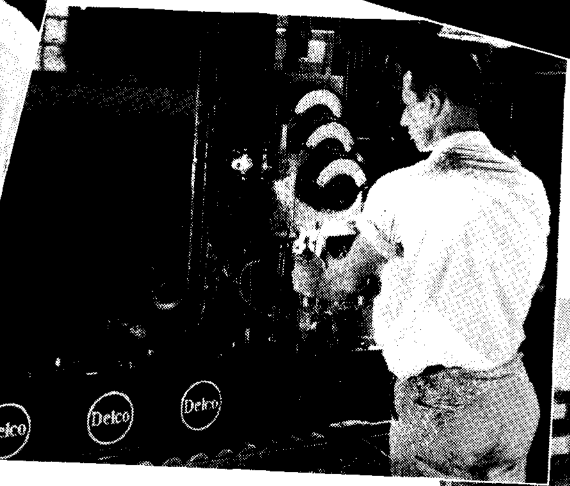
That's the exciting thing about this year of fur. Whatever style or type you want, you'll find it in something you can afford—something you'll be proud of. If your choice is a flat black fur, and caracul is more of an investment than you care to make, then there is kid caracul—at half the price. If you want the warmth and lasting qualities that go with sealskin, but not its price, you can

Get a DELCO and be SURE

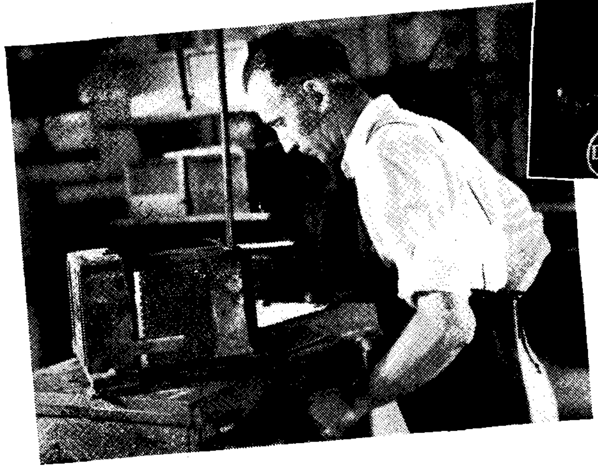
Delco
DAYTON



In our laboratories, trained engineers test all materials that go into Delco batteries to make sure that the Delco-Remy standard of quality will be maintained.

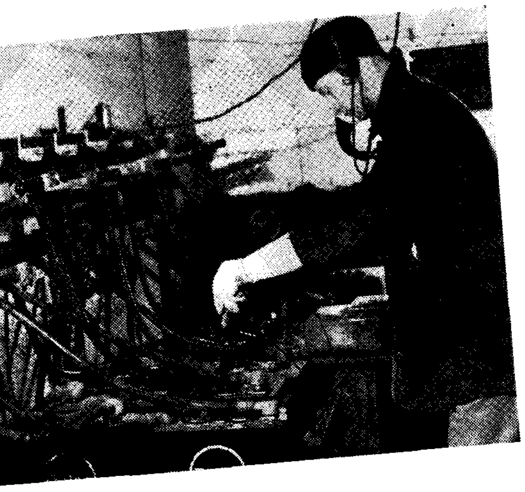


Every Delco battery is given a rigid final test before leaving the factory to determine that it is fully charged, and functions properly.



Every genuine hard rubber battery case is subjected to a 24,000-volt electrical test to determine that there are no defects.

In the "cold room," Delco batteries are tested for performance in sub-zero temperatures to insure ample capacity for quick starting in the coldest weather.



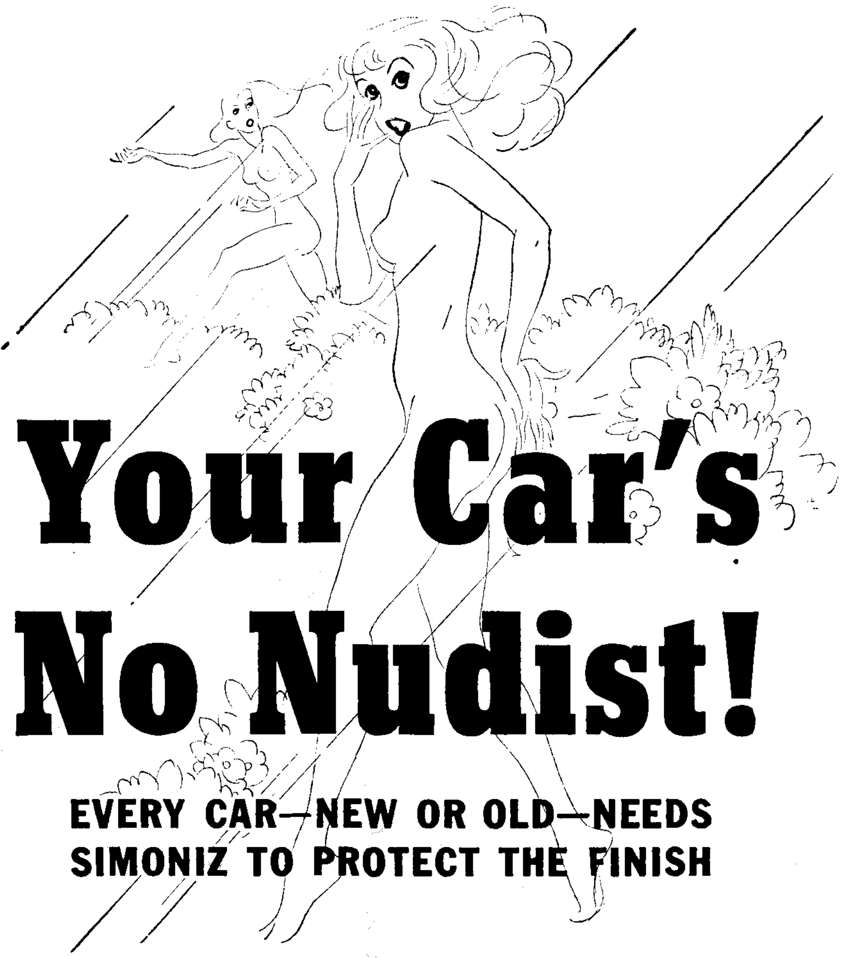
When your Delco battery leaves the factory it is as nearly perfect as human hands . . . modern machines . . . and sound engineering can make it. The tests and inspections to which it has been subjected at each stage of manufacture assure absolute dependability, full capacity, and long life. As a further assurance of quality, all Delco batteries, from raw materials to finished product, are built in the plants of Delco-Remy—world's largest manufacturer of automotive electrical equipment; they are backed by a quarter of a century of automotive electrical engineering experience. Delco batteries serve more than five million motorists daily in every clime and country, and are standard equipment in all General Motors cars. With cold winter days just around the corner—get a Delco and be sure!

Delco-Remy

MANUFACTURERS OF DELCO-REMY STARTING, LIGHTING, AND IGNITION
KLAXON HORNS • DELCO BATTERIES
AUTOMATIC CARBURETOR CONTROLS.

UNITED SERVICE MOTORS

DELCO-REMY PRODUCTS AND GENUINE PARTS ARE AVAILABLE AT UNITED MOTORS SERVICE STATIONS EVERYWHERE . . WHEREVER YOU SEE THIS SIGN.



Your Car's No Nudist!

EVERY CAR—NEW OR OLD—NEEDS SIMONIZ TO PROTECT THE FINISH

If you let your car go naked—without Simoniz . . . weather, dirt, and ultra-violet rays soon destroy its beauty. Authorities agree Simoniz is necessary to preserve all motor car finishes.

Although the finishes on cars today are the hardest, toughest, and most durable, the sooner they are Simonized, the better! Simoniz gives them the protection they must have to stay beautiful. So, be sure the lacquer or enamel on your car gets a protective coat of Simoniz. Easy to put on but hard to wear off, it makes all finishes last longer, and keeps the colors from fading.

If your car is dull, you can easily restore its original lustre with the wonderful Simoniz Kleener, which prepares the finish for Simoniz. Always insist on these world-famous products for your car. There's nothing else like them!

MOTORISTS WISE

SIMONIZ

KLEENER
SIMONIZ
KLEENER
MOTORISTS WISE SIMONIZ
SIMONIZ

Always Simoniz a new car. It keeps weather and dirt from attacking the finish, and ruining its beauty

Warm Flattery

Continued from page 36

get the same up-to-the-minute swagger coat, in the same sleek black, in Hudson seal.

And take the once humble lapin. Within the memory of every female of the species over the subdeb age, lapin was rabbit—and not to be recommended. Now, thanks to the new blockings, the new treatments which make any pelt more soft and pliable, more durable, and the new dyes which have never been so varied, lapin may double for a nutria or beaver casual coat in the daytime. It may come out at night in the guise of that almost-impossible-to-acquire fur—chinchilla.

It will also be better cut than any Andean chinchilla you would have paid a small fortune for, when chinchilla was the thing—and one of the only things—to wear to the opera. The expertness of the cutters has gone ahead by leaps and bounds, just as everything else in the fur industry has, from breeding to designing. Today fur is treated as if it were fine cloth. As much imagination and delicacy of workmanship are put into any fur coat as would go into it if it were velvet—or chiffon.

So, with the whole animal kingdom at your feet, which of its members are you going to choose? There are at least three points that ought to be considered before you make that choice. What fur is becoming to you? What fur can you afford? And the third point is durability. Will you be content to wear your purchase, gaily, through one season, and still consider it a good buy? Or do you want it to last four years, perhaps five—and last well?

Here is a list taken from a directory for dealers which gives an idea of how many seasons the trade expects the various furs to wear:

Alaskan sealskin, five to seven seasons; Hudson seal (dyed muskrat), four to five seasons; beaver, six to eight seasons; Persian lamb, four to five seasons; mink, six to eight; leopard, four to five.

Now we get into the list that can't take hard wear so well:

Krimmer, three seasons; nutria, four to six seasons; caracul, one or two seasons; kid caracul, two seasons; squirrel, two seasons; mole, one season; lapin, one to two seasons.

Then the foxes—two to three seasons, whether they are red, silver or dyed.

Your Habits Show

But no table, and no dealer, no matter how reputable or experienced he may be, can tell you to a month, or even a year, how long a fur is going to last. *They can give you an approximate idea.* The rest depends upon you, the care you give a fur, and your personal habits.

Two of my friends bought krimmer coats at the same time—two seasons ago. One of them swings her arms when she walks. Her coat shows it. Her krimmer has developed an elongated bald pate on either side, and under each sleeve. The other coat, which has been worn as many times, looks as young and fresh as the day it came home from the shop.

There you are! Your idiosyncrasies have as much to do with wearability as any dealer's guarantee. Do you carry your handbag as an under-arm bag—and always under the same arm? Do you lean your elbows on the counter when you're shopping? Do you insist upon carrying all manner of packages, because they might not be delivered in time?

If you do any one of these things, or a dozen others, you may be sure and certain they will leave their marks behind them. If Mr. Sherlock Holmes were alive today, he would dislike tracking down women who own fur coats. They'd be much too easy prey. All he'd have to do would be to take one look at the lapin swagger hanging in the corner cupboard, and he'd know the life history of the lady who left it behind her.

Then care. Your dealer will tell you, as soon as your coat begins to wear or tear, to have the part of the skin that is worn repaired, or replaced, immediately. It won't be cheap, but it will be worth it. Otherwise, you will go around with that worn-at-the-cuff look that the most durable, and the most expensive furs get if they don't have an occasional grooming.

He will also tell you that when a fur gets wet, you should shake it and let it dry naturally. It will. Never try to hurry the process by hanging it near a fire or a radiator. On the same principle, keep it in the coolest, darkest cupboard in the house. Heat and bright light are hard on furs. It's simply the nature of the beast.

Warm winters didn't grow a luxurious coat and warm weather won't keep it luxurious after it belongs to you. Hence cold storage in the summer, so your seal won't crackle and bristle with stiff dry hairs, the way seals used to in the days when grandma wrapped them up in brown paper and cloves and locked them in the cedar chest.

Without Disguise

At that there was something to be said for those simple old cedar-chest days. Furs weren't so lovely—and don't let any number of family portraits delude you into the notion that they were! They weren't one half so cleverly cut. But they weren't so cleverly disguised, either—when there was anything to disguise.

Beaver was beaver, unshorn and bulky, it's true. They hadn't thought to take that bulk away by shearing so that it would fit into the figure. Seal was seal. Not muskrat dyed so cleverly that sometimes it takes a quick and practiced eye to tell the Hudson muskrat from real Alaska sealskin. Mink was mink in its natural state. Untipped. Probably unleathered. Or so clumsily leathered that a novice could detect the seams a quarter of an inch apart, where small cuttings of fur had been sewn together to make what passed for one whole pelt. Naturally it would shed. Heavily leathered furs always do. But the customer accepted that hazard with her eyes open.

Today it's different. Leathering—like everything—is so expertly done that the *uninitiated customer will have no notion* of it, until her dyed blue fox begins to shed like a trained-animal act. I know. I had one. Fortunately it came from a reputable house, so they replaced it with another skin—and an apology.

And tipping. There is tipping and tipping. Some tipping is as legitimate and as necessary as a limited amount of leathering. But how to tell! Would you be able to decide whether the long hairs on a mink coat had been cunningly dyed by hand and by brush to lend an added luster—or to make imperfectly matched pelts brothers on top of the skin? Not for six months—and then it would be a little late to do anything about it. The dye would begin to fade, and you would be in on one more secret that makes a certain type of furrier successful.

So go to a reputable dealer. Let him worry about the tricks of the trade. If he makes a mistake, his name and his reputation are behind it. That's the best insurance you can have. It also safeguards you in the matter of price. Price, like everything else in furs, is no longer a simple matter. It does not depend, alone, upon wholesaler and retailer—and trapper. There is the high-priced skill of the cutter and the designer to be considered. There is not only the quality of the pelts, but the matching of them, and in a fur like caracul, or broadtail, the delicacy of the pattern of each individual skin, that go to make up the retail price quoted to you.

Name Your Price

Naturally, price has to be an important consideration when you're trying to decide what fur goes into your wardrobe. But it shouldn't be difficult with this year's price range! Suppose you want one of those new princess coats, snug about the basquelike bodice, broad at the shoulders—no narrow shoulders these days, even if it takes padding to give them breadth—tight-fitting at the waist, narrow through the hips, and wide-flaring as to skirt. Suppose you can afford to pay between $300 and $500. Then the lamb families are yours to command.

Gray Persian. Black Persian. Krimmer, gray with its black and white hairs. Bombay lamb, which came in a few seasons ago and is much talked of now. Caracul—of course if you insist upon the silkiest Bokhara caracul, with a moire that comes only from the youngest and smallest of the flock, you will have to pay accordingly. All the lambs are in the public eye at the moment. Both black and gray.

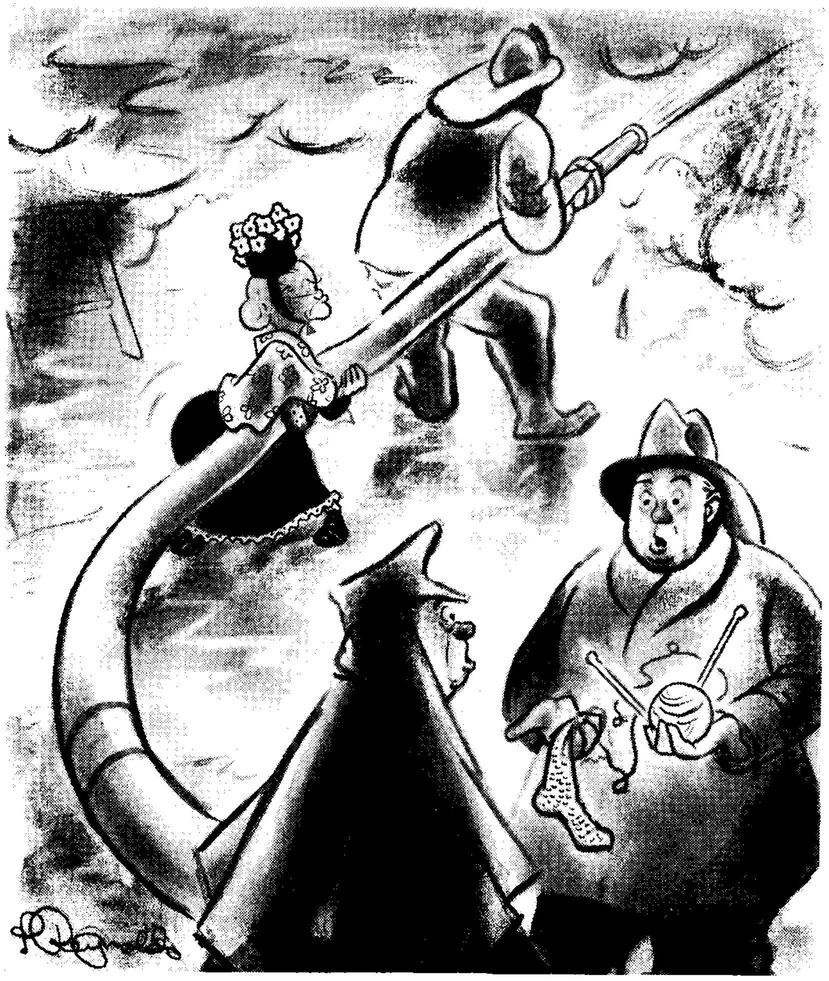
Fur hats are decidedly at the head of the parade for winter wear. Hollywood was so intrigued with the idea that it began buying them up in August against the day when the first cold breezes should blow across Beverly Hills.

Long-haired fur is the news in short coats. Length of coat—to the hips. Time to wear—morning, noon or night, depending on the formality of the fur. Opossum and good old raccoon for sports, skunk and mink all day long, martin, fox, sable for glamorous occasions. The whole country stood up as a woman and saluted. There is a glamor about them. There's no denying it! But sable comes high. So does silver fox. That's where the red fox comes in. He's back in our midst with a good deal more than his aboriginal glory. And you can wrap yourself in him for a third of what his silver-tipped brother would demand.

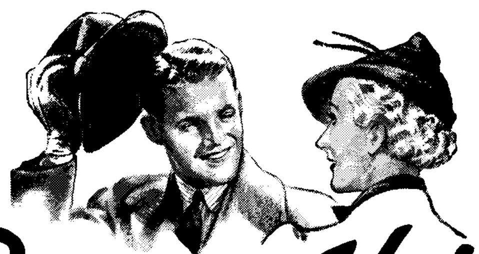
Swagger coats are shorter than last year. Finger length—finger tip to be exact—is the newest length. Not more than three quarter if you're going to be conservative.

As for budgeting them, there's the dark bluish-gray Siberian squirrel to be had at $200—and squirrel is being worn. From $225 into the four hundreds, Hudson seal. Alaskan sealskin and beaver, $400 to $500. Lapin starts at $40 or $50, with any medium-priced dealer. If he is a particularly luxurious rabbit, he may leap to $175. That, however, is his outside ambition, which will include one of the newest of the new Scotch-looking wool linings, and something extra special in the way of buttons. Buttons on fur coats used to be an afterthought. But no longer! They are as carefully ensembled as the linings.

Speaking of ensembling, that is an excellent thing to do when you have a fur coat in mind. Ensemble your face, your hair, and especially your figure, to the fur you're planning to buy. That's what Travis Banton does. His job is dressing the stars. When he chooses furs for Dietrich, or Colbert, or Lombard, he doesn't choose just any furs. He doesn't choose them because they're lavish—or expensive. He chooses them because they suit Dietrich or Colbert or Lombard. His theory is that because a mink coat is beautiful doesn't mean it will make you beautiful, even though you happen to be one of the most beautiful women in the world!



"Before I c'n say 'Boo!' she says, 'Here! Keep an eye on this, like a good boy, till I get through'!" LAURENCE REYNOLDS



Put your Hair on the "Credit" side

1. 50 SECONDS to rub—circulation quickens—needed oils are restored—your hair has a chance!

2. 10 SECONDS to comb and brush—your hair has a lustre but no objectionable "patent-leather" look.

Use VITALIS and the "60-Second Workout"

You never get any more respect from the world than you give yourself. And good-looking, well-groomed hair is clean-cut evidence of a proper masculine pride and self-respect. That's why every man should know Vitalis—Vitalis and the famous "60-Second Workout"—and what it can do to keep his hair healthy and handsome.

Brisk massage with Vitalis loosens tight, dry scalp—quickens circulation—restores the flow of nourishing oils. Loose dandruff disappears and with it one threat of falling hair. Your hair is left alive and lustrous and easy to comb. And there's never a hint of that social taboo—the "patent-leather" look.

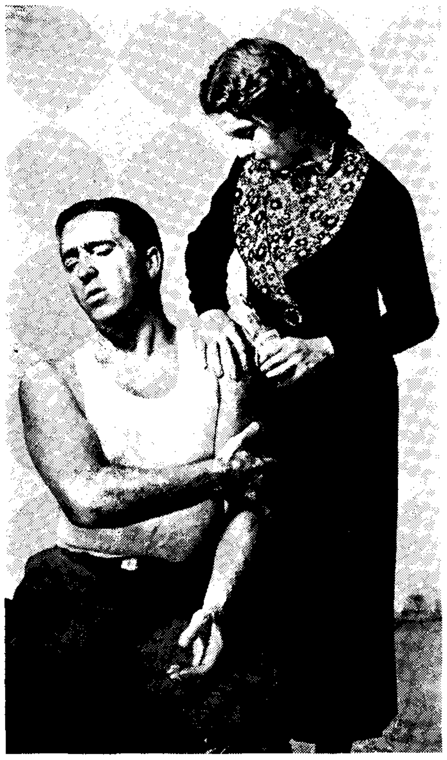
Get a bottle of Vitalis from your druggist today. Use it regularly. Let the "60-Second Workout" keep your hair what it should be—a social and even a business plus.

VITALIS
KEEPS YOUR HAIR
HEALTHY AND HANDSOME

ASK YOUR BARBER
He's an expert on the care of scalp and hair. He is recommending Vitalis in the new single-application Sealtube. It is the *most sanitary* package ever made. Be sure to get Vitalis in a Sealtube.

BRUISED BADLY WHILE HUNTING

Wife and Absorbine Jr. come to husband's aid



"MY husband said the gun kicked," writes J. E.,* of Nashville, "his shoulder was sore and got stiff, and when he came home I took some Absorbine Jr. and rubbed it in good. He went hunting the next day, so I know Absorbine Jr. did him a lot of good."

We recite these little incidents in everyday life to remind you of the friendly part Absorbine Jr. plays in so many homes. Those bruises and bumps, those painful sprains and wrenches that may happen to anyone—ease and comfort them with Absorbine Jr. and they will gladly yield their soreness and swelling to this fine old liniment.

Keep a bottle handy for such emergencies. Apply it for relief from muscular rheumatic soreness and stiffness. Soothing and safe, no other liniment enjoys higher prestige with so many doctors and nurses. Also famous for Athlete's Foot. Sold at all drug stores, $1.25 a bottle, Absorbine Jr. is thrifty to use because a little goes so far. For free sample, write W. F. Young, Inc., 357 Lyman St., Springfield, Mass.

*Based on actual letter in our files

ABSORBINE JR.

Relieves sore muscles, bruises, muscular aches, sprains, Athlete's Foot, sleeplessness

Actor at Eight

Continued from page 22

contend a certain portion of the populace). There is the further complication that the young man had the universe in tears up to the edge of their summer underwear in a scene where he didn't even appear. We refer to the funeral sequence in The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. When the mourners lowered the tiny casket into the ground under the famous pine and that bird with the woodbine voice began singing "At the End of the Trail," sobs rang through the world from Zanesville to Zambezi. Spanky was supposed to be in the casket.

In any event it raised him from his principal role with Our Gang to stardom in a picture known as General Spanky. Prior to the advent of Queen Shirley, this would have been considered an achievement comparable with the childish feats of Mozart and other geniuses, but even in such company there is honor enough for an eight-year-old boy.

In essence, however, it is not so much the sensational appearance of a major triumph as the reward of hard work. Spanky has been in the public eye since the age of one, when his visage first appeared on the billboards of a Dallas, Texas, baking company. In those fargone days he was known as "Sonny," and his reputation as a personality kid grew with the sales of the big ten-cent loaf. From this came the appearance of Sonny in an advertising film to be shown in theaters as a trailer. It was also his debut in a speaking role. He smiled into the camera and said: "Um, um, bed is doot."

General Spanky Eats

It is his Aunt Dorothy who is responsible for his Hollywood success. She felt Sonny was no worse than other children in films and forthwith forwarded a print of the baking-company film to Hal Roach at Culver City. Whether Roach was taken with the kid or simply relieved at this method of allowing him to select his talent can probably never be learned because no movie magnate is going to admit that his eye for genius was ever less than acute. Instead of being followed around the golf course by fond mammas and their progeny he could sit in his projection room and look at the baking-company kid, and this may have been the deciding factor. He sent for Mrs. McFarland and her prodigy and what followed was the incident with the dictograph.

Sonny pressed all the buttons and the studio became upset.

Mrs. McFarland warned Sonny: "Spankee, spankee, mustn't touch," and from that minor incident grew a great legend: Spanky McFarland.

He wouldn't appear in films unless he could ride in his own little wagon and his burst into fame came in a film known as Free Eats where he arrived in large black-and-white checked gingham trousers in exaggerated peg-top style and a tam with an enormous pompon. That established him.

Spanky was lucky in coming into pictures at a time when child actors weren't supposed to be mischievous. It resulted in roles in pictures other than the Our Gang comedies. Paramount had him in Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen, and since then he has appeared in The Day of Reckoning, Kentucky Kernels, O'Shaughnessy's Boy, Here Comes the Band and The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. But his real fun is with Buckwheat, the little colored boy who is always dressed as a girl; Baby Patsy, Porky Lee, Alfalfa, Darla Hood and the other youthful giants of the screen. Critics can make out a case for the general juvenility of the movies by showing how easily the Our Gang kids master the technique. After one picture they are going through the scenes with as little stress and as much histrionic efficiency as a shoal of Barrymores.

On the statistical side the data on Spanky is limited. He was born October 2, 1928, in Dallas. When Hal Roach hired him he was 32 inches tall and weighed 28½ pounds. Today he stands 43 inches and weighs 52 pounds. Emmett McFarland, the youngster's father, was pretty sore about his lack of height when he went to college, but he isn't complaining now. The chances are that Spanky will not reach the awkward age too quickly. His five-year-old brother, Tommy, takes after Mrs. McFarland and is almost as tall as Spanky now. He's likely to be a worn-out star before he hits the third grade.

Spanky is thoroughly studio-broken. When making General Spanky, Buckwheat Thomas, the colored youngster, was having trouble in getting a scene done as Director Newmeyer wanted it.

"Come on, Buckwheat," said Spanky. "Do it good this time and you can have the next close-up."

How he keeps his shape is a mystery because he eats like an antediluvian monster. General Spanky started with a chicken dinner which lasted three days, taking that long for the full shooting. Spanky ate six chicken legs in one morning when he was only supposed to be nibbling on one, and after that had lunch—and was still hungry.

He's a great saver, stuffing everything he gets into a big China pig and mooching his spending money off his parents. He makes quite a little from his success in whistling with his mouth full of crackers. However, he happens to be that extraordinary combination of miser and spendthrift. He saves every penny he gets his hands on, can be seen at times dumping the money from the pig and milling it about with that glee given only to great villains, but when it is counted he starts out for dissipation. Right now that means an amusement park, and the latest story about him was his attempt to become a man about town in the company of June Lang, the new 20th Century star, who must at least be in her twenties.

"Come awn," he was saying to Miss Lang. "Two bucks and a half I got and we shoot it all. Who's a cheap skate? Boat riding, merry-go-round, and all the dolls you can carry home. I been savin' for three weeks."

But for the most part he is a practical man. When Kolma Flake at the Roach Studio worked up the idea of a star dressing room for Spanky, he saw the error of that instantly.

"Lissen, Missus Flake," he said. "I don't want no dressing room. Whyn't you give us a clubhouse, huh? They always make us some swell clubhouse for our pictures and then they throw them away. We want an Eagles Club. How about an Eagles Club, huh? See, we could have it right over there." He pointed to some canvas scenery propped up against a wall.

McFarland & Co.

Well, that's about the story. The one distressing thing about a child star is that the older he grows the harder competition becomes and eventually he's through entirely. In short, the only thing a screen kid can work himself up to is oblivion. What he can do, however, is get his education on the lot (through regular teachers prescribed by state law), save his money and make another sort of career when his acting days are over. Most of them get acting in the blood and keep hanging around even when the public is sick of them, but an exception will perhaps come along someday. It may be Spanky—and again maybe not. An individual in the public spotlight from the age of one would probably have as difficult a time as a stockbroker or an architect.

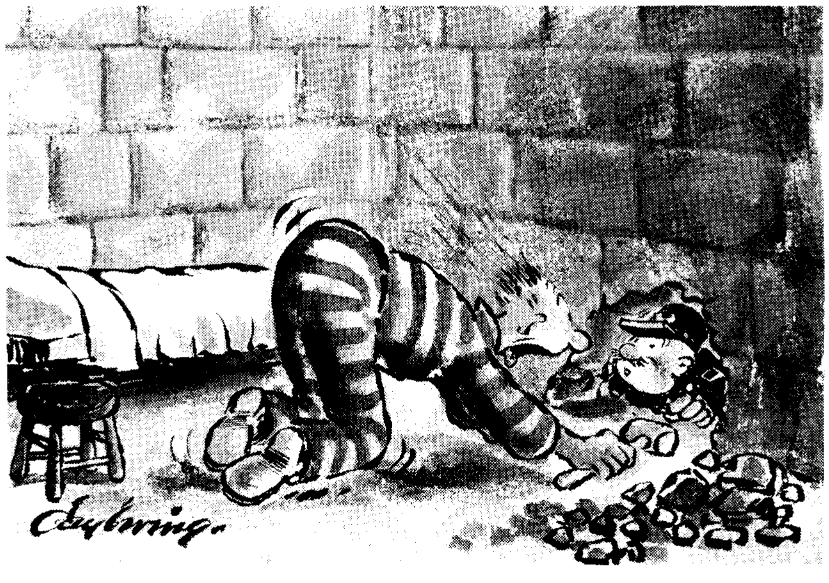
Whether he has been mulling the problem over lately is a question but it is reported in high circles that his current ambition is to be a "grip"—they're the handy men on a set. This came about in the most natural way, for Spanky was present when a grip found a quarter when he pulled up a board. Accompanied by his stand-in, Joe Strauch, Spanky hopped on his miniature motorcycle (built on the bicycle principle) and went in to see Roach. He wanted a job as grips and Joe was to be his assistant.

"Looky," he cried, "we got hammers and all sorts of tools already."

Roach, being no fool, humored the little man with a union card and agreed that Joe wouldn't be bad as an assistant.

He became a bit less happy about the jest at the end of the first week. Spanky put in a bill for six hours' work as grips.

There is little possibility, mused Mr. Roach, that the future will hold any terrors for that young man. Roach paid the bill.



"Boo!"

JAY IRVING

HALF & HALF MAKES ONE SWELL SMOKE!

No Bite!
LUCKY STRIKE
HALF AND HALF
TOBACCO
BUCKINGHAM
CUT PLUG
SMOKING TOBACCO

No Bite!
Still no Bite!
LUCKY
HALF AND HALF
TOBACCO
BUCKINGHAM
CUT PLUG
SMOKING TOBACCO

Give your pipe a new start in life, with Half & Half. Cool as a doctor's: "Open your shirt." Sweet as his words: "Your heart's ticking fine!" Fragrant, full-bodied tobacco that won't bite the tongue—in a tin that won't bite the fingers. Made by our exclusive modern process including patent No. 1,770,920. Smells good. Makes your pipe welcome anywhere. Tastes good. Your password to pleasure!

Not a bit of bite in the tobacco or the Telescope Tin, which gets smaller and smaller as you use-up the tobacco. No bitten fingers as you reach for a load, even the last one.

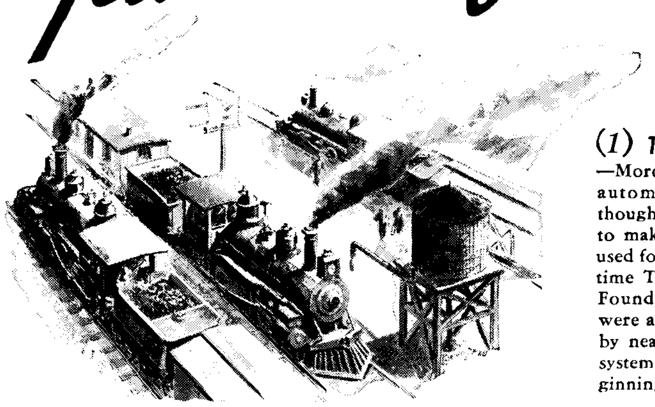
Copyright 1936, The American Tobacco Company

HALF AND HALF

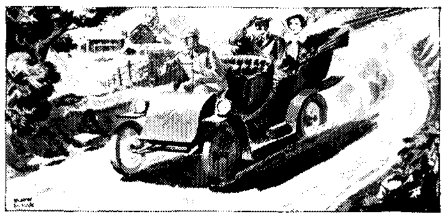
The Safe Pipe-Tobacco

FOR PIPE OR CIGARETTE

THE STORY OF A Famous Life Guard

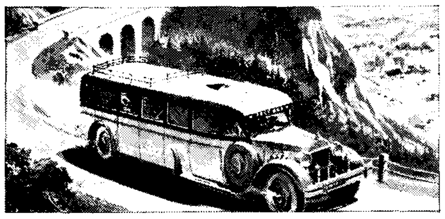


(1) THE SCENE OPENS —More than 50 years ago, before the automobile was even seriously thought of, a company was formed to make the cast iron brake shoes used for stopping railroad trains. In time The American Brake Shoe & Foundry Company's brake shoes were adopted—and are now used—by nearly all of America's railway systems. But that was only the beginning.



(2) ENTER: A NEWCOMER— Along about 1900 a new kind of vehicle was developed—the horseless carriage. It presented a new problem in braking—friction against a "drum" instead of a wheel. The old carriage brake wouldn't do the trick, and neither would cast iron railroad brake shoes. Woven fabric bands were finally developed for automobile brake linings. Good enough for the early cars.

(3) A FAR-REACHING CONFERENCE —Later on, as motor trucks and buses came into the picture, railroads began to use fleets of them for branch line service. They soon discovered that this woven brake lining wouldn't stand the gaff. A prominent railway executive called in engineers of The American Brake Shoe & Foundry Company. "You know all about stopping our trains," he said. "Can't you develop a brake lining that will stop our motor trucks and buses just as safely?"



(4) THE CHALLENGE IS ACCEPTED —Working day and night, conducting experiment after experiment, running heavy buses on gruelling tests on steep mountain roads, the engineers finally produced an entirely new and vastly superior automotive braking material, not woven but moulded under pressure and heat-treated to withstand the punishing friction of heavy braking. It met every requirement. It gave far greater safety. It lasted much longer.

(5) NEWS SPREADS —The news of the revolutionary brake lining and its remarkable performance traveled fast. A separate division (American Brakeblok) was organized to produce it, not merely for motor trucks and buses, but for all kinds of automobiles. The plant was located in Detroit, in the heart of the motor industry. Time and again it has been necessary to enlarge this original plant to keep pace with the demand.

WE INSTALL
American Brakeblok

(6) WHERE YOU COME IN — American Brakeblok has come to be known as the *safety* brake lining. It is giving motorists faster, smoother, and easier braking. And it is saving them money because it wears longer . . . This, briefly, is the romantic story of a brake material that every hour is guarding hundreds of thousands of lives.

Be sure, when having brakes relined, to ask for it by name—

American Brakeblok

AMERICAN BRAKEBLOK

THE SAFETY BRAKE LINING

The Golden Touch

Continued from page 15

wrote out a card on Maeriel, their three hundred to his twenty-five, and separated his cash into two batches.

He was tucking the bigger batch back into his wallet when he saw an opening in the crowd before his chosen victim's stand. Waving the currency on high, he plunged into the gap and found himself jamming the money and the card into the gambler's hand. The bookmaker looked at the card, then at the cash, then at George. He marked something on the card.

"You mean three thousand to two-fifty," he told George. George looked at his wallet. There were two fives and a mess of singles in it. He looked up again at the bookmaker, who was passing the money to an assistant and whispering something to his slate man. The slate man rubbed out the 12 and chalked up 10 for Maeriel.

"But—" George croaked.

"Come on," a voice grumbled. "Give someone else a chance. We ain't got all day."

The steps up into the stand were steeper now than the stairs Louis of France climbed to the guillotine but George got to the top of them somehow. A plump, motherly-looking lady in the front row of seats beamed upon him as he sank into a chair near her. Any chair in that row would have been near her.

She waved vaguely at the horses slouching past to the starting gate.

"I played Midvictorian," she confided to George. "Today is the day to play the horses ending in N. My poor husband—peace to his soul—always said there was a letter for every day in the year. Today is the feast of St. Cyprian. Cyprian ends in N. Midvictorian ends in N. He is sure to win."

"He is a she," George pointed out irritably, wondering if the lady was right about her alphabet.

The lady laughed. "It does not matter," she said amiably.

"To Midvictorian," George grumbled, "it will some day matter a good deal. And what about Melodiana in the first?"

"Oh, that—" This time she giggled. "Perhaps I shouldn't have but I played Melodiana. You see, there wasn't any horse ending in N and Melodiana was the nearest thing to it. But Midvictorian will win this time."

SURE enough, when the beetles got away from the post, Midvictorian was on the front end, with Maeriel languishing in the hands of the assistant starters. But Number 3 came through the field, and won. And Number 3 was—*Maeriel!*

When George turned to the plump lady, she seemd to have grown smaller.

"I had Maeriel," he told her coldly.

"Oh," she said. "How nice."

He flicked an invisible bit of dust from his coat sleeve. "This is an M day."

"Oh."

The bookie's cashier laid the $3,250 in his palm and that was the convincer. The fourth race was simplicity itself, with a horse named Murph, owned and trained by people whose names began with M. All he had to do was find three bookies bold enough to take a thousand each on the horse at three-to-one. The rest was just a matter of waiting for the pay-off. He found himself patting a yawn as Murph galloped home a three-lengths winner.

In the field for the fifth race there was not an M to be seen, but a brief treatment at the bar fixed that. There was a horse called Whizzaway, and what was a W but an M upside down? He strode out into the betting ring with his wallet in his hand, looking for bookies foolish enough to take his bets. When he had ten thousand down at odds averaging three-to-one, he began to lose interest. After all, he thought, these poor devils had to live. He stuffed the other two thousand back into the billfold and went out to watch the race. The price on Whizzaway was down to eight-to-five. They came down the stretch, head and head, nose and nose, Whizzaway and two other steeds, and hit the finish line that way, with fractions of an inch between them. The placing judges flashed the photo sign on the annunciator board, calling for a picture of the finish. George wondered why they bothered. There was only one way they could call it. This, after all, was the day.

He was at the Western Union booth, sending a wire to Doris Gleason to meet him at Tony's at six in regard to a matter of life and death, when the punters began to come by on their way to the ring.

"They gave it to Whizzaway," one of them told the wire clerk. "And I was tipped off of it. It was a standout."

THERE was a message for him at Tony's. Miss Gleason had called to say she would be a few minutes late and he was to be sure to wait. To pass the time, he called Matty Levine, the wire man he had patronized in the days of his solvency, and asked what was running. There was the seventh at Hawthorne, Matty told him; they were going to the post for it now. Was there a horse beginning with M? There was Magnoscope.

Mr. Bentham sighed. "Put five hundred on it to win," he told Matty. "And call me back here when you find out what price it paid."

The bookmaker chuckled as he hung up. George merely smiled.

Doris Gleason was waiting for him at the table when he came back. She seemed somewhat nervous, but he had expected that. When people part with vows never to cross each other's paths again, the reunion is apt to be at first restrained. It was only fitting that the lady should begin by showing a faint aversion to him. He felt a little uneasy himself.

It would be better, he decided, to break the news to her softly. It was bound to be something of a shock.

"I don't want you to think, Doris, that I haven't remembered what you said the last time." That was the way to begin. Easy did it. "It isn't as though I'd forgotten when I asked you to meet me here. I've been thinking about it ever since."

Doris shook her head sadly. "So have I," she said. "Ever since. I've been wretched."

"But why? It was all the truth. There are a lot of worthless heels who go around trying to live off heiresses and it is ridiculous to think of a rich girl being happily married to a poor man. You were entirely right."

"I was entirely wrong. I never knew how wrong until today."

Mr. Bentham held up his hand in gentle protest. "It doesn't matter now," he told her triumphantly. "You see, I have been making my fortune this afternoon."

He plucked the forty-two thousand-dollar bills from the St. Denis billfold and fanned them out on the table before her. Her green eyes widened becomingly.

"But how—" she began.

"It was a simple matter," he said modestly. "All I had to do was to remember that the letter M would be connected with everything that happened today. Melodiana, Maeriel, Murph, all M names. I couldn't miss. This is an M day."

Doris looked about her nervously, as though making sure of her escape. He laughed lightly at her alarm and pointed to the card on the table. It was an entry blank in a lottery Tony was running for his patrons with a new roadster as the grand prize. The draw was to be made that night at midnight. The index number on the card was M103.

"For instance," he said, "if I were to fill this out, I would be sure to win the car. This is an M day."

He was lettering his name in on the card when the waiter came over to his table. A Mr. Levine had called to say that Magnoscope had paid 19-1, but that it would take him a few days to send the money along.

George spread his hands. "You see," he said. "Another ten thousand. Fifty-two thousand dollars. Now there's nothing to stand between us. You were right about it being impossible before but now there's nothing in the way."

But the lady did not seem very happy about it. She was glad, of course, she told him, that he had been so lucky, but she almost wished he hadn't.

"You remember what you said to me. That it wasn't fair for a girl to distrust a man just because he had less money than she had. That poor people were the most interesting, anyway, that rich young men were a bore."

"I was crazy," George told her. "Why do you bother remembering that stuff?"

"But it was the truth," Doris said earnestly. "You were so terribly right, George. And—well—last week, I met a boy—he's a writer—he hasn't a cent—but he's an awfully nice boy, and after all, as you said, I have enough for two, and, well, today he asked me to marry him and—oh, George, I'm sorry. I said yes."

Mr. Bentham stared at her through glazed eyes. "Is he someone I know?" he mumbled dully.

"You may have met him somewhere around town. His name is—his name is Michael Mullen."

"Michael Mullen?"

The lady's smile was a limp imitation. "You see," she said, and cackled miserably, "you were right. This is an M day."

THE clock in the steeple struck twelve but life was just beginning for the inebriated maniacs in Tony's. It seemed a little indecent to George as he came into the smoke-choked room that this orgy should be going when all his dreams of love were crisping memories. Here a man's life had been cored of its meaning only a few hours before, and except for the noise, the place seemed much the same. It was as though nothing had happened.

He looked around at a merry-eyed young lady who had come from nowhere and began tugging at his elbow. She smiled enticingly at him.

"Don't you remember?" she said. "We were going to have a drink. The bar—" She pointed.

Then it all came back to him. This was a girl he had rescued from unwholesome company at the bar of the 200 Club. There had been some sort of scuffle outside with a gent who claimed to be her escort, but the lady had chosen George and here they were. Not that she was anything but a playmate to him. The Benthams did not forget so soon.

Out of the tangle of faces hanging in the haze, a man emerged, smiling, and came toward George, caught him by the arm, shook him by the hand. It was Tony. He was so glad to see Mr. Bentham. He had been afraid Mr. Bentham would not be there in time.

George smiled. The sorrow of the ages was in that smile. He felt disconcertingly pleased with it.

"It does not matter where I am, or when," he told Tony. "Not any more. This has been a very sad day for me, Tony. Let us have a drink."

The proprietor's sallow Italian face glistened with satisfaction.

"By all means!" he cried enthusiastically. "To the victor, the spoils. It is only proper that we should celebrate. Celebrate what? You do not know?" He laughed and the customers crowding in around them at the bar shouted hilariously. "Mr. Bentham wins and he does not know what he wins."

George blinked at the white card Tony held out before him. He could see his name and address printed on it. "We found it on your table," Tony was saying. "After you left. So we entered you. And now you have won the car. It is waiting for you outside. Only first we must drink to your victory. Your sad day is over."

BUT George was staring at the card and at the number stamped on it. M103. Wasn't M the thirteenth letter of the alphabet? And what was 10 and 3? He made a rapid calculation. 13. He groaned, thinking of Midas, and shook his head helplessly. Even his fair playmate seemed delighted with the award.

He found himself being escorted across the sidewalk by Tony and a platoon of well-wishers. At their urging, he climbed in behind the wheel and started up the motor. When he looked around, the lady was on the seat beside him.

Here in the street light's yellow glare, he realized suddenly that she was lovely; so lovely that, compared to her, Doris Gleason was an also-ran. Gazing pensively at the gay curve of her retroussé nose and the dazzling glints in her gray eyes, he wondered how he had ever imagined himself in love with a green-eyed girl whose profile was no better than classical. This was a girl with whom it would be a pleasure to go through life.

Hadn't she given herself trustingly into his care this evening, and he a total stranger? Would Doris Gleason, who had known him for years, have done as much? The answer was No. Maybe it was just as well Doris had met that fellow Mullen.

He continued to gaze at the lady beside him. Her lips were moving. "Well," she was saying, "now that we're here, where to?"

"Listen," he told her, "we have got to get some things straightened out before we go any farther with this. I don't even know your name."

Her eyes widened in accusation. "You've forgotten," she said. "I told you and you've forgotten already." She giggled. "You said your name was Matthew Mulligatawny and I told you mine."

Mr. Bentham gnawed his lip uncertainly. He must have been pretty bad there for a while.

"I can't remember," he mumbled resignedly, "but I can guess. Is it Margaret—or maybe Millicent?"

"It's Evelyn Patterson."

But that was too good to be true. It didn't fit in. "That hasn't an M in it anywhere," he objected. "It has to begin with M."

The lady smiled patiently, as though she were used to people who talked like that, and fiddled with the cigarette lighter on the dashboard. Watching her puzzledly, George saw the auto clock for the first time. The widespread hands made it twenty-five past twelve.

He felt like a man seeing his first sunrise.

"Of course," he said, as though there had been some question about it. "Of course your name is Evelyn Patterson. I just hadn't realized. This is another day. Maybe an E day."

A WHISPER IN THE DARK...
BROUGHT ROMANCE TO RUTH
WHY, RUTH! WHY AREN'T YOU DANCING?
I'VE A WRETCHED HEADACHE MRS. LEE. I'M GOING OUT ON THE PORCH FOR A WHILE
MRS. LEE, IT'S HER OWN FAULT! RUTH OUGHT TO SEE A DENTIST ABOUT HER BREATH!
RUTH'S DENTIST TELLS HER ...
RUTH, MOST BAD BREATH IS CAUSED BY DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS
THEN-THANKS TO COLGATE'S...
RUTH, DEAR, DOZENS OF MEN ARE LOOKING FOR YOU!
THAT'S WHY I'M HIDING HER HERE, MRS. LEE!
AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!

Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

WHY let bad breath interfere with romance—with happiness? It's so easy to be safe when you realize that by far the most common cause of bad breath is . . . *improperly cleaned teeth!*

Authorities say decaying food and acid deposits, in hidden crevices between the teeth, are the source of most unpleasant mouth odors—of dull, dingy teeth—and of much tooth decay.

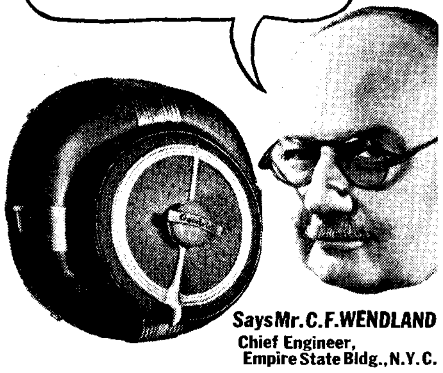
Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its special *penetrating* foam removes these odor-breeding deposits that ordinary cleaning methods fail to reach. And at the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle.

Be safe—be sure! Brush your teeth . . . your gums . . . your tongue . . . with Colgate Dental Cream at least twice daily and have cleaner, brighter teeth and a sweeter, purer breath. Get a tube today!

20¢ LARGE SIZE
Giant Size, over twice as much, 35¢
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
Good Housekeeping Bureau

N.Y. SKYSCRAPER CHIEF ENGINEER MARVELS AT NEW KIND OF AUTO HEATER

I'VE NEVER SEEN A CAR HEATER LIKE THIS BEFORE—IT ACTUALLY WORKS ON THE SAME PRINCIPLE AS THE HOT WATER BOILER IN YOUR HOME



Says Mr. C. F. WENDLAND
Chief Engineer,
Empire State Bldg., N.Y.C.

MORE HEAT FOR LESS MONEY!

● Motorists everywhere are saying that here is the heater that really "shiver-proofs" cars. And no wonder. The Goodrich De Luxe *Boiler Type* Heater has a special "heat trap" that stores hot water *in* the heater instead of allowing it to be sucked back into the cooling system before it makes the fullest use of every unit of heat value.

Don't spend this winter nearly "freezing to death" in your car. If you want more heat—quicker heat, see your Goodrich Tire dealer today about one of the new, "streamline" Goodrich De Luxe Heaters. And, in spite of the fact that this heater is built with 8 money-saving *extra-heat* features, you'll actually pay *less* for a Goodrich De Luxe Heater than for many old type heaters!

SPECIAL WIND-SHIELD DEFROSTER ATTACHMENT

Melts snow and ice on outside of windshield and clears frost and mist inside. Gives clear, safe vision for winter driving.

THE GREATEST HEATER VALUE IN AMERICA
Priced at only
$13.45
Plus Installation Charge
Price subject to change without notice

Goodrich De Luxe
HOT WATER HEATER
ANOTHER B. F. GOODRICH PRODUCT

A Trick Up Her Sleeve

Continued from page 11

moment Pinky scanned the arrivals for Skipe Albro. No Skipe appeared. There was, however, Ross Ballou, who said: "I've been looking for you, Pinky."

Pinky looked up, uninterested, for Ross was that type of boy. Ross was rotund and good-natured and simple. He was invariably preoccupied with thoughts of what he'd just eaten, or was about to eat.

"Really?" she said languidly; then introduced him.

"Meet 'cha, Mr. Cooper," acknowledged Ross; then swung at once to his purpose: "Glad I found you quick, Pinky, on account of I want to make the diner. There's Southern fried chicken on the Flyer that would knock out your eye. Milk gravy, it has, and—"

"Ross! What is it you want to tell me?"

"Well, it's about Skipe Albro," said Ross.

Pinky came immediately alive and intensely interested.

"Yes?" she said at once, excitement sounding in her voice.

"You'll have to excuse her, Mr. Cooper. Skipe Albro's the boy friend."

"Ross!" said Pinky in anger, before Frederick could frame a reply.

"Well, I was on Elm Street this noon when he came along with this swell-looking girl."

"What swell-looking girl?" said Pinky, her heart taking on ballast.

"How do I know? You don't think Skipe would introduce *me*, do you? I didn't care much, because I was in a hurry to eat and catch the train."

"Ross Ballou! Will you tell me what's on your mind!"

"Oh, yes. Well, he said: 'If you see Pinky on the Yankee Flyer tell her I'm driving home.' Oh, I forgot to tell you: he and the lady were in a swell-looking roadster."

"Whose roadster?"

"Hers, I guess. I don't know. Anyway, he said: 'Tell her I'm driving home and that I'll see her at the Town Club tonight.' And he said something else, but I've forgotten what it was. And now I've got to make the diner. S'long, Mr. Cooper. Be seein' you, Pinky."

"Wait a minute," cried Pinky, jumping up; then she turned to Frederick: "You said you'd eaten; didn't you?" She hurried on, not waiting for a reply. "That's what I thought. Well, I haven't, you see. So, if you'll excuse me, I'll go with Ross to the diner."

Frederick smiled. It was a peculiar sort of a smile. But Pinky couldn't waste any time in classifying it.

"Run along," said her cousin genially. He stood up and reached for a brief case. "I've some notes I want to make, so take your time."

ROSS halted Pinky in the next swaying vestibule.

"Show me your money," he demanded. "A girl fooled me once this way."

Pinky snapped open her bag indignantly.

"There, you boob! Look at that. I wouldn't eat on you for the world. Never mind that, Ross Ballou. There are things more important. Now you think, and then tell me: just what was this girl like?"

"Well, gee. I don't know. I never pay much attention. Pretty, I guess, and cute. Kind of small and dark." He looked at Pinky and pondered a while. "Don't take it so hard," he suggested. "There are other guys besides Skipe."

Yes, there were, thought Pinky, as the steward showed them to a table. But who wanted them? Particularly bony cousins. And Skipe had a girl who owned a roadster. That accounted for his silence by post. And he thought he could airily say, "I'll see you at the Town Club," did he? Not with Frederick while Pinky had a trick up her sleeve.

A trick up her sleeve. An irrevocable trick. What if a girl became ill—oh, just a little bit ill—? No one could rightly expect her to attend a social function. Not even when a cousin was on hand to be entertained. What was it that Frederick had mentioned? Strawberry colic. Pinky in the intervening years had let them severely alone.

But a few, judiciously taken, shouldn't upset her too much. The effect ought to be in inverse ratio to her age. Anyway, she'd risk it. The end was all that mattered.

"... and French fried potatoes," Ross was saying, "and an artichoke with Hollandaise sauce, and ... and ..." he looked up suddenly as if just remembering that another was there. "What're you having, Pinky?" he asked her.

"Strawberries," said Pinky very firmly.

"Strawberries in November! Gee, I'm glad you're paying your own check, Pinky."

Pinky shuddered slightly, but rallied immediately to her purpose.

"Strawberries," she repeated. "A very small order, please."

PINKY'S calculations proved sadly awry. The toxic effect of forbidden fruit had gathered potency with the years. Came New London and vertigo. Came Providence and a profound desire to be let alone. But both Ross and Frederick hovered anxiously; and hovering was one thing Pinky definitely did not want.

From Providence the tracks ran due northeast; but to Pinky the train seemed to swoop indeterminately around all points of the compass. On one of its more violent gyrations, however, it discharged her at the Back Bay station.

It was her mother's presence at her bedside that brought her to her first ordered thinking. Mother stood looking down with hardly a bedside air. In fact, she looked quite annoyed.

"Aren't you ashamed?" she asked Pinky.

Pinky lifted a tentative head, shook her bright curls, and decided the worst was over.

"That," she said indignantly, "is a fine way to speak to a girl who's been frightfully and desperately ill!"

"Oh, nonsense, Pinky! You deliberately brought it upon yourself. Poor Frederick! Poor Ross Ballou! Having to bring you home in such condition. And poor Katy! Not knowing whether to call me home or not. And your poor father! Left alone at a party while I hurry home just to find you've willfully made yourself ill."

Pinky sat up.

"Willfully made myself ill!" she stormed. "Mother, how *can* you—?"

"My dear, I am not a fool. Ross Ballou—poor soul, he feels horribly guilty—told us you'd had strawberries in the diner. Then when Skipe Albro appeared and I saw the strange girl and the car—"

"Skipe Albro appeared!"—a sense of horror assailed Pinky.

"Yes. I'd told Skipe on the phone about Frederick's being our guest. Skipe was good enough to arrange a table at the Town Club for four."

Pinky bounded out of bed.

"Oh, he did!" she demanded in wrath. "Well, let me tell you—"

"Pinky! I've neither the time nor patience to see you through one of your emotional storms. You have been exceedingly selfish and rude. I must get back to the Kingmans'. Call Katy if there is anything you want."

"Where," asked Pinky, "is Frederick?"

"Where else but the Town Club?" said Mother. "Skipe suggested, when once I'd assured them they were not to worry about you, that Frederick and Ross complete his table. I think he was most hospitable. Which, sadly, I cannot say for my daughter."

With that, Mother departed.

For a moment Pinky stood there in baffled rage and humiliation. She thought of Skipe Albro dancing at the Town Club with a small, dark girl in his arms.

Suddenly this solitude for which she had planned became quite unbearable. Pinky arose again and began to wander the hall. It was a low-burning light in the guest room that eventually drew her to its doorway. Frederick's things were unpacked. On the desk was an open notebook of the loose-leaf variety. Upon its pages in the gloom she saw the scrawl of an academic hand.

Its lure became fatal for Pinky. So despite a definite guilty sensation she stole forward through the room. When first she bent over the pages they were meaningless; then suddenly she was hit squarely between her clear, dark eyes.

The paragraphs were headed: "Notes on a New England Adolescent."

And read: "Pinky Batchelder, seventeen, a cousin. (Several times removed, thank the Lord!)

"Spoiled, self-centered brat. Utterly childish in emotional reactions. Overdeveloped awareness of opposite sex.

"Lacks simple graces and social courage, unless situation confronted is self-gratifying. Retreats, when frustrated, behind infantile devices. Witness strawberry incident on train. Obvious attempt to escape from appearance at party where the current young man would be present with another young lady.

"Compare with notes taken on Samoan adolescents. The Samoan forthright and honest in purpose; this girl oblique and insincere; also inhibited; average intelligence for her years; but a profound poser attempting a manner absurdly beyond her."

THERE was more. But what she had read was enough. Enough, at least, to send her flying wrathfully to the phone, whence she summoned a taxi; and to her room, where she yanked the prized Stannard gown from its hanger.

Pinky made her entrance at the Town Club at half past ten. It was not the entrance she had planned. She bore through the gay scene of youth and good fun and laughter straight to the table she'd spotted on arrival. Frederick was not present; but Skipe Albro and Ross and the new young lady were there.

It was Skipe who arose.

"Well," he said cordially. "Look who's come to join us! I'd like you to meet Miss—"

"How do you do!" snapped Pinky, noticing, however, that the lady was most attractive. "Where," she went on quite rudely, "is my cousin, please?"

Ross Ballou looked up from a *filet mignon*.

"How's your stomach?" he asked indelicately.

Pinky went red.

"Where," she demanded again, "is Frederick, please?"

"Well," said the perplexed Skipe Albro, "he's over there talking to the leader

(Continued on page 47)

IMPORTANT

to Purchasers of 1937 Automobiles

3/4 OF ENGINE WEAR OCCURS IN STARTING

To reduce engine wear, your oil must be FAST-FLOWING AND TOUGH

IF you want to keep that new car of yours "young and healthy," don't overlook this warning of automotive engineers. They say:

"APPROXIMATELY 3/4 OF ALL ENGINE WEAR OCCURS IN STARTING"

With lazy, slow-flowing oils, over 100 closely fitted motor parts grind together "dry" of lubrication when you start.

This causes serious wear—the kind that makes engines "grow old" long before their time.

To reduce this wear, Shell engineers, after years of research, have developed a new-type motor oil that's both *fast-flowing* and *tough bodied* . . . Golden Shell.

The instant your engine "turns over," Golden Shell flies to the rescue . . . puts a protective oil cushion between metal surfaces. Moreover, Golden Shell keeps on protecting your engine when you "hit it up." Tough bodied, it resists breaking down into sludge and carbon.

For your new car, take care to get Golden Shell—the new motor oil. It will take care of your engine. At 30,000 Shell stations throughout the United States.

The New Motor Oil

GOLDEN SHELL

Willards Cost Less to Own

Because they last longer...crank faster ...don't let you down!

"I'm an automotive engineer for a large car manufacturer.

"Here on the proving ground we welcome constructive criticisms from owners of our cars because they help us build better cars. However I'm surprised at the number of cases where the car is not at fault—cases that date back to the failure of the owner to buy a *good* battery when his original battery wore out.

"The performance of any car is dependent on the quality of its battery and its electrical system!

"Before we selected Willard Batteries for our cars, we tested them in every conceivable way—under all weather conditions—and we *know* that a Willard gives satisfactory performance at a minimum cost either per month or per mile!"

★ ★ ★

Apparently the tests of other engineers have produced the same results because, today, more manufacturers are using Willards for original equipment than any other battery on the market.

Willard Storage Battery Company • Cleveland • Los Angeles • Toronto, Canada

Every Willard Battery carries a service adjustment policy—honored by any one of 42,000 Willard dealers.

Willard STORAGE BATTERIES

THREAD-RUBBER
Willard

. . . WILLARDS COST LESS TO OWN

(Continued from page 44)

of the band. Sit down, won't you, Pinky?"

Pinky didn't sit. She kept right on marching. Her heels beat a high tattoo upon the polished hardwood boards. She knew just what she was going to say, and had an idea of the terms she'd employ to say it. The spindle-legged scarecrow from the tropics was going to have his ears blistered off. But the spindle-legged scarecrow, at the moment, was preoccupied with other things.

Strangely, he sat at the drums with the band clustered around him. He looked down briefly when Pinky snapped out his name.

"Oh, hello," he said very briefly; then, "Just a moment, Pinky!"

He turned back, and continued talking to the Paradise Band.

"It was I," he told them, "who brought that piece you just played out of the jungles of Sumatra. You almost had it right. Look, let me show you."

A PECULIAR thing happened to the drums under Frederick's scrawny but adept hands. Pinky, waiting, recalled his rumblings in the Denver cellar. Now they came mightily alive with a weird and compelling rhythm. A tribe was called to festival with a savage, commanding note. He stopped, abruptly, stood up, and handed the sticks to the drummer.

"Try it," he invited, and waited; then, "See how easy it is?"

"Frederick," said Pinky. "Come down here."

"Coming," said Frederick, and stepped down from the platform. He took Pinky's hand in his as one might a child's. Then he turned and faced the band and shook his head.

"There isn't a lot you can do with modern instruments to simulate jungle music. But if you gentlemen in brass will remember to keep it low, it will help. Try and imagine that you're home from the chase and the battle. You want all the jungle to know of your prowess in arms. Especially the welcoming dark-skinned maidens. That's where that note of fate and the sex theme comes in. You're under a fevered moon and your blood's running high and hot; understand?"

"Ben," said Moe Sevitzky (who played a heated trumpet, but who, sadly, had never been south of Palm Beach) to the leader, Ben Davis, "I think I know just what the professor means. Me and the blowtorch are ready. Let's go to town."

Pinky gave her hand a little shake.

"Let me go," she said indignantly.

"Just a moment, my dear," said Frederick; then he spoke to the leader again. "Wait!" he said, as if struck by sudden inspiration, "the night that I heard that rhythm was a night of festival. A fair young maiden had been captured in a raid on a neighboring tribe. She stood immobile by the fire, very proud and haughty. The chief's son circled her in a victory dance. For a few moments she stood aloof. Then, suddenly, she joined him. I'll try to reproduce things. Perhaps it will help the rhythm."

Up went Ben Davis' baton, and his practiced foot stamped twice; down it came, with a swoop, and his band, with a boom, exploded.

Pinky stood immobile, but hardly proud and haughty. She stood immobile in horror. Frederick had gone into his dance.

"Wah! Wah! Wah!" went the sadly wailing brasses.

"Boom! Boom! Boom!" went the rumbling jungle drums.

She sought frantically for escape, for retreat and effacement. But no matter which way she looked Frederick seemed to impede her. He circled and circled, his feet beating intricate rhythms. At times his knees came up to the level of his outthrust jaw. His long hair fell over his eyes, which had assumed a wild glitter. His thin arms flailed and he beat his palms together. Suddenly his mouth came open and uttered an eerie cry.

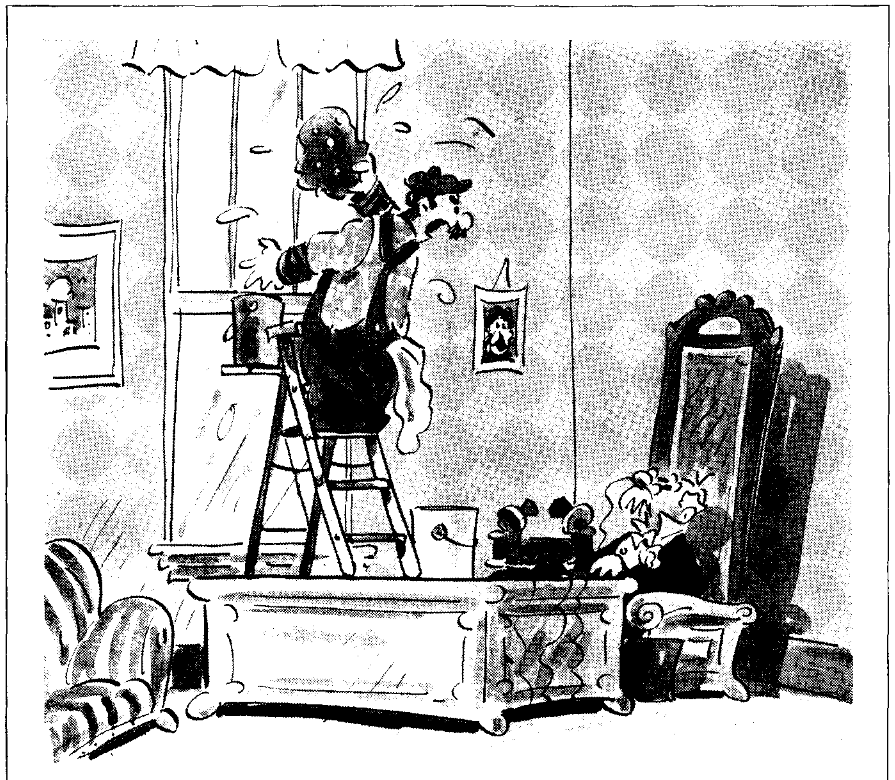
The thing to Pinky was horrible, unearthly, grotesque. But suddenly she knew by the faces that pressed about them that, whatever else it might be, her cousin's dancing was good.

A slow intoxication made itself felt within her. She stared back at the circling madman; he put a long lean arm about her.

"Come on," he pleaded. "Dance!"

And Pinky began to dance with him. The man was Astaire and Robinson and Ray Rubber Legs Bolger. He was old King Momba with the blood of his sins on his soul. Pinky's golden bob flew. Ever the drums boomed out. The Paradise Band built itself to a frightening climactic rumble. In a high, weird blast of cacophony, Pinky spun—and stopped.

There was a moment of enraptured silence; then a deluge of applause.



"You've been pressing your face against the window again, haven't you?"

REAMER KELLER

Frederick drew Pinky toward the edge of the floor.

"Now," he said, "there was something you wanted to tell me?"

Pinky hesitated.

"It wouldn't," suggested Frederick, with a bit of a smile, "have anything to do with something you read in my room?"

Pinky gasped. Frederick patted her arm.

"Of course not," he said. "For you'd never read other people's papers; would you? And, anyway, little cousin of mine, from now on you're going to get by. Let's leave it a mystery; shall we?"

"You left it on purpose!" Pinky accused.

"I said a mystery, Pinky. Let's leave it that way."

A couple arrived at their side; it was Skipe and the strange young lady. She had a light in her eye. It glowed for Frederick alone.

"I," she announced forthrightly, "am going to dance with that man!"

Pinky gazed up at Skipe and hummed a few bars of the haunting music.

"Want to try it?" she most indifferently asked.

Skipe shook his close-cropped head.

"You come with me."

He led her away from the dance floor, past tables, to the foyer, and beyond to the deserted game room. There, in the gloom, he faced her.

"What is this?" he asked. "A gag? Boy, what an entrance! And you supposed to be sick! . . . Shrimp, you're surely growing up."

PINKY remembered suddenly that she had a score to settle with this man. The business of not writing, and bringing another girl to the dance.

"But why," Skipe continued, "were you so gosh-darned rude to my cousin?"

Pinky stared a moment.

"To your what?" she demanded.

"My cousin. You know how family holidays are; Mother simply had to invite her. She's from Georgia, you see; couldn't make it home for Thanksgiving. Goes to art school in New York. I told Ross to tell you she was driving and picked me up at New Haven. That way I got a free ride as well. What's the matter, Pinky? Don't you like her? As a cousin she isn't so bad."

Pinky was laughing. Silently at first; then aloud.

"Oh, Skipe," she said at last, "I really think she's lovely. But why didn't you write me? That's all I want to know."

Skipe came a little closer. His voice had a pleading note.

"Gee, Pinky, I didn't dare. You never get anything straight through the mails. And I didn't want you sore through the holidays. I was counting on seeing you a lot. I thought I'd come on ahead and fix up some kind of a foursome. Then, when I heard about *your* cousin, I thought that everything was set. That is, till I heard about you and your strawberries."

"Let's forget them," said Pinky. "I want to myself. And let's go speak to your cousin. I really want to apologize. I've been terribly rude."

"Hold it a minute," said Skipe. "How about New Year's Eve? Have we a date for that night?"

New Year's Eve! The big night of any young girl's social year. And when a man asked you for that, well . . . things were pretty darned definite. Pinky knew when to evade, though. She evaded a little now.

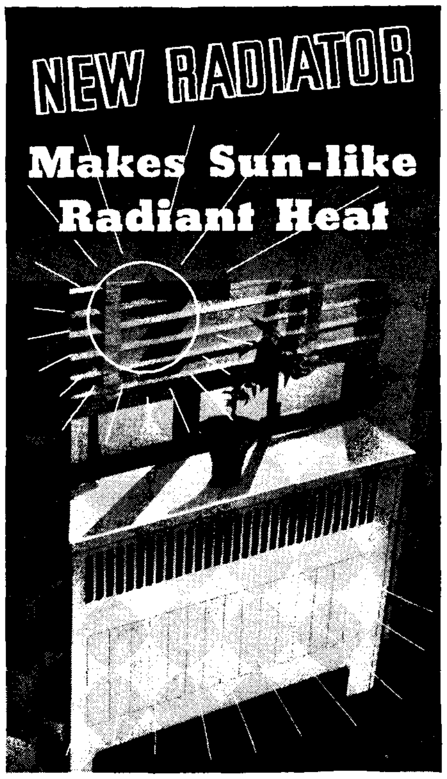
"New Year's Eve," she murmured. "That comes under N; doesn't it?"

Skipe grinned and nodded.

"Just like Next Year," he said.

"How about Now?" asked Pinky.

"Or Never," said Skipe, and kissed her as he should have kissed her in September.



New attractive radiator, concealed in walls beneath windows, gives two kinds of heat—1. Sun-like radiant heat (warmth created by sun-like rays directly hitting the body); 2. Convected heat (warmth created by heating the air of the room).

RADIANT HEAT

Radiant heat, like the sun's warmth, travels with the speed of light, and is not affected by drafts of air. Makes people warmer, more comfortable than heated air alone.

CONVECTED HEAT

Convected heat rises before the window and forms a protective shield against the cold of the glass. Makes it possible to sit near a cold window in perfect comfort, thus adding extra living space to the room.

Both kinds of heat are made possible by a new exclusive product of American Radiator Company called the Arco Radiant Convector—a special type of concealed radiator that meets every decorative scheme and installation problem. It is an integral part of *new* American Radiator Conditioning Systems, or can be installed with your present radiator system. Send coupon for the amazing facts!

New
AMERICAN
RADIATOR
CONDITIONING
SYSTEMS

Bring in fresh air • Add humidity
Clean the air • Circulate the air
Give sun-like radiant heat
Warm every room evenly
Supply year 'round domestic hot water

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY
DIVISION OF AMERICAN RADIATOR & STANDARD SANITARY CORPORATION
45 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y.

☐ Send your folder "Heat Like the Sun's."
☐ Send your new Conditioning Booklet.

*Name*____________________
*Address*____________________
*City or Town*____________*State*______
© A. R. Co. 1936 C-11-21

United Air Lines' new Superliners are powered by two 14-cylinder Pratt & Whitney engines, each delivering 1150 H. P. at take-off. Pennzoil is used exclusively.
UNITED AIR LINES
NEW WINGS ACROSS U.S.A.!

Protected, Like Your Car, by Pennzoil's Extra Margin of Safety

Transports half again as large as the big planes now speeding from coast to coast! The most powerful land planes ever designed for passenger service in the United States! And these new United Air Lines' Douglas Superliners use the same oil that gives your car an extra margin of safety—Pennzoil!

This special kind of motor oil has an exclusive tough-film that engine heat and pressure can't break down. Result: Less engine trouble — valves and piston rings stay clean and seal in compression. Your motor runs smoother, uses less gas and oil!

SAFETY

United is one of the most experienced air lines in the world, with a record of more than 100 million miles of flying, virtually all by planes lubricated with Pennzoil. United's experience proves Pennzoil gives motors an extra margin of safety and reduces operating costs. You can get the same Pennzoil — and the same protection — for your car from independent bonded dealers everywhere.

LUXURY

Superliner passengers ride in the atmosphere of a spacious, quiet, beautifully appointed club lounge.

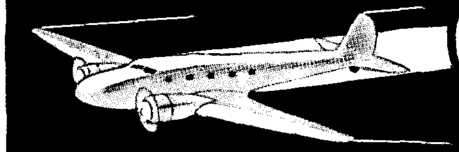
SPEED

Only 3 hours, 55 minutes between Chicago and New York, overnight from New York to California and Seattle.

PENNZOIL MOTOR OIL GIVES YOUR CAR AN EXTRA MARGIN OF SAFETY

Member Penn. Grade Crude Oil Assn. Permit No. 2

United Air Lines uses Pennzoil in the world's largest fleet of high speed transport planes.



BONDED PENNZOIL DEALER
100% Pure Pennsylvania
PENNZOIL
Safe Lubrication

MORE MILES OF SAFE LUBRICATION

Situation Wanted

Continued from page 9

and they regard this work as most enervating.

Manuel says the idea of the tunnel is to plant dynamite under the castle and blow it up.

"But you see," Manuel says, "digging is no work for proud souls such as Spaniards, so if you can think of some other way of taking care of these parties in the castle, it will be a great relief to my friends here."

"To the dickens with these skinflints," I say. "Let us go to the castle and see what the parties there will give us for taking care of these cheap skates behind the sandbags. Never," I say, "will I accept such a reduction."

Well, Manuel tells the mains behind the sandbags that I will take their offer under consideration, but that I am so favorably disposed toward it that I am going into the castle and examine the surroundings, and this pleases them no little, so Manuel ties his handkerchief on a stick and says this is a flag of truce and will get us into the castle safe and sound, and we set out.

PRESENTLY characters appear at the windows, and at holes in the walls of the castle, and Manuel holds a conversation with them in the Spanish language, and by and by they admit us to the castle yard, and one character with whiskers leads us into the building and down stone steps until we arrive in what seems to be a big basement far underground.

And in this basement I behold a very unusual scene to be sure. There are many characters present, male and female, also numerous small children, and they seem to be living in great confusion, but they are greatly interested in us when we appear, especially a tall, thin elderly character with white hair, and a white tash, and a white goatee, who seems to be a character of some authority.

In fact, Manuel says he is nobody but a character by the name of General Pedro Vega, and that this castle is his old family home, and that he is leader of these other characters in the basement.

I can see at once that Manuel and the general are old friends, because they make quite a fuss over meeting up in this manner, and then Manuel introduces me, and delivers another speech about me, explaining what a wonderful character I am. When he gets through, the general turns to me, and in very good English he speaks as follows:

"I am very glad to meet you, Señor Asleep," he says. "I once live in your country a couple of years," he says. "I live in your Miami, Florida."

Well, I am glad to find somebody who can talk English so I can do my own negotiating, and in a few words I state my proposition to the general to take care of the characters behind the sandbags and call for his bid on same.

"Alas," the general says, "money is something we do not have. If you are offering to take care of the enemy at one centavo each," he says, "we still cannot pay. I am most regretful. It will be a big convenience to have you take care of the enemy, because we can then escape from this place and join our friends in a near-by city. Our food runs low," he says. "So does our ammunition. Some of our females and children are ill. The longer we remain here the worse it gets.

"If I do not know the caliber of the enemy," he says, "I will gladly surrender. But," he says, "we will then all be backed up against a wall and executed. It is better that we die here."

Well, being backed up against a wall strikes me as a most undesirable fate, to be sure, but of course it is nothing to me, and all I am thinking of is that this is a very peculiar country where nobody has any scratch, and it is commencing to remind me of home. And I am also thinking that the only thing I can do is to accept the two pesetas per head offered by the characters behind the sandbags, when a very beautiful young Judy, with long black hair hanging down her back, approaches, and speaks to me at some length in the Spanish language. Manuel says:

"She says," he says, "'Oh, sir, if you can help us escape from this place you will earn my undying gratitude.' She says," Manuel says, "'I am in love with a splendid young character by the name of Señor José Valdez, who is waiting for me with our friends in the near-by town. We are to be married as soon as the cruel war is over,' she says," Manuel says. "It seems to be a most meritorious case," Manuel says.

Now naturally this statement touches my heart no little, because I am in love myself, and besides the young Judy begins weeping, and if there is one thing I cannot stand it is female tears, and in fact my sweet pea, Miss Anna Lark, can always make me do almost anything she wishes by breaking out crying. But of course business is business in this case, and I cannot let sentiment interfere, so I am about to bid one and all farewell when General Pedro Vega says:

"Wait!"

And with this he disappears into another part of the basement, but is back pretty soon with a small black tin box, and out of this box he takes a batch of papers, and hands them to me, and says:

"Here are the deeds to some property in your Miami, Florida," he says. "I pay much money for it in 1925. They tell me at the time I am lucky to get the property at the price, but," he says, "I will be honest with you. It is unimproved property, and all I ever get out of it so far is notices that taxes are due, which I always pay promptly. But now I fear I will never get back to your Miami, Florida, again, and if you will take care of enough of the enemy for us to escape, the deeds are yours. This is all I have to offer."

WELL, I say I will take the deeds and study them over and let him know my answer as soon as possible, and then I retire with Manuel, but what I really study more than anything else is the matter of the beautiful young Judy who yearns for her sweet pea, and there is no doubt but what my studying of her is a point in favor of General Vega's proposition in my book, although I also do some strong studying of the fact that taking care of these characters in the castle is a task that will be very tough.

So after we leave the castle, I ask Manuel if he supposes there is a telegraph office in operation in town, and he says of course there is, or how can the newspaper scribes get their thrilling stories of the war out, so I get him to take me there, and I send a cablegram addressed to Mr. Lark, real estate, Miami, Florida, U. S. A., which reads as follows:

IS FIFTY ACRES LANDSCRABBLE SECTION
ANY ACCOUNT

Then there is nothing for me to do but wait around until I get an answer, and this takes several days, and I devote this period to seeing the sights with Manuel, and I wish to say that some of the sights are very interesting. Finally, I drop around to the telegraph office, and sure enough there is a message there for me, collect, which says like this:

LANDSCRABBLE SECTION GREAT POSSIBILITIES STOP WHY LARK

Now I do not know Mr. Lark personally, and he does not know me, and the chances are he never even hears of me before, but I figure that if he is half as smart as his daughter, Miss Anna Lark, his judgment is worth following, so I tell Manuel it looks as if the deal with General Vega is on, and I begin giving my undivided attention to the case.

I can see at once that the key to the whole situation as far as I am concerned is the field piece on the hill, because there are really too many characters behind the sandbags for me to take care of by myself, or even with the assistance of Manuel, and of course I do not care to get Manuel involved in my personal business affairs any more than I can help.

However, at my request, he makes a few innocent inquiries among the characters behind the sandbags, and he learns that there are always seven characters on the hill with the gun, and that they sleep in little homemade shelters made of boards, and canvas, and tin, and one thing and another, and that these shelters are scattered over the top of the hill, and the top of the hill is maybe the width of a baseball diamond.

BUT I can observe for myself that they do no firing from the hilltop after sundown, and they seldom show any lights, which is maybe because they do not wish to have any airplanes come along and drop a few hot apples on them.

Manuel says that the characters behind the sandbags are asking about me, and he says they are so anxious to secure my services that he will not be surprised if I cannot get three pesetas per head, and I can see that Manuel thinks I am making a mistake not to dicker with them further.

But I tell him I am now committed to General Vega, and I have Manuel obtain a twelve-inch file for me in the city, and also some corks out of wine bottles, and I take the file and hammer it down, and smooth it out, and sharpen it up nicely, and I make a handle for it out of wood, according to my own original ideas, and I take the corks, and burn them good, and I find a big piece of black cloth and make myself a sort of poncho out of this by cutting a hole in the center for my head to go through.

Then I wait until it comes on a night to suit me, and it is a dark night, and rainy, and blowy, and I black up my face and hands with the burnt cork, and slip the black cloth over my clothes, and put my file down the back of my neck where I can reach it quickly, and make my way very quietly to the foot of the hill on which the field gun is located.

Now in the darkness, I begin crawling on my hands and knees, and wiggling along on my stomach up the hill, and I wish to state that it is a monotonous task because I can move only a few feet at a clip, and there are many sharp rocks in my path, and once an insect of some nature crawls up my pants leg and gives me a severe nip.

The hill is maybe as high as a two-story building, and very steep, and it takes me over an hour to wiggle my way to the top, and sometimes I pause en route and wonder if it is worth it. And then I think of the beautiful young Judy in the castle, and of the property in Miami, Florida, and of Miss Anna Lark, and I keep on wiggling.

Well, just as Manuel reports, there is a sentry on duty on top of the hill, and I can make out his shape in the darkness leaning on his rifle, and this sentry is a very large character, and at first I figure that he may present difficulties, but when I wiggle up close to him I observe that he seems to be dozing, and it is quiet as can be on the hilltop.

The sentry is really no trouble at all, and then I wiggle my way slowly along in and out of the little shelters, and in some shelters there is but one character, and in others two, and in one, three, and it is these three that confuse me somewhat, as they are three more than the seven Manuel mentions in his census of the scene, and I will overlook them entirely if one of them does not snore more than somewhat.

Personally, I will always say that taking care of these ten characters one after the other, and doing it so quietly that not one of them ever wakes up, is the high spot of my entire career, especially when you consider that I am somewhat rusty from lack of experience, and that my equipment is very crude.

Well, when morning dawns, there I am in charge of the hilltop, and with a field gun at my disposal, and I discover that it is nothing but a French 75, with which I am quite familiar, and by and by Manuel joins me, and while the characters behind the sandbags are enjoying their breakfast, and the chances are, not thinking of much, I plant four shells among them so fast I ruin their morning meal, because, if I do say it myself, I am better than a raw hand with a French 75.

Then I remember that the characters who are boring under the castle are perhaps inside the tunnel at this time, so I peg away at the hole in the hill until the front of it caves in and blocks up the hole very neatly, and Manuel afterward claims that I wedged in the entire night shift.

Well, of course these proceedings are visible to the occupants of the castle, and it is not long before I see General Pedro Vega come marching out of the castle with the whole kit and caboodle of characters, male and female, and small children behind him, and they are laughing and shouting, and crying and carrying on no little.

And the last I see of them as they go hurrying off in the direction of the nearby town where their friends are located, the beautiful young Judy is bringing up the rear and throwing kisses at me and waving a flag, and I ask Manuel to kindly identify this flag for me so I will always remember which side of the war in this Spain it is that I assist.

But Manuel says his eyesight is bad ever since the night Jim Sharkey sticks a thumb in his eye in the fifth round in Madison Square Garden, and from this distance he cannot tell whose flag it is, and in fact, Manuel says, he does not give a Spanish cussword.

"AND there you are," Asleep says to me in Dinty Moore's.

"So," I say, "you are now back in New York looking for business again?"

"Oh, no," Asleep says. "I now reside in Miami, Florida, and I am going to marry Miss Anna Lark next month. I am doing very well for myself, too," he says. "You see, we turn the property that I get from General Vega into a cemetery, and I am now selling lots in same for our firm which is headed by Miss Anna Lark's papa. Manuel is our head gravedigger, and we are all very happy," Asleep says.

Well, afterwards I hear that the first lot Asleep sells is to the family of the late Benny Barker, the bookie, who passes away during the race meeting in Miami, Florida, of pneumonia, superinduced by lying out all night in a ditch full of water near the home of Miss Anna Lark, although I also understand that the fact that Benny is tied up in a sack in the ditch is considered a slight contributing cause of his last illness.

NOW–
Kodaks work NIGHTS

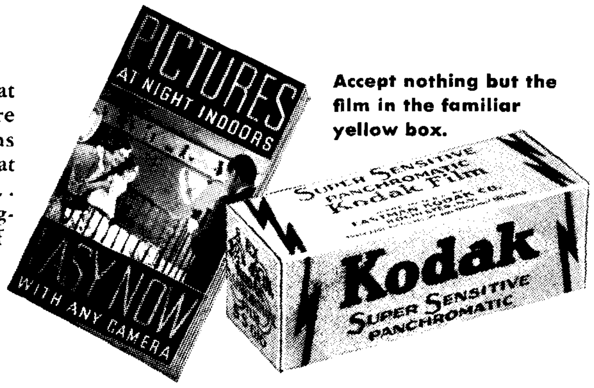
It's easy to take pictures AFTER DARK

NOW THERE'S A BRAND-NEW WAY to liven up a party . . . to spend a delightful evening at home . . . to start a fascinating hobby. Just bring out your camera after dark—and the fun's on. Today's new, fast films and light bulbs make pictures at night easy to take.

Night pictures can be made with your present camera if it can be set for "time"; and if it boasts an *f*.6.3 or faster lens, night *snapshots* are easily possible. All you have to do is load with Kodak "SS" or Kodak Verichrome Film and use Mazda Photoflood or Photoflash lamps.

FREE BOOKLET

First get the FREE booklet at your dealer's . . . then you're ready to shoot. It explains everything about pictures at night . . . which film to use . . . how to set your camera . . . suggests an unusual variety of picture opportunities . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.


PICTURES AT NIGHT INDOORS
EASY NOW WITH ANY CAMERA
Super Sensitive Panchromatic Kodak Film
Eastman Kodak Co.
Kodak
Super Sensitive Panchromatic

Accept nothing but the film in the familiar yellow box.

FOUR ACES FOR THE

A SPECIAL

C CENTURY

E ROADMASTER

S LIMITED

SEE THEM THIS WEEK
at the Automobile Shows
and at all Buick dealers

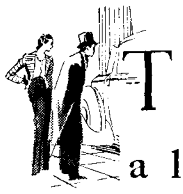
YOU'VE GOT WHAT IT TAKES!

You can afford the new Buick. It's easy to buy and thrifty to own. With all its quality, its phenomenal performance and stunning style, prices start as low as **$765** and up list at Flint, Mich.

Standard and special accessories extra. Prices subject to change without notice. Model illustrated is the SPECIAL Series 40 four-door sedan, $845 list at Flint.

General Motors terms to suit your liking

1937 Showdown!



THE fates are kind to the automobile buyer of next year — just take a look at Buick's offerings and you'll see why!

Here are four lines of new cars — aces every one — the ablest cars, the handsomest performers, the biggest values we believe the automobile game has so far seen.

There is the 1937 Buick SPECIAL — stepped up in style, power, room and finish — thriftier than ever, and at the same low price.

There is the cyclonic CENTURY — all compact of obedient explosive energy — quicker, quieter, more sensational even than before.

There is the magnificent ROADMASTER — just what its name suggests — more powerful, more maneuverable, more luxurious now than its marvelously mobile predecessor.

And there is the lordly LIMITED — the Avenue's proudest saunterer — fleet, sophisticated, capacious — uncommon carrier of the elect.

Every one of these cars brings something fresh and progressive to motoring — every one of them outranks in engineering and appointment even the phenomenal cars that uphold Buick's current sensational success.

See them and you'll say that the $14,500,000 appropriated and now being spent on top of the recent $15,000,000 put into re-tooling and re-equipping Buick factories is money not only wisely but *fruitfully* employed!

Note all these features found on no other car in the world

VALVE-IN-HEAD STRAIGHT-EIGHT ENGINE gives more power per unit of fuel than any other type of engine of equal displacement and compression

AEROBAT CARBURETOR — built on the same principle as carburetors used in aerial acrobatics. No stop, start or swing is swift enough to affect its even feed of fuel

SEALED CHASSIS keeps dirt and water from all moving parts, protects from wear and erosion

TORQUE-TUBE DRIVE, for steadier, more stable roadability

UNISTEEL BODY BY FISHER with solid steel Turret Top and No Draft Ventilation. The most complete steel protection ever offered

TIPTOE HYDRAULIC BRAKES, giving safe, straight-line stops under lightest pressures

KNEE-ACTION COMFORT AND SAFETY, the true gliding ride

"HIGH OUTPUT" GENERATOR — supplies ample current for radios, heaters, defrosters, etc.

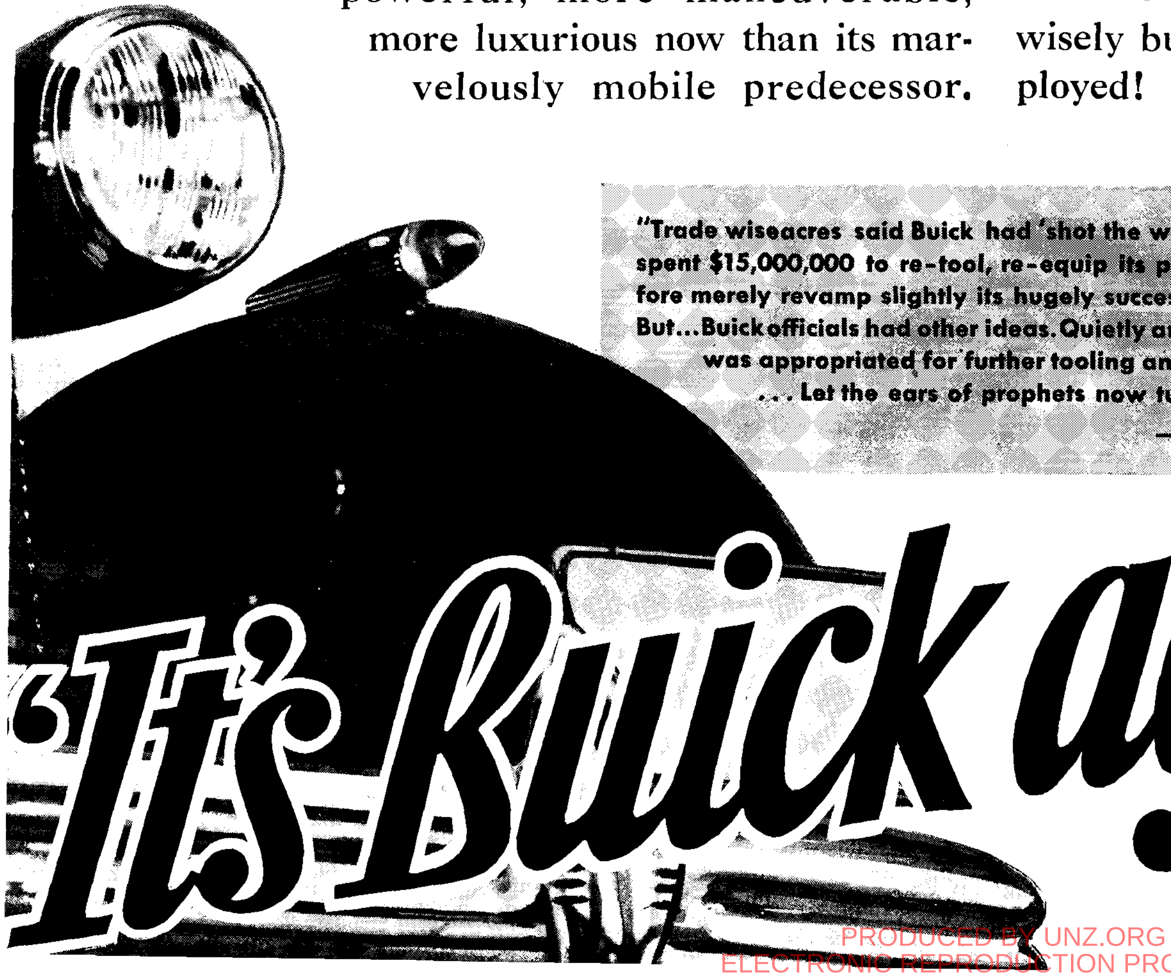
JUMBO LUGGAGE COMPARTMENTS, with more room for travel "gear" than motorists have ever had before

DOUBLE STABILIZATION — front and rear — for a smoother ride and elimination of tire squeal and sideway on curves

SAFETY GLASS, standard equipment throughout at no extra cost

"Trade wiseacres said Buick had 'shot the works' in 1936, had spent $15,000,000 to re-tool, re-equip its plant, would therefore merely revamp slightly its hugely successful 1936 models. But...Buick officials had other ideas. Quietly another $14,500,000 was appropriated for further tooling and plant equipment ... Let the ears of prophets now turn rosy red."

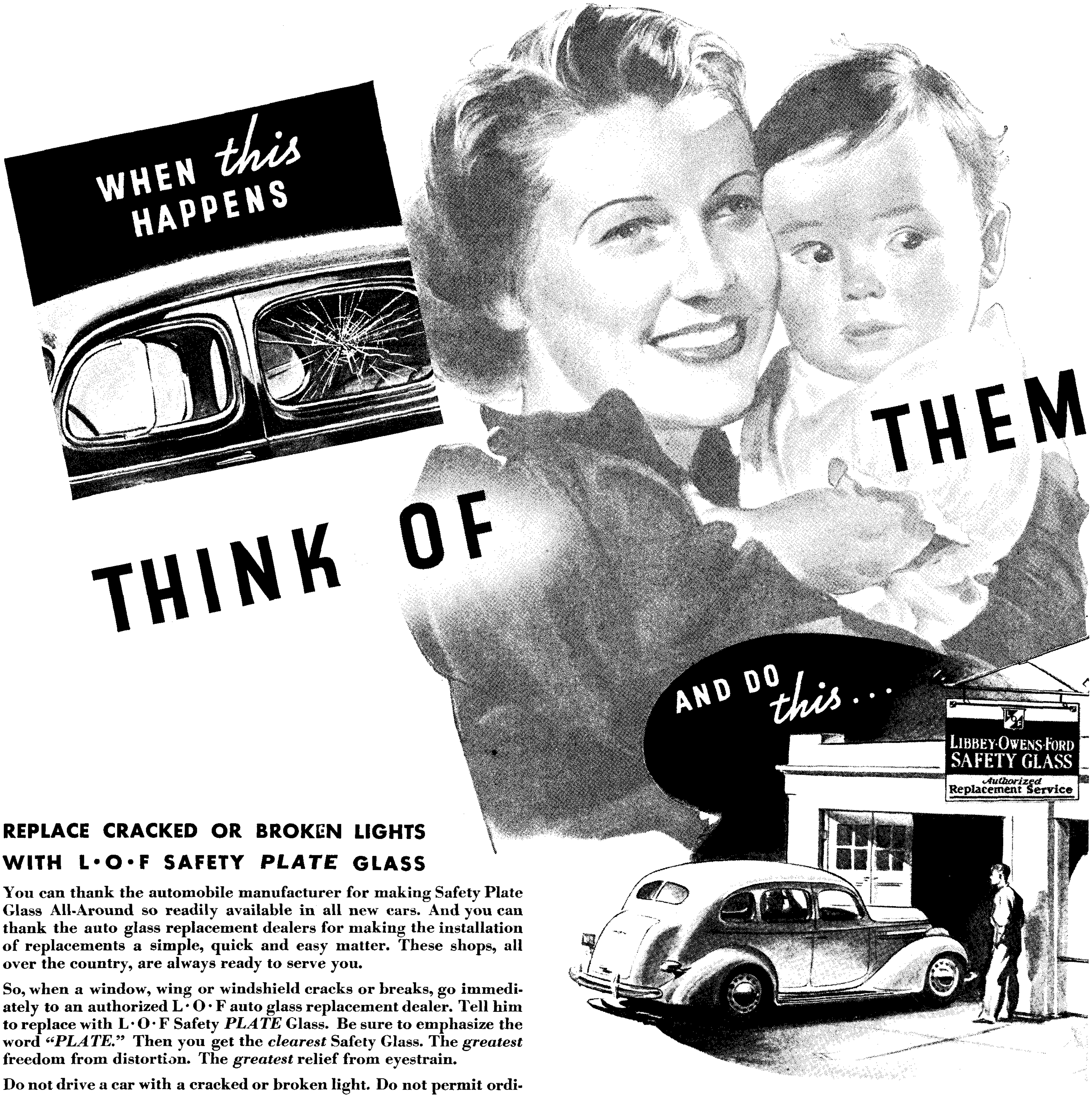
— AUTOMOTIVE ANALYST



"It's Buick again!"

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

YOUR MONEY GOES FARTHER IN A GENERAL MOTORS CAR


WHEN this HAPPENS
THINK OF THEM
AND DO this...
LIBBEY·OWENS·FORD SAFETY GLASS
Authorized Replacement Service

REPLACE CRACKED OR BROKEN LIGHTS WITH L·O·F SAFETY *PLATE* GLASS

You can thank the automobile manufacturer for making Safety Plate Glass All-Around so readily available in all new cars. And you can thank the auto glass replacement dealers for making the installation of replacements a simple, quick and easy matter. These shops, all over the country, are always ready to serve you.

So, when a window, wing or windshield cracks or breaks, go immediately to an authorized L·O·F auto glass replacement dealer. Tell him to replace with L·O·F Safety *PLATE* Glass. Be sure to emphasize the word *"PLATE."* Then you get the *clearest* Safety Glass. The *greatest* freedom from distortion. The *greatest* relief from eyestrain.

Do not drive a car with a cracked or broken light. Do not permit ordinary glass or a substitute for Safety *PLATE* to be installed when you replace. Insist on Safety *PLATE* Glass for replacements just as you insist on it in a new car. Think of your family, riding in back, practically surrounded by glass. They are entitled to the greater protection and greater clarity afforded by Safety *PLATE* Glass. As for the advisability of specifying the product of Libbey·Owens·Ford, remember that a majority of motor car manufacturers use it as original equipment. LIBBEY·OWENS·FORD GLASS COMPANY . . . TOLEDO, OHIO.

LIBBEY·OWENS·FORD
Safety **PLATE** *Glass*

LOOK IN YOUR

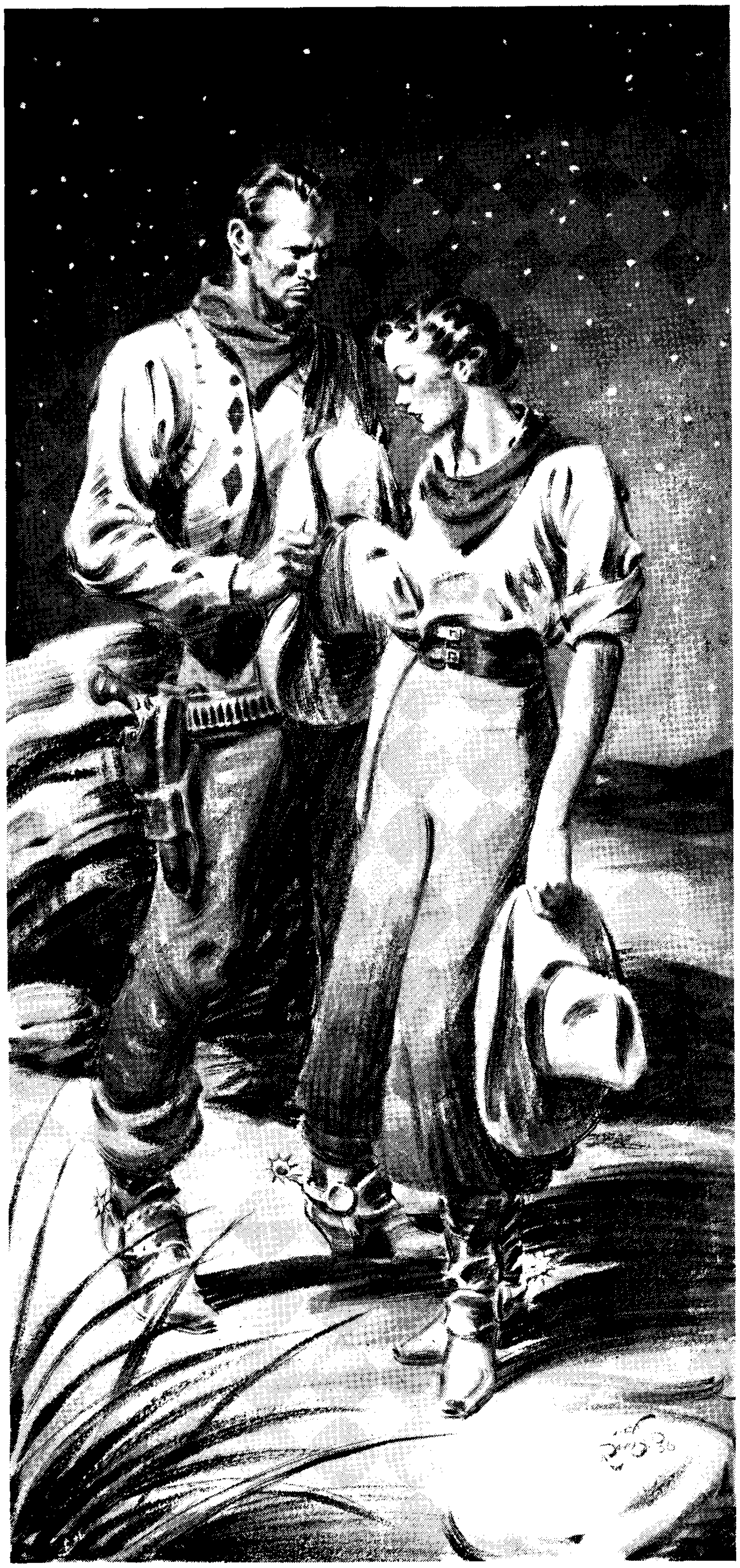
LIBBEY·OWENS·FORD SAFETY GLASS—
A product offering greater protection. Its edges are sealed to insure long life with clear vision. Used by leading automobile manufacturers as standard equipment.
"WHERE TO BUY IT"

TELEPHONE BOOK

Court Day

By Ernest Haycox

Was Katherine Weiser's father guilty of murder, as charged? This is how one man learned the answer



That deep calm controlled her voice when she spoke: "It is beyond your help"

AS SOON as the train dropped him, Sheriff Sudden Ben Drury walked up the street through his own heavy cigar smoke to the marshal's office in the courthouse. Emerett Bulow was marshal of Prairie City that year.

Sudden Ben said: "Howard Durbin came before the grand jury at Two Dance yesterday and presented information against one Conrad Weiser on the charge of murder. The grand jury returned a secret indictment. Where do I find Weiser?"

Bulow murmured: "He's a homesteader fifteen miles down the Silver Bow."

Against Bulow, who was a six-footer with pale blue eyes and a flat-boned face, Sudden Ben Drury cut a rather small figure. He was a carefully dressed man and a shrewd one, having spent the best of twenty years dealing with the politics of a turbulent county. The sense of that knowledge was grained into his smooth cheeks; it was to be detected in the easy affability of his manner. He seemed soft, but this was only part of that outward show, for no man could long be peace officer of Sage County unless there was grit in him somewhere. The news obviously disturbed Emerett Bulow and the sheriff, observing this, was quick to ask: "They got a good case against Weiser?"

Bulow remained silent a long while, as though searching for the exact thing to say. It seemed to come hard, as most speech did for this rather unimaginative town marshal. "Good enough, I suppose. They found Arizona Matt a mile from Weiser's place. He had a bullet in his head. He was one of Howard Durbin's riders."

Sudden Ben's eyes were gray and smart and half hidden by the cigar smoke. He said dryly: "What else?"

"The situation," added Emerett Bulow in his dour way, "is kind of bad here. The hoemen keep a-comin' in to settle up the Silver Bow flats. It's busted up the flats entirely as free range. The cattlemen are all pushed back into the hills, and they're pretty sore." It wasn't an explanation and Sudden Ben held his peace until Emerett Bulow added more reluctantly than before: "Con Weiser is a sort of head man among the homesteaders."

THE sheriff removed his cigar and tapped the ashes and returned it securely to his lips. There wasn't any need to ask more, for this was still a county run for and by cattle. The sheriff held his office by virtue of beef, and so did the marshal. They looked at each other in long silence, knowing how it was.

"What kind of a man is this Weiser?"

"Why," said Bulow, "not bad at all. I'll go with you."

So presently they were riding out of Prairie in a buggy, with the high flash of a July sun fully beating against them and the flats running all tawny and powder-dry into the south. Seven miles from town the road reached the hundred-foot canyon of the winding Silver Bow and subsequently followed it. This was on the left. To the right, a mile away, low foothills lifted up. All along the river bluff nesters' small shacks began to show.

"Not a settler here two years ago," commented the sheriff. "Nothin' but Durbin's cattle and Hugh Dan Lake's cattle and the Custer Company's cattle. Times sure change."

"There'll be trouble."

"Maybe," said the sheriff quietly, "I better come out this way more often," and his eyes were narrowed and full of thought behind the continuing cloud of his cigar smoke. Fifteen miles from town Emerett Bulow drove the buggy into Con Weiser's yard. The family had seen the dusty signals of the buggy from afar and now was lined up against the side of the house.

"Con," said Emerett Bulow, in a regretting voice, "this is Sheriff Drury. I'm sorry." And afterward he put his hands across his knees, leaving the bad news to the sheriff.

THE sheriff let the silence go on, laying a sharp and close glance across the interval to the man standing by the house. Weiser was a German of the thin and dark type, turning gray and stooped at the shoulders from work. His attention came back to the sheriff, black and bitter. Sudden Ben weighed him carefully, searching him for the prospects of trouble. After twenty years of manhunting he knew this first contact was always the most dangerous. Some men were cool, and some went mad. But presently he had removed his cigar and was speaking with an easy courtesy.

"I don't like to do this, but if you'll get in with Emerett and me we'll drive to Prairie."

Weiser said: "I been expectin' it," and turned through the doorway into the house.

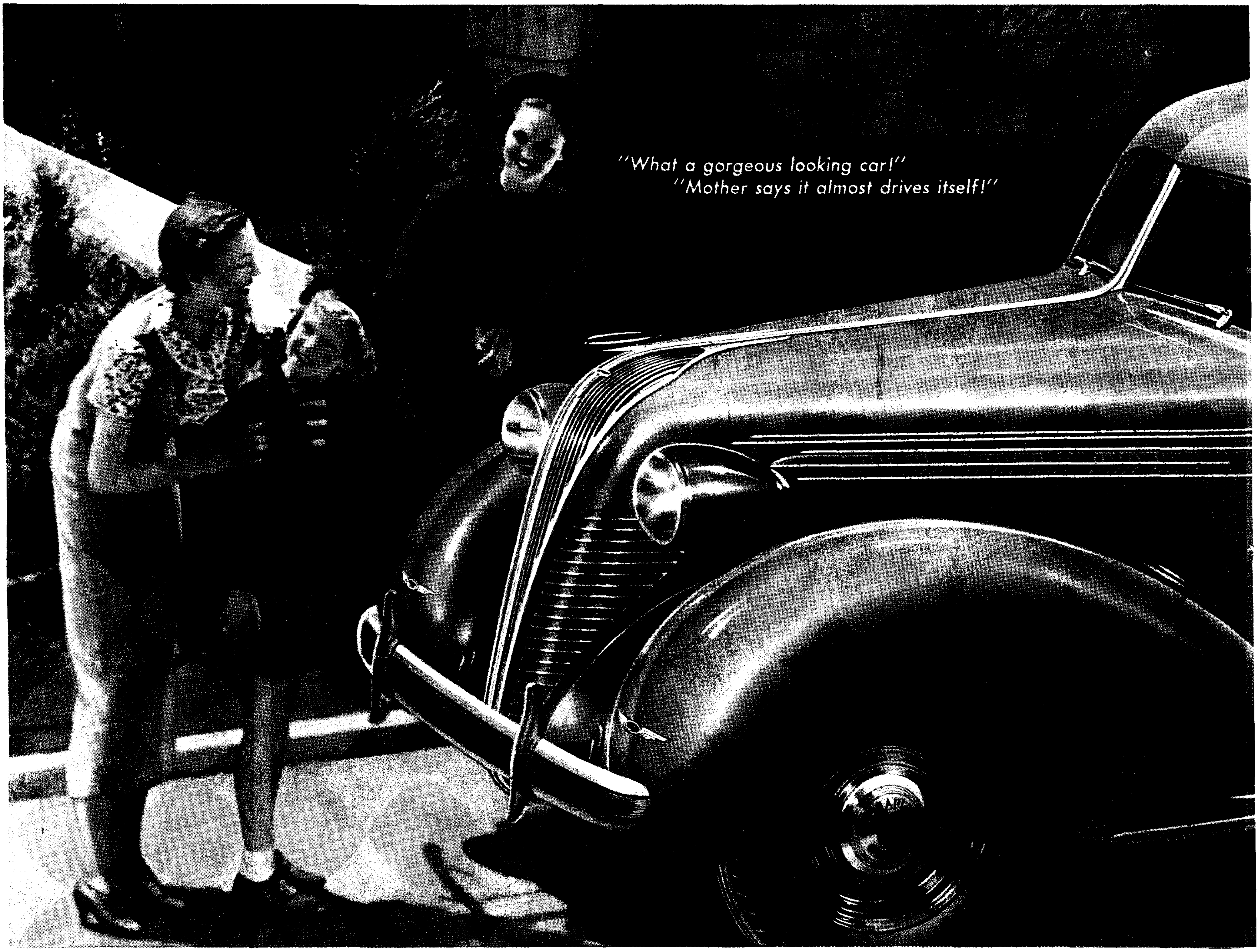
Relaxed in his seat, his glance scanning the family, yet never quite leaving that door's yawning square—he saw Weiser's wife let her formless shoulders droop. She was Old German and misery was in her eyes, but she wouldn't speak. Four children of an in-between age were grouped closely together, as wooden as if they had been told to pose for a picture. An older child stood at the edge of his vision, near the house's corner. Venturing a direct glance that way, Sudden Ben forgot the doorway.

She was Weiser's daughter, he realized, for she had the same definite mold of features. She was slim and about eighteen and her face was as clear and proud as any the sheriff had ever seen in the rough wastes of his county; and though the breath of fear touched this yard there was no fear in her. Sudden Ben held her glance a moment and then whipped his interest back to Con Weiser, now coming out of the door. There had been that moment of negligence on Sudden Ben's part, leaving its faint shock in him.

Weiser got into the buggy, saying nothing to his family. Emerett Bulow turned the team and drove quickly away, with a deeper and deeper gloom on his face. And then a quick tattoo of a horse turned all three of them in the seat and they watched the girl gallop out of the

Announcing Hudson's Completely

117 INCH WHEELBASE .


"What a gorgeous looking car!"
"Mother says it almost drives itself!"

Super Terraplane Sedan — reproduced from an actual photograph

With new Selective Automatic Shift!

Hudson presents today a *completely new* Terraplane. A Terraplane that is longer, lower, wider . . . even though it was already far ahead of other low priced cars in size and room. A 96 horsepower Terraplane . . . although last year's 88 was first in its field. An even more beautiful Terraplane, and one that steps far beyond its price class in the style and luxury you find *inside.*

More important still . . . this 1937 Terraplane Hudson brings you Hudson's *new* Selective Automatic Shift . . . one of the biggest steps ahead any car ever took in a single year.

A BIG STEP AHEAD
in driving and riding!

You need no hand gear-shift lever . . . yet *you* control every shift. You push no clutch pedal . . . yet slip smoothly from gear to gear . . . *when* you want to, at any speed.

With Terraplane's new Selective Automatic Shift (an optional extra on all models), *automatic action* of transmission and clutch does all the work. For the few who may prefer the standard gear lever, it is available without cost.

Terraplane's new Double Drop "2-X" Frame gives this car a *lower* center of gravity, with *same* road clearance. Easier riding . . . greater safety on curves.

A BIG STEP AHEAD
in style and room!

Outside . . . longer, lower, more graceful lines. Yet inside . . . more room all around. A front seat 5 inches wider . . . 55 full inches of restful comfort for three. More leg room and head room. Higher, wider doors. Better vision . . . a wide windshield has been made 6 inches wider. Level, *clear* floor space, front and back. And an interior that for sheer luxury of upholstery, tailoring and equipment is matched by few cars at double Terraplane's price.

A BIG STEP AHEAD
in performance!

Power is stepped up to a new high . . . 96 and 101 horsepower, turbine smooth. Record performance now greater still! And *an actual saving of 10%* in gasoline, in a car already noted for its thrift.

You'll find it hard to believe you can get so much more of everything you want . . . yet stay in the low price field. But one look, one ride, will tell you it's all true . . . that here is the "No. 1 low priced car" for 1937! Find out for yourself . . . today.

New TERRAPLANE STILL PRICED WITH THE LOWEST

96 AND 101 HORSEPOWER

"Look at the room I've got! And what a wallop that motor packs!"

The "No. 1 CAR" of the low price field

No. 1 because this completely new 1937 Terraplane leads in value, as evidenced by a long list of superior advancements, some of which are listed below:

No. 1 in size, with 117-inch wheelbase . . . longest of the four leading low priced cars.

No. 1 in power, with 96 and 101 horsepower . . . greatest of the four low priced leaders. (102 and 107 h.p. optional with super power dome.) And 10% *better* gasoline economy from a recognized economy *leader*.

No. 1 in performance . . . with even *greater* performance from the car that holds most official records in the low price field.

No. 1 in roominess . . . with widest seats, both front and back, of the four leading low priced cars. More space for passengers and baggage. *Level* floors. More leg room and head room.

No. 1 in driving ease, with new Selective Automatic Shift . . . not available in any other low priced car.

No. 1 in interior luxury. Richness in upholstery and fittings you have always thought "too fine" for a low priced car.

No. 1 in driving vision . . . widest vision, by far, of all four leading low priced cars.

No. 1 in safety, with a body *all* of steel, with seamless roof of solid steel . . . pioneered by Terraplane in the low price field.

No. 1 in safe stopping, with exclusive Duo-Automatic Hydraulic Brakes . . . the only hydraulics to safeguard you with a separate safety system operating automatically from the same foot pedal. And Hydraulic Hill-Hold an optional extra.

No. 1 with improved Radial Safety Control . . . Hudson's exclusive advancement that makes riding even easier, steering still surer and stopping safer than ever.

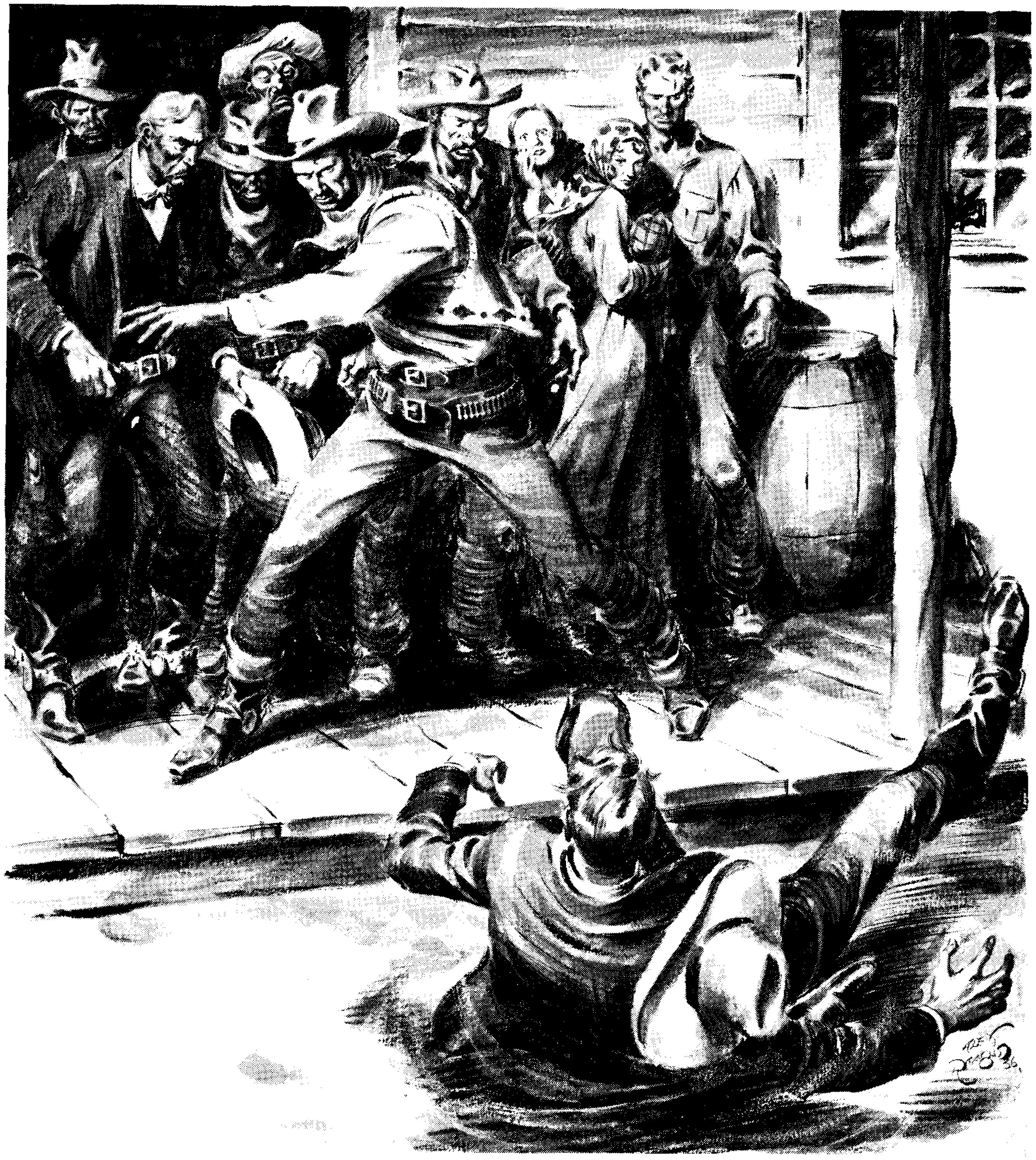
Choice of 7 beautiful new body colors . . . and 5 optional colors at small extra cost

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN • HUDSON MOTORS OF CANADA, LIMITED, TILBURY, ONTARIO

Drive CARS BUILT BY HUDSON

TERRAPLANE • HUDSON SIX • HUDSON EIGHT • COMMERCIAL CARS

ILLUSTRATED BY ALEX RAYMOND



Durbin made one long, wild turning motion with his arms spread-eagled to the sky, and fell grotesquely to the earth

Weiser yard, bound away into the lower flats. The news, Sudden Ben guessed, would travel soon enough. Con Weiser was lumped forward in the narrow seat, indifferent and without speech.

IT WENT so all the way back to Prairie. As soon as they came to town Bulow took Weiser to the jail room in the courthouse and Sudden Ben, having two hours to kill before train time, methodically set about paying visit to Prairie's shops and shopkeepers, genially shaking hands all along the route and thereby building up his political fences. Afterward, he crossed to Mike Danahue's saloon and was closeted there a half-hour. It was the saloonmen in Sage County who knew the drifts of public sentiment, and who possessed power.

Emerett Bulow accompanied him later to the train. Gloom rode the marshal's words. "There's going to be hell to pay."

Sudden Ben nodded, having already learned as much from Mike Danahue in the saloon. "Think you can keep Weiser safe until the trial?"

The marshal was touchy about that. "I never lost a man out of my jail yet and I'm too old to begin the habit. The hoemen won't free him and the cattle boys won't lynch him."

"I'll be back for the trial," Sudden Ben assured him and went into the smoking car. Settled deeply in the plush seat he watched the dun earth scud by. Ashes fell on his vest and he seemed asleep. Yet his shrewd mind, packed with the lore of the land and the ways of its men, was closely analyzing the imponderables of Con Weiser's arrest. The cattlemen, he knew, were making a test of their strength against the rising tides of settlers. It didn't make any difference whether Con Weiser was guilty or not. Con Weiser was only a symbol. Trouble would come of it as Bulow had said.

THE train took him away from Prairie City at three o'clock. At four o'clock Tip Mulvane, with a thousand miles of riding behind him, came into Prairie and put up his horse at Orlo Torvester's stable.

As a stranger in a distant land, Tip Mulvane followed his instincts and his long training in trouble. He kept still. Sleeping and eating and idling out the days on the shaded hotel porch, his eyes saw and his ears heard. He was a long-shaped man and it was plain to see that he belonged on a horse; for even when he walked there was that faint straddling gait of the rider. His eyes were a gunpowder gray, sometimes almost black when the sun didn't touch them, and his bones were flat and big, and weather had smoothed his face and disciplined it to a saddle-brown inexpressiveness. He was not more than twenty-five but Emerett Bulow, who had watched him with a growing interest from his first appearance, knew that somewhere he had been seasoned and toughened beyond his years. It was to be seen in the slow, careful way Tip Mulvane looked at this town.

So when the trial of Con Weiser took up, Tip Mulvane knew all he needed to know. The story was clear and the ending already foretold. Standing in the back of the crowded courtroom on the second day of debate, he understood what the verdict would be. He had only to look at the double row of faces in the jury box and guess it; for those were the faces of range riders and not of hoemen, and he knew their kind to the very core. One of the Durbin riders sat in the witness seat and was wearily answering the questions of Con Weiser's young and fretful lawyer. Con Weiser rested in a camp chair beneath the judge, with his hands folded, showing no interest at all. Weiser, Tip Mulvane decided, knew the answer, too. Heat filled the room. Emerett Bulow and the county's sheriff, Sudden Ben, stood at the far edge of the judge's bench.

The trial had dragged its way through the morning without excitement, yet Tip Mulvane could feel the quality of trouble growing. It was like the pressure of an arm against him; and when Howard Durbin, one of the three great ranchers in the valley and the employer of the dead rider, got up to leave the room that pressure stiffened and an unspoken rage whirled up from the homesteaders crowded so gauntly and bitterly against the back wall of the room. They blocked the door and when Durbin got there they didn't move. Tip Mulvane's gray eyes registered that little scene attentively. Durbin stopped, a slim and arrogant man with the sense of power written in every gesture, and he looked at those nesters blocking his way until at last some of them stirred and let him through. Tip Mulvane said to himself, with a touch of admiration, "He's nervy," and then heard the judge's gavel announce noon recess. He shuffled out of the courthouse with the crowd.

SUNLIGHT laid its hard and yellow flash all along Prairie's street. The hitch racks were crowded with teams and saddle ponies and people now rolled in a slow tide beneath the board awnings, not talking much. The feeling had been bad all morning; it was getting worse, with more homesteaders crowding into town and collecting in small groups up and down the dusty way. Durbin's punchers and the riders of Hugh Dan Lake and of the Custer Land and Cattle Company made their headquarters in Mike Danahue's saloon—strictly aloof from the hoemen.

Tip Mulvane stopped opposite the courthouse, watching all this with a cool and attentive eye. The sudden, acute hunger of an active man was upon him, but he waited there, not quite knowing why until Katherine Weiser came out of the courthouse door and turned toward the porch of the hotel where other homesteaders' women had collected. There was, at once, some meaning to his standing so idly in the hot summer's sun. A tall young German settler with very blond hair was with her, but she seemed to Tip Mulvane just then to be alone on this dusty street. It was in the swing of her slim body and the straight and proud turning of her shoulders. Once she looked over the street and he caught the fair, composed glance that touched him for a brief moment and passed on.

There were hoemen behind Tip Mulvane and he heard one of them say: "If Kitty Weiser was a man I'd be sorry to be in Howard Durbin's shoes."

Somebody said quietly: "There's other men to do it."

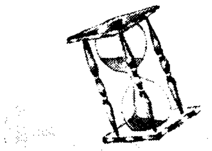
Tip Mulvane sauntered indolently along the dust, not knowing he made a puzzle to Emerett Bulow and Sudden Ben Drury standing under the gallery of Mike Danahue's saloon. Sudden Ben's eyes followed Tip Mulvane with a narrowing brightness. He said to Emerett Bulow: "Who's that?"

"Stranger come to town."

"Like a man I might have seen somewhere," murmured Sudden Ben and watched Tip Mulvane turn into the little restaurant down by the depot.

Tip Mulvane ate his meal and sat a

LISTEN TO *Labyrinth* RADIO FOR TWO MINUTES



WHEN you do, you won't believe it's radio because you'll hear reproduction, for the first time in your experience, free from cabinet resonance.

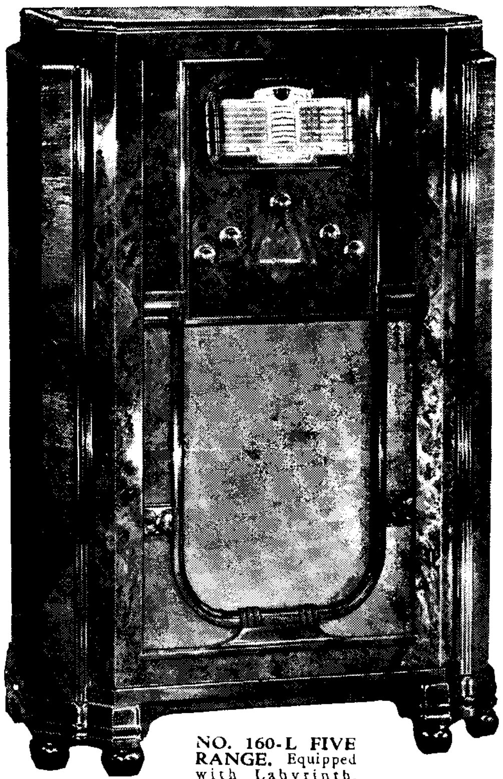
Ever since the first loudspeaker was installed inside a cabinet, war has existed between the tones from the front of the loudspeaker and the tones from the rear of the loudspeaker.

With Stromberg-Carlson's fully patented Acoustical Labyrinth, you hear only the tones you ought to hear—those from the front of the loudspeaker. The unwanted tones from the rear of the loudspeaker are silently spirited away—not left to run riot in a resonant cabinet.

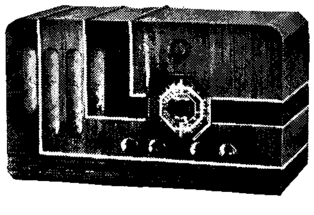
Listen to Labyrinth Radio and you, too, will appreciate how radio has advanced. Here is ear-startling evidence that:—

"There is Nothing Finer Than a Stromberg-Carlson."

Stromberg-Carlsons range in price from $49.95 to $985. Labyrinth models from $149.50. (Slightly higher in Southeastern States and West of the Mississippi) Booklet "How to Choose a Radio," may be obtained from authorized dealers listed in your classified telephone directory or by mailing coupon.



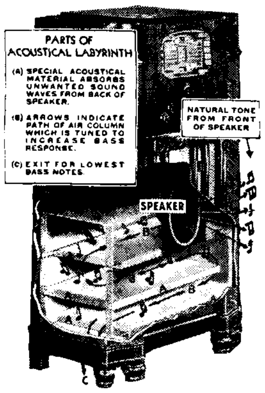
NO. 160-L FIVE RANGE. Equipped with Labyrinth. Price, $275.00



NO. 130-R TRIPLE RANGE. Cabinet of Rosewood. Price . . $84.50

Labyrinth RADIO

The long, winding passageway of the Acoustical Labyrinth takes the place of the usual box-like cavity in the cabinet which is the source of the exaggerated boom in low tones. It gives you deeper bass notes, with a new fidelity and increases the volume capacity and accuracy of the loud speaker. Shown in No. 145-L Radio. Price, $197.50.


PARTS OF ACOUSTICAL LABYRINTH
(A) SPECIAL ACOUSTICAL MATERIAL ABSORBS UNWANTED SOUND WAVES FROM BACK OF SPEAKER.
(B) ARROWS INDICATE PATH OF AIR COLUMN WHICH IS TUNED TO INCREASE BASS RESPONSE.
(C) EXIT FOR LOWEST BASS NOTES.
NATURAL TONE FROM FRONT OF SPEAKER
SPEAKER
A
B
C

Stromberg-Carlson

Stromberg-Carlson Telephone Mfg. Co.
148 Carlson Road, Rochester, N. Y.

Send illustrated booklet "How to Choose a Radio."

Name____________________
Street____________________
City________________ State________

BODY by FISHER

GM GENERAL MOTORS

Safety's looking

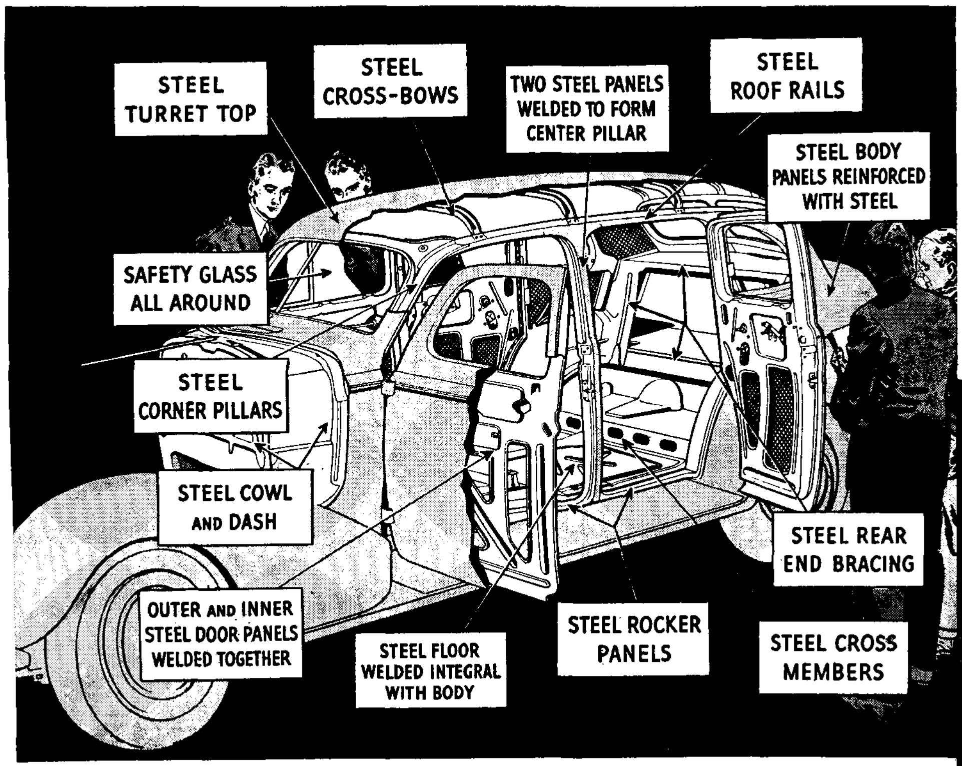
BRIDGE the gap between crude beginning and finished beauty, overcome the structural weaknesses of the past—and you have done what Fisher engineers achieved in their *glorification* of the steel body.

This new steel structure, the first thing you notice about the new General Motors cars, is called the Unisteel Turret Top Body by Fisher.

In it, you are safe and secure—yet luxuriously comfortable. For it is true steel through and through, all fused together into an integral solid steel unit—a quieter, more rigid, more substantial body that only the world's finest body engineers and craftsmen could contrive.

They thought of your safety first, and made it more secure than ever. Then they considered your comfort and went the limit in that, too—with wider seats, lower floors, improved visibility, and Fisher No Draft Ventilation, of course.

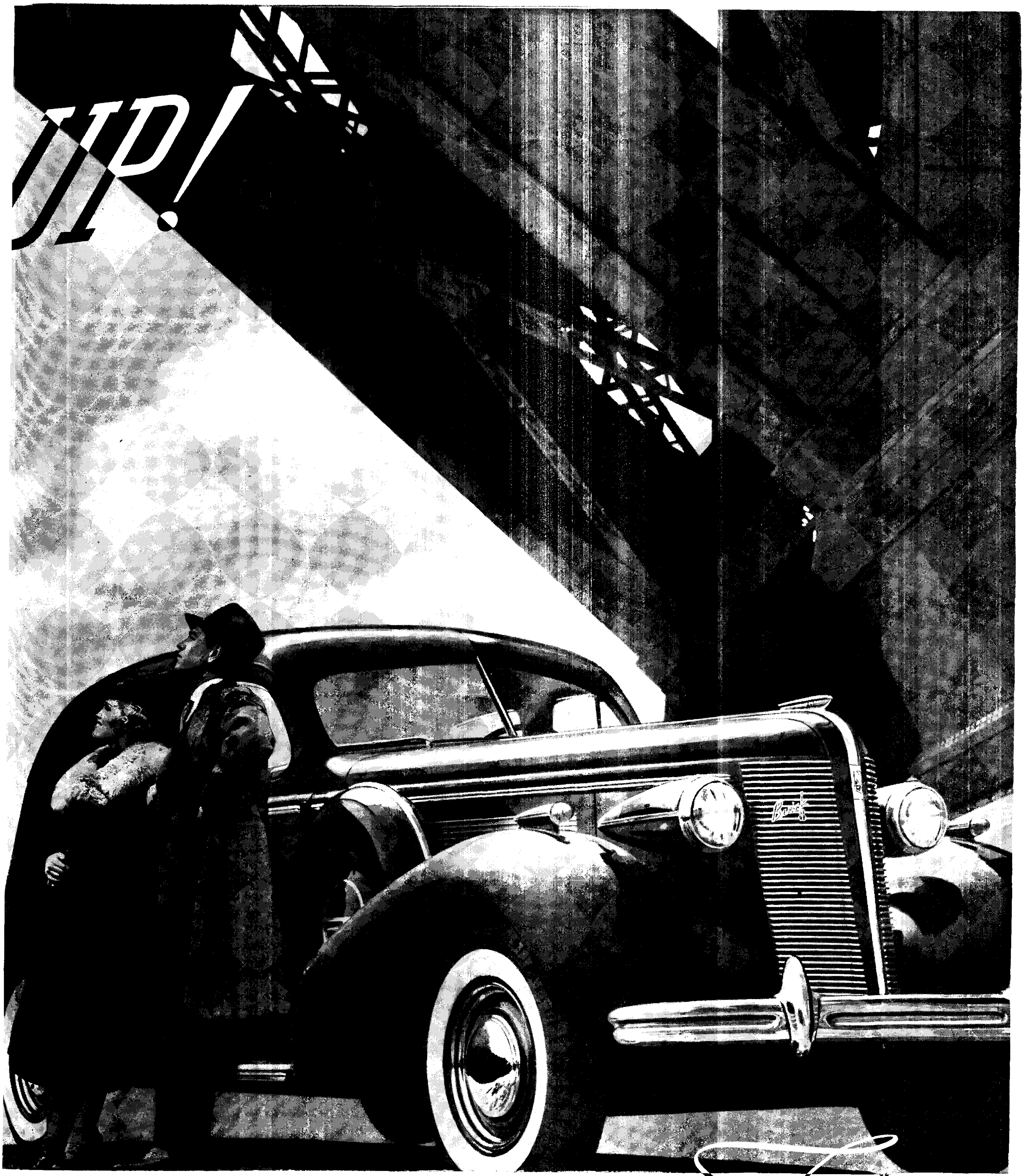
Small wonder the new Unisteel Turret Top Body by Fisher gives you a great new reason for choosing a General Motors car. *Only* General Motors cars have it.


STEEL TURRET TOP
STEEL CROSS-BOWS
TWO STEEL PANELS WELDED TO FORM CENTER PILLAR
STEEL ROOF RAILS
STEEL BODY PANELS REINFORCED WITH STEEL
SAFETY GLASS ALL AROUND
STEEL CORNER PILLARS
STEEL COWL AND DASH
STEEL REAR END BRACING
OUTER AND INNER STEEL DOOR PANELS WELDED TOGETHER
STEEL FLOOR WELDED INTEGRAL WITH BODY
STEEL ROCKER PANELS
STEEL CROSS MEMBERS

THE INSIDE STORY OF UNISTEEL CONSTRUCTION

✓ ✓ ✓

You breathe easy, *relaxed and unruffled — even though the outside breezes are supplying you with plenty of clean, fresh air. That's the advantage of Fisher No Draft Ventilation — it keeps your car as refreshing as the great outdoors, yet as draft-free as your living room at home.*



THE UNISTEEL TURRET TOP BODY BY *Fisher*

ON GENERAL MOTORS CARS ONLY · CHEVROLET · PONTIAC · OLDSMOBILE · BUICK* · LA SALLE · CADILLAC*

*On the most popular models

★ INTIMATE INTERVIEWS WITH POLICYHOLDERS ★

This is the Story of

"DICKIE" DAY'S

Guaranteed Income

"I am sold on the Mutual Benefit and your methods of doing business. Your agent was the first insurance man to show me how to plan an insurance program *by easy steps.* I took my first step with your Company when I was 26. Now I've taken my second step which insures 'Dickie' and his mother a guaranteed income.

"I know my boy is started on the road to security; and for the little amount involved every young father can equally well provide for his son under the liberal advantages of a Mutual Benefit policy and the Company's traditionally fair treatment of its policy-holders.

"The final step is retirement—then we can all enjoy life together."

Statement of Howard A. Day, Father of Richard Willard Day

NO need for little Richard Day to worry. He is a fortunate young man . . . thanks to his father's foresight.

Those two policies in the Mutual Benefit start a life insurance plan which this ambitious young father will increase *step by step* as the future permits.

Have you started a sound life insurance program with the goals carefully marked out? Young men like our custom-built method of planning for the future. You have your own individual problems . . why not a personalized plan to meet these problems . . a plan that can be developed *step by step.*

By laying aside a modest sum in your monthly budget you can plan for paying off the mortgage on your home . . . establish an educational fund for your children . . . or do as Mr. Day did . . . plan a guaranteed income for your boy or girl and of course your wife. And with it all you build a retirement income for your later years permitting you and your family to live in independence and comfort.

Remember this too. All the time . . . you are protected by the great strength of the Mutual Benefit . . . whose tradition for fair dealing and liberal treatment during its 91 years of existence has earned for it the reputation of being "the policyholders' Company."

The
MUTUAL BENEFIT
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
Newark, New Jersey
MODERN LIFE INSURANCE SINCE 1845

First Cost Cut to About Half:
Write today for booklet, "HOW TO START NOW," and learn about this new policy.
Name ....
Address ....
City .... State 120

Court Day

Continued from page 56

moment at the stool, shaping himself a cigarette and listening to the talk that ran its brief, half-sullen undertone around him; and later he went back up the street and laid the edge of his shoulder against a street post, and so stood there. A line of hoemen blackened by the prairie sun sat at the edge of the walk, their talk low and brief—and more and more bitter. It was a constant tone in Tip Mulvane's ears while he watched people return to the courthouse. Howard Durbin came from the hotel and stopped to light up a cigar. Old Hugh Dan Lake, the valley's most powerful cattleman, strolled up and stopped to talk to Durbin; and then Durbin beckoned with a finger and two Durbin riders came from the saloon and listened to what he said, and walked back again. A spray of fine wrinkles appeared at each corner of Tip Mulvane's eyes to indicate the quality of his interest just then; and his glance measured Howard Durbin from top to toe and found something that sent a faint constricting motion across the breadth of his lips.

Sudden Ben Drury appeared from the courthouse and went directly to where Durbin and Hugh Dan Lake stood. Sudden Ben spoke to them, and Howard Durbin shook his head instantly, as though the sheriff's talk had been presumptuous. There was, Tip Mulvane could see, no thought of concession in Howard Durbin; the man was driving on for a fight, very certain of its outcome.

A homesteader left the courthouse and advanced on the homesteaders gathered in front of Tip Mulvane. This man's stringy shoulders were hiked up and his eyes looked a little wild. "It won't get to the jury today." A puncher whirled into town and passed the grouped homesteaders with a sidewise stare that was openly insolent, and dismounted in front of the saloon; and suddenly the cattle hands made a silent group yonder and the hoemen made a sullen crowd opposite—with a gulf as deep and as wide as the ocean lying between.

AT THE head of the street, beyond the courthouse, a few men began idly firing at a target to pass the time, the gunfire echoes riving the heated air like huge wedges. Katherine Weiser walked from hotel to courthouse, her black hair shining in the sullen light. She passed Howard Durbin without glancing at him, but Durbin's head wheeled around and his stare followed her boldly and with a frank appraisal. Tip Mulvane's long body stirred and his lids crept more closely together while he watched Howard Durbin's face. Faint anger turned him restless. He pivoted from the hoemen, his spurs jingling along the boardwalk. All the cattle hands were in front of Mike Danahue's and they watched him advance upon the saloon, their expressions inscrutably blank. His own glance raked them indolently and then he passed into the saloon, got a bottle and a glass and walked to a table and sat down.

He had his drink and sat with his shoulders sliding down against the chair's back, waiting for the whisky to cut the edge of that hard and careful alertness which had guarded his life for so long. Certain things he saw here with the overdistinct vision of a man who knew the ways of trouble too well. Howard Durbin and the other big cattle owners were riding this affair hard. They had Con Weiser, the chief man of the homesteaders, in jail and they seemed to feel that the homesteaders would not rise to fight back. It was, Tip Mulvane conceded, smart reasoning. For he had watched those brown, slow-voiced sod-busters all during the week and could see nowhere a fire that would explode their angers. They needed a fighter to rouse them, and had none.

A faint impulse stirred his nerves and began to lay pressure along his muscles. He straightened in the chair and said to himself, "Be careful." He knew what was going on in him then and regretted it. Far back in Montana that same impulse had led him into trouble; it was why he had put a thousand miles behind him—to escape the consequences of an Irish temper that would not let him alone, a temper that took the injustices done to others as personal affronts. This was his weakness and this was why he ran before the wind now. "I have," he thought, "got to get out of here. Been here too long." His face, at this moment, was smooth and studious.

THE long day rolled on while he sat there. Durbin men tramped in and out of the place and presently people were coming from the courthouse, the street boards sounding to their weight. The sun had gone down. A train whistle had looed its hoarse way across the windless air, and a supper triangle began to go "wing-a-ding-a-wing-a-ding" from the hotel.

He rose then and strolled directly to the stable. He said to the hostler, "I'll be leavin' right after I eat," and made his way down to the restaurant near the depot.

There was a glass-clear, sunless light in the world for a little while; and afterward dusk dropped down in deep powder-gray layers, drowning out the prairie's far reaches. This was the hour of peace; yet, cruising up the street later toward the stable, he felt an old restlessness beating its tom-tom in him. Lights began to throw their long lanes across the dusk, turning that dusk to a melted silver. He paced on by the stable, though he had intended to go in and ride away from Prairie forever. Beyond town he saw the dusty strip of road undulate luminously southward toward the Silver Bow, with a low moon throwing its pale gush down upon the long-rolling land. On his right the shapes of a cemetery's headboards laid their faint rows before him; and then he saw a woman standing there beside the road, and he heard her crying.

Softly, as though she were ashamed of tears. But that sound was, to Tip Mulvane's volatile sympathy, like the clap of thunder. It stopped him dead and wheeled him half around. All at once the crying stopped and the woman turned to him with a gesture like defense and he saw it to be Katherine Weiser.

He removed his hat instantly, a deep wonder having its way with him. Through the week he had watched her from afar, the simplicity of her manner and the depth of her calm as arresting to him as a tall pillar of fire shining through a dark night. It was the contrast which hit him so hard now. Her calm was gone.

He said: "What would you want a man to do for you?"

He heard her breath lift and stop, and fall out. Her chin rose and her face was slim and proud and not easily stirred by strangers. She looked at him, no expression there for him to understand. That deep calm controlled her voice when she spoke: "It is beyond your help."

He said candidly: "Why do you figure I have stayed in this town for a week?"

She was listening quietly to the question; she was thinking about it while the moments went by. And then she said, "I have wondered," and turned back toward town. He watched her straight body stir against the town lights, the smell of dust and sage and summer-cured forage grasses rising keenly to his nostrils. The sound of her voice remained in his head, like the memory of a bell that had chimed one melodious note.

He waited until she had entered town before moving. Afterward his long legs carried him in half-haste back to the stable. He said to the hostler, "I have changed my mind," and crossed directly to the courthouse. The marshal's office was at the back end of the building, with a light shining through its open door. Tip Mulvane ducked his head by habit as he passed into the room. Emerett Bulow had been walking around the desk; he stopped and showed Tip Mulvane a morose and half-belligerent expression. Sudden Ben sat with his feet on the desk's top, cigar smoke heavily concealing his expression. Yet it was to Sudden Ben that Tip Mulvane paid his strictest attention. Sudden Ben's eyes showed a faint gleam through the smoke.

MULVANE said: "I'd like to see this Con Weiser a minute."

Emerett Bulow grumbled: "Nobody's seein' Weiser."

Sudden Ben drawled: "Let him go up, Emerett."

Emerett Bulow scowled and thought about it in his long-drawn way. In the end he nodded to Mulvane and swung through another door and tramped up a dismal flight of stairs to the second floor. The light of a bracket lamp threw a sallow glow along a narrow corridor. Coming by Bulow, Tip Mulvane faced the grillwork of a cell and saw Con Weiser seated on the edge of a bunk behind the grillwork. Bulow said, "You got five minutes," and paced backward ten feet and waited like that.

The light was against Con Weiser's eyes. He couldn't see Tip Mulvane. He said, without getting up: "Who is that?" There was a dead, indifferent calm in the man's voice. He was small and dark-skinned, with tight lips and a gray and bitter expression in his eyes. He didn't hope for much. Mulvane said: "Like to ask you a question."

"No more questions," stated Weiser. "It is no use how I answer. The result will be the same. Who are you?"

"It makes a difference to me," murmured Tip Mulvane. "You kill this fellow?"

"You are a fool," said Con Weiser. But long afterward he added indifferently: "There were plenty reasons for him to die, and plenty of men who could have done it. But I didn't. In a land run by cattlemen I know better than to make trouble. But whether I did or didn't, it makes no difference. You go look at that jury and you will see what I mean."

"That's all," said Emerett Bulow from the background.

Tip Mulvane went down the stairs and came suddenly upon the full and interested weight of Sudden Ben's glance. The sheriff had lowered his cigar; he had drawn his feet from the desk, and now sat forward in his chair. He said: "Just travelin' through?" Emerett Bulow walked across the room so that he could have his look at Tip Mulvane's face.

"Just travelin'," agreed Mulvane.

"Tryin' to recall if I've met you somewhere," murmured the sheriff.

"No," said Mulvane. "Montana's my home."

"Big country to be from," judged the sheriff.

"Yes," said Tip Mulvane, and left the room. Silence held on here long after he had gone. Emerett Bulow cleared his throat, his mind toiling its way painfully toward a new thought. "You suppose the hoemen have hired that fellow to do a little professional shootin'?"

Sudden Ben's eyes were bright with speculation. Shrewdness showed itself all along his face. "No," he decided. "But I'd guess he could shoot."

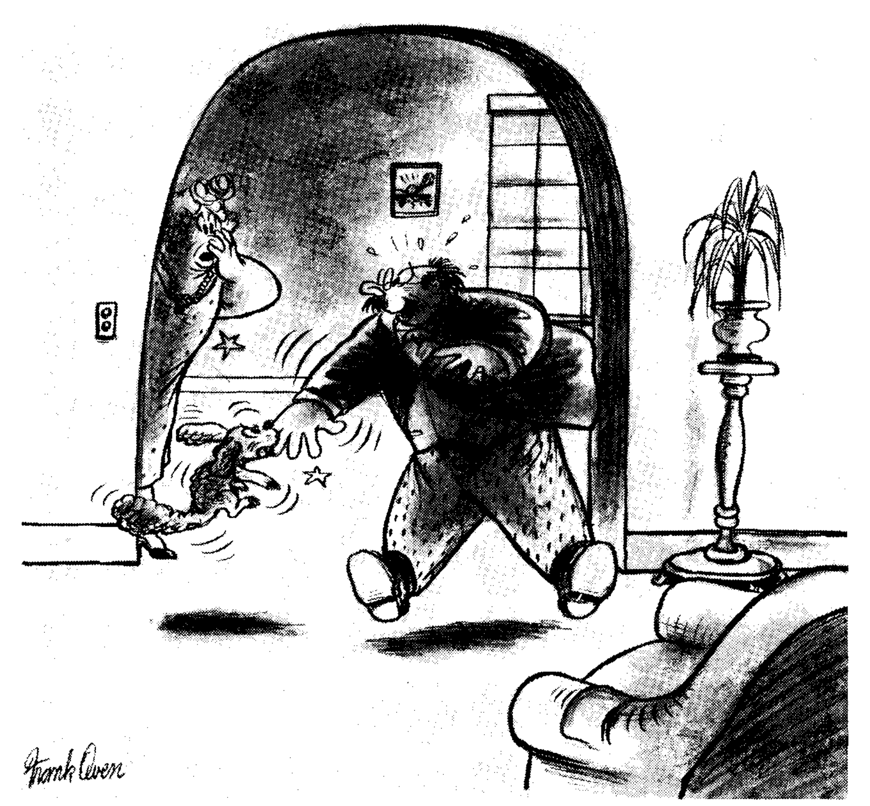
"It wouldn't take much to set off those nesters."

It was a thing Sudden Ben had been debating all during the week. He said: "They're a slow bunch. They'll fight but they don't flame up easy, like cowhands. They need somebody to set off the spark—and they don't have anybody since this Con Weiser's in the jug."

"Trouble's comin'," stated Emerett Bulow. "You wait till that jury turns in its verdict."

"It may come," assented Sudden Ben.

(Continued on page 62)

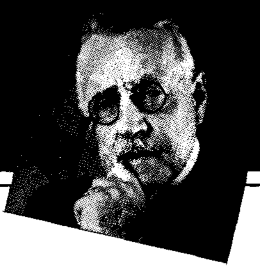


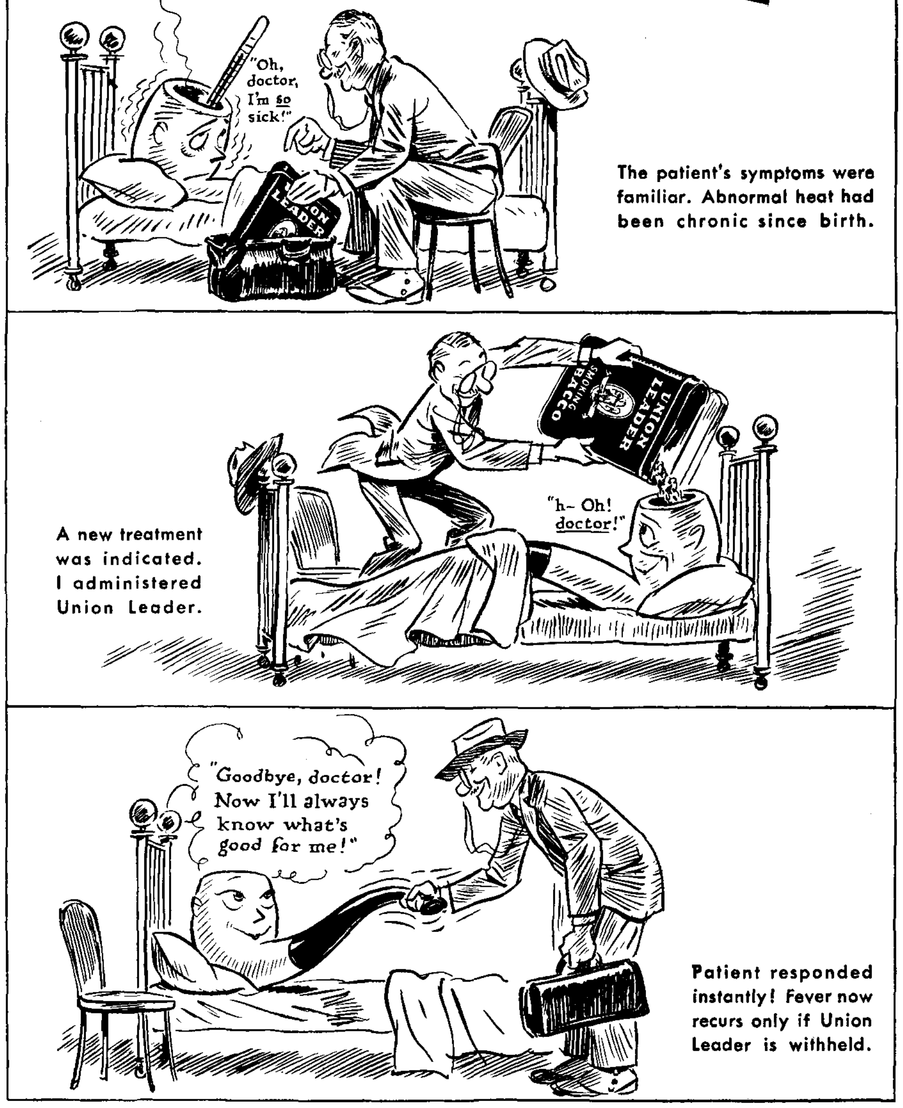
"Don't scold him, Martha! I didn't think the little rascal had it in him!"

FRANK OWEN

"How I Cured my Pipe of a Burning Fever"

by DR. HOLDEN A. SCALPEL
Famous Pipe Specialist





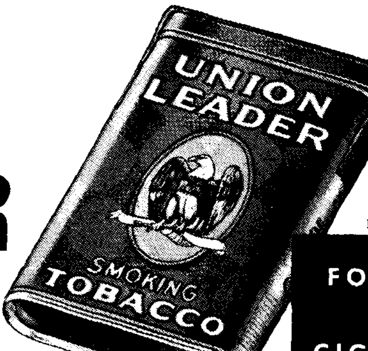
"Oh, doctor, I'm so sick!"
UNION LEADER
The patient's symptoms were familiar. Abnormal heat had been chronic since birth.
UNION LEADER SMOKING TOBACCO
"h- Oh! doctor!"
A new treatment was indicated. I administered Union Leader.
"Goodbye, doctor! Now I'll always know what's good for me!"
Patient responded instantly! Fever now recurs only if Union Leader is withheld.

You too, can cool a Feverish Pipe

THIS EASY, INEXPENSIVE WAY!

If your pipe gets overheated and burns your tongue, try this simple home treatment! Fill up with old reliable Union Leader—made of fine full-ripened Kentucky Burley for rich flavor; specially cured to take out bite and burn; and *aged-in-wood* for perfect, mellow smoothness. Union Leader makes even a *new* pipe cool, fragrant and soothing! Any tobacconist will fill this prescription, for only a dime. (Fine for cigarettes, too!)

UNION LEADER 10¢



Copyright, 1936, by P. Lorillard Co., Inc.

FOR PIPE AND CIGARETTE

THE GREAT AMERICAN SMOKE

Don't put it off until you feel the effects of winter

Build good general resistance *now*

Later on, if you avoid uncomfortable winter hazards, you'll be glad you gave a little thought to *advance* precaution. Now's the time to think about them.

While you are well, use measures which help you *remain* in good health!

It has been found that winter discomforts start in the early fall and spread rapidly as the season advances. January and February are the most trying months. That's when they come oftenest and hang on longest. It's also probably the time when your *general resistance* is low.

Too much indoor living, too little fresh air and exercise combine to lower your general resistance by mid-winter. You need a daily aid right now, to help you keep it built up!

Adex may prove just the thing. It provides Vitamin A, a definite help in building good general resistance. Also extra "sunshine" Vitamin D.

Both protective factors in *Adex* come from well-known, beneficial sources like good cod and halibut liver oil.

Start with Adex today and keep it up regularly. Have a bottle right on the breakfast table. *Daily* use is important.

Now in tablets or capsules, at any reliable drug store. Made exclusively by E. R. Squibb & Sons, manufacturing chemists to the medical profession since 1858.

ADEX

The modern way for adults to take Vitamins A and D

● =

One tablet equals a spoonful of good cod liver oil

(Continued from page 61)

"Howard Durbin is ridin' this thing hard." A sudden impulse compelled him to clap on his hat and leave the room. For a little while he stood in a patch of shadow and watched the street with the careful eye of one who had spent his life analyzing and predicting the vagaries of human behavior. He was the product of a fenceless, free cattle land and all his sympathies were with the old order. Yet the intimations of change both disturbed and warned him in the shape of those homesteaders who tramped the walks of this street so solemnly. They had a power they didn't realize; and the day would come when they would control this land. He was smart enough to see that, and human enough to regret it, and politician enough to adjust himself to it. Passing toward the hotel he saw the homesteaders knotted up around Orlo Torvester's stable, not talking much. Mike Danahue's saloon was full of Durbin's and Hugh Dan Lake's riders, and all the elements of an explosion lay in Prairie, waiting for the fatal spark. Pushing into the hotel he walked directly over the lobby and let himself into a back room where he knew Durbin and old Hugh Dan Lake would be.

They were at a table, with a bottle of good whisky between them. A third man, Gray Lovewell of the Custer Land and Cattle Company, was here also. It was this trinity which held the key to the situation. Sudden Ben stirred the layered cigar smoke with an idle gesture of his arm. All three looked at him, and he could see they wouldn't listen. But he said:

"You boys are a little too sure."

"Let the jury decide," said Howard Durbin, almost scornfully. Lamplight struck the square face of his diamond ring and flashed up a brilliant gleaming.

"It's your jury," pointed out Sudden Ben frankly. "I'm saying you'd better drop it word to change its vote."

Old Hugh Dan Lake's face caught a scarlet ruddiness. Howard Durbin stared at the sheriff with a smiling insolence. "Ben," he said, "you have suited me perfectly as a sheriff. But don't go currying favor with those damned rascals breaking up an honest cattleman's range."

Sudden Ben's eyes were gray and smart. He drawled: "You don't see it, but times change. That Silver Bow country is lost to you. It's a thing you'd better recognize. It would be good business if you'd make a dicker with those hoemen. The flats to them and the bench country to you. Or you may lose both."

"No," said Howard Durbin. "I'll break that bunch."

"For a man using government land without title," said Sudden Ben, "you're a little proud. It don't do no harm to use reason."

"I'll run 'em out," said Durbin vigorously.

Sudden Ben turned to the door and opened it. He looked back a moment, murmuring, "That's what a fellow said about grasshoppers once," and then left.

UP IN a room of the Prairie House Tip Mulvane sat before a small table, building up a pile of matches aimlessly, his eyes half closed and a cigarette sagging at the corner of his long lips.

He was standing across from the courthouse—and had been there an hour—when a man came out and crossed to the little knot of homesteaders. Tip Mulvane heard the man say: "Case won't go to the jury until afternoon."

A homesteader said: "They ain't foolin' anybody. That jury had its instructions when it was sworn in."

Tip Mulvane saw all their brown and bitter faces making a swarthy shine in the sunlight. They were slow-tempered men and they were stung by the injustice of Con Weiser's trial, yet there was nobody to set fire to that anger. Marksmen were again banging away at a target beyond the courthouse and presently the homesteaders drifted in that direction, leaving Tip Mulvane alone by Orlo Torvester's stable. Durbin's cattle hands were sitting back in the gallery shade by Danahue's saloon.

It was eleven-thirty then, and a moment later Katherine Weiser came from the courthouse and walked toward the hotel, with the big blond German lad dutifully beside her. For an instant she saw Tip Mulvane across the dust and was aware of him, and during that moment all else on this bright and dusty street faded, as though a fog closed down upon the edges of his vision. She was a straight and resolute shape moving along the boardwalk with a rhythm that struck some deep response in his brain. Pride held her steady against the eyes of this town. That was what hit him—this courage to show the world a steady face. She went on into the hotel's doorway and a feeling of regret washed through Tip Mulvane, the regret a man would feel at the vanishing of light from an unfamiliar trail. But before entering she had turned and thrown one quick look back to him. It was the look of a woman who wanted to see and wanted to be seen.

MULVANE tipped his head and his long body swayed away from the gallery post. He was thinking, "I ought to get aboard that horse and go." Yet he knew then he wouldn't. It was, he thought wistfully, his manner to pitch himself into troubles that held no profit for him. The firing lifted beyond the courthouse and on impulse he strolled that way. There were fifteen or twenty nesters standing around a pair of marksmen who idly tried their skill at a tin can ninety feet out on the prairie.

He watched dust jet up after each shot, a critical indifference possessing him; and he noted how awkwardly the two nesters lifted and sighted their guns. Afterward he moved through the crowd until he stood beside these two. One of them had lifted his revolver for another deliberate sight. Tip Mulvane said, "You're wasting your lead," and wheeled his own gun from its holster in one short revolving motion. Sound howled into the hot day and the flittering can ninety feet away rolled and bounced at each bullet's impact and then dropped into a yonder coulee. Tip Mulvane holstered his gun and turned about to find all those brown and patient and inexpressive faces showing him wholehearted interest.

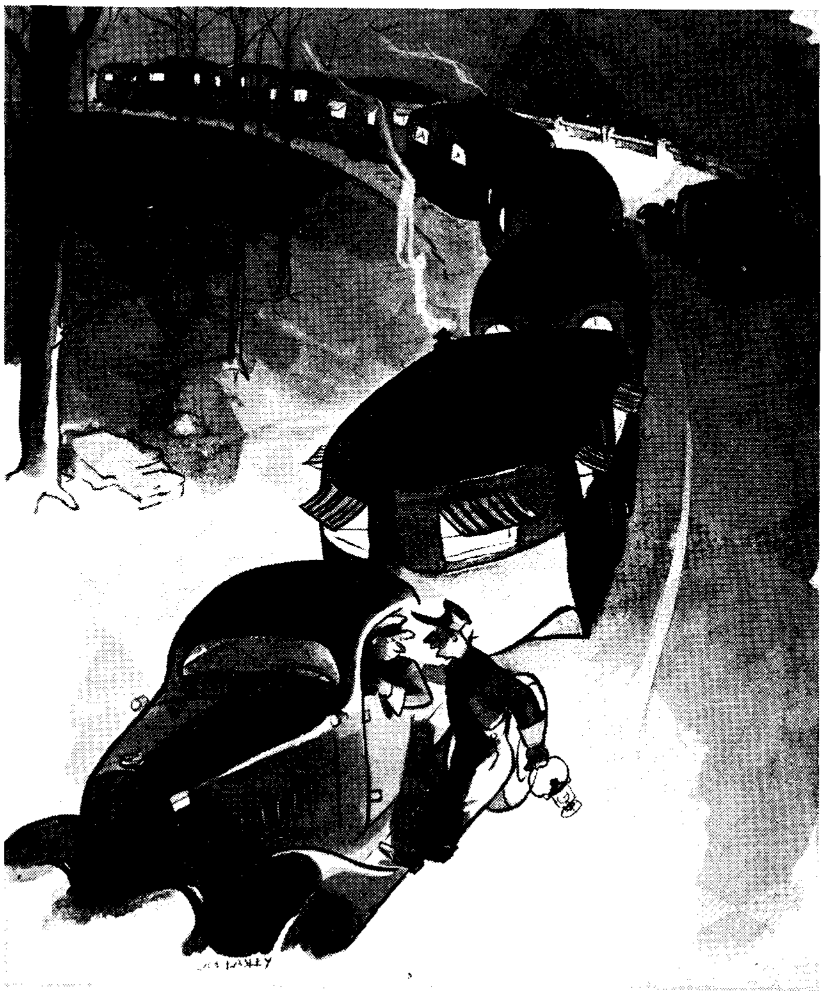
He said: "Leave the .45 to the riders. It is their gun and you can't beat 'em at it. You boys are shotgun people. A shotgun is a deadly thing anywhere's on this street. What the hell you standing back for?"

He wanted no answer and waited for none. Walking back toward the stable at a long, impatient stride he felt an old wildness slowly fill the empty spaces of his body. Suddenly, after a thousand miles of drifting, after a long summer's loneliness, the world was fresh again and life held a color and richness for him. He could not help this. The kickback of the gun against his arm had been a shock to revive a Tip Mulvane he had thought buried in Montana.

There was no more firing up the street. Durbin's punchers, attracted by the sudden wicked burst of his gun, were out in the street, watching him wheel and take stand by Orlo Torvester's stable. The homesteaders were trooping in. And afterward people began to come from the courthouse, released by noon recess. Howard Durbin and Hugh Dan Lake stood beneath the shelter of the hotel's board awnings. The jury appeared in the street, shepherded by Emerett Bulow, and walked double file toward the hotel for dinner.

It was like this, with the street crowded and all eyes focused on the jury pacing toward the hotel, when Tip Mulvane dropped his cigarette into the dust and ground it beneath his foot and

(Continued on page 64)



"We gotta stop in Keokuk and set the Joneses out"

JOSEPH EASLEY

"It was sweet of your daddy to give me this lovely *little* Arvin"
"That's what Mother said when daddy got the *big* Arvin downstairs"

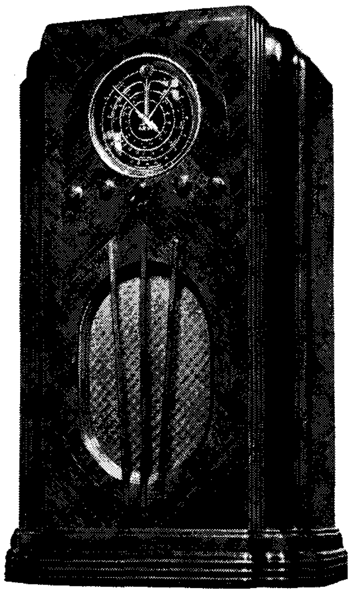
GIVE MOTHER THE "COMPANY" OF A *Personal* ARVIN IN HER ROOM

Mother likes the "old songs"—but when you want to hear the ball game, her preference often goes unvoiced. Surprise her with one of the efficient little "personal" Arvin Rhythm Radios for her room. She'll love you for it—and she'll have the "old songs" whenever she wants them. Perhaps you'd like one of these remarkable little radios yourself. You get so much extra pleasure from a "personal" Arvin—and they are priced so reasonably, only $19.95 and $24.95.

Of course, many delightful evenings with your family and friends will center around programs that everyone enjoys. A superb new Arvin console or large table model, as beautiful to look at as to hear, will bring these broadcasts to you more wonderfully than you have ever heard them. Powerful dynamic speakers, marvelously sensitive and true, with all of the newest developments known to radio science, give you flawless reception of your favorite American and foreign broadcasts.

The 1937 Arvin Rhythm Radios are simple to tune. Large, reverse-lighted easy-to-read dials. Traveling spotlight station finder and many other advanced features. Large table models and consoles are priced as low as $34.95 and up to $150.00. Four fine battery models for farm homes or week-end cottages beyond the power lines. It will be well worth your while to see and hear these splendid new Arvins. Sold on easy terms by most dealers.

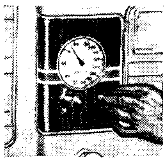
NOBLITT-SPARKS INDUSTRIES, Inc., Columbus, Indiana
ALSO MAKERS OF ARVIN HOT WATER CAR HEATERS



ARVIN RHYTHM QUEEN, console Model 927, a gorgeous 9-tube all-wave radio in matched-grain walnut. Only $99.50.

Other Arvins from $19.95 to $150. All prices slightly higher Denver and West.

IN YOUR CAR, TOO, ENJOY AN ARVIN *Tailor-Fit* CAR RADIO



You can have an Arvin installed exactly the way you want it—with a perfect matching remote control in your instrument panel—with the speaker overhead, in-the-set or mounted separately on the dash. New, high-powered Model 38 has exceptional ability to reach out and bring in stations, beautifully. You can enjoy an Arvin Car Radio for as little as $39.95.

ARVIN *Rhythm* RADIOS

BY NEARLY FOUR TO ONE

COURT REPORTERS PREFER L C SMITH

COURT REPORTERS work long hours at blazing speed, day after day. They buy their own typewriters. They are paid on a piece work basis.

Who should know better than they which typewriter runs easiest, stands up best, and does the most work in the fastest time?

More L C Smiths are used by Court Reporters than all other makes combined!

ACTUAL COUNT

Typewriters used by Court Reporters listed in New York Classified Telephone Directory:

L C SMITHS *used* . .	**226**
All other makes . .	57
Total . .	283

Whether it's the magnificent new "Silent" or the rugged every-day "Standard"—every L C Smith Typewriter moves on *ball bearings!* Add the famous Floating Shift (for 30 years a Smith feature), and you understand why "Smith users stick to Smiths!" Telephone for free demonstration—right in your office.

L C Smith
Silent

L C SMITH
TYPEWRITERS

MAIL COUPON FOR THIS HELPFUL BOOKLET

For your personal use at home, or for your children in school or college or in business, try the new Corona Portables. Fast, quiet, sturdy—and easy to pay for!

L C SMITH & CORONA TYPEWRITERS INC Desk 11
705 East Washington Street, Syracuse, N. Y.
I am interested in ☐ Silent L C Smith ☐ Standard L C Smith
Please send booklet.
Name ....
Address ....
City .... *State* ....

SILENCE PLEASE
Executive Offices

(*Continued from page 62*)

crossed over to where Howard Durbin stood. Nothing showed on his cheeks and the sudden brightness of his eyes was half stifled by the closing edges of his lids. He came to the far walk and swung toward Howard Durbin, walking without haste. The jury was fifteen feet away, and coming on; and the weight of attention slowly swung to that little spot in front of the hotel's door. Howard Durbin made a definite stand on the walk, his position careless and arrogant there as though the world could step around him for all he cared.

Tip Mulvane said: "You like this spot?"

Howard Durbin wheeled about in one astonished motion and a sudden anger flamed up and showed through his eyes. He said, "What—" and said no more. For the town's indrawn attention was fully upon this scene now and Tip Mulvane, calculating coolly what it would mean, drove his high shoulder into Howard Durbin's chest and lifted his arms and spun Durbin around and threw him bodily out into the dust. Durbin made one long, wild turning motion with his arms spread-eagled to the hot sky and fell thus grotesquely to the earth.

SHOCK stunned this town like the enormous strike of thunder. The jury had frozen to a still, double row on the walk. All the homesteaders were bronze statues at the edge of Tip Mulvane's vision and there was no motion over by the saloon where Durbin's punchers had taken root. He heard the hard rise and fall of old Hugh Dan Lake's breathing at his right hand; and then he closed all that out of his mind and, remotely smiling, watched Howard Durbin rise from the dust.

Tall and pale and with a yellow blaze of rage in those sulky, handsome eyes, he said, in a choking voice: "Step into the street! Step away from those women!"

Out of the ranks of the punchers came a sudden warning: "Careful, Howard. I saw him use a gun."

"Step out into the street!" cried Durbin.

Motion swayed the homesteaders in the background like wind ruffling wheat. Somebody yelled and at once more homesteaders charged from Torvester's stable and up the street. A shotgun exploded, its shot rattling high on Torvester's stable wall. A woman screamed and Durbin's punchers came alive and began to spread over the dust. A homesteader's huge shape drove forward, straight toward the punchers, and then all those browny bitter men broke like a wave and crashed on against the punchers by Danahue's saloon. The shotgun boomed again and afterward Sudden Ben's voice cut its knifelike warning through the howl: "There's women here!" No more gunfiring sounded; but the homesteaders raced on and Howard Durbin went down under that wave and the punchers vanished in its whirl and the howl got greater and the beat of the hoemen's fists made dull, meaty echoes against the targeted Durbin men. The jury had vanished and Emerett Bulow had vanished, and Sudden Ben and Hugh Dan Lake were gone.

Tip Mulvane held his position, watching Howard Durbin rise to his knees and go down again under the full lunge of an on-racing homesteader's heavy boot. Durbin rolled in the dust and came up like a cat and was struck and turned and struck once more. Sudden Ben appeared in the melee and seized Durbin's shoulder and pushed him against the tide, on toward the courthouse. The courthouse bell was ringing. A team bolted from the hitch rack and raced out of town; and the homesteaders were breaking into little knots as they met the Durbin punchers. Ten-gallon hats rolled along the ground and Danahue's windows crashed and inside that place the furious echoes of wreckage arose.

Tip Mulvane moved across the street, pushing men aside with the flats of his hands. He walked into Torvester's stable and found the hostler crouched gloomily there. He said, "I guess I'll use my horse now."

"You've played hell," said the hostler bitterly. "The hoemen have got this town now!"

Tip Mulvane saddled and stood up in the leather and pointed his horse out. The heavy sound of fighting had fallen away. Something crashed massively in Danahue's saloon and here and there men cried out. Somebody came up the street on the run, bent well over. The hostler said again: "The dam' hoemen—"

Tip Mulvane looked at the hostler, smiling with a gentleness and a sadness. "Sure, I know. It's tough to see the old days go."

"Then why in God's name you put in your oar—"

Tip Mulvane laughed outright. He said, "Brother, I wish I knew." Across the street he saw Sudden Ben march out of the courthouse with Con Weiser and Howard Durbin. Emerett Bulow hove into sight and Hugh Dan Lake appeared from the hotel. They made a little group in the harsh sunlight, with Sudden Ben pointing his finger at one and another of those men, in the peacemaker's role. Tip Mulvane rode from the stable and turned southward bound down the Silver Bow. The sheriff saw him and came at once into the street. He said, "Friend, wait." But Tip Mulvane's eyes went backward to the hotel, seeing Katherine Weiser framed in the doorway yonder. The big blond youth was advancing toward her and Tip could see the girl's smile go out to him. Then the smile had gone and her dark glance came down the street and touched Tip, and stayed there.

"Friend," said the sheriff, "don't I know you?"

"No," said Tip Mulvane. But the question sank in and found its mark. He added quietly: "Well, maybe you do. The world is full of strays like me."

THE sheriff put up his hand. He said: "Somewhere in this world you made big tracks. It has been a satisfaction to me to watch you. So long," and shook Tip Mulvane's hand. Tip Mulvane lifted the reins and started to go, and looked behind him once more. Katherine Weiser's glance met him, dark and steady. The German lad was beside her. She spoke to him and her hand touched his chest, pushing him away, and afterward she took one step forward and looked at Tip Mulvane in the way of a woman who wanted to see—and to be seen. Tip Mulvane lifted his hat and cantered away.

A short way from town he reined in. In the south the land lay yellow and smoky. Far, far down that way lay another thousand miles of travel. He was thinking of the campfires to be lighted along that trail and the howl of the coyotes on other lonely hillsides. There was, he thought, never any end to the trail for a man like him. He folded his hands on the saddle's horn and considered them with heavy thought. "I am running from a shadow. But the shadow is right in front of me now and always will be."

He looked behind him once more and saw dust smoke rising from a wagon coming out of town, following this Silver Bow trail toward the homestead settlement. It would be, he guessed, the Weiser family bound homeward. Excitement brightened the powder-gray glance and afterward he remembered the manner in which Katherine Weiser had pushed the German boy away. It was an omen. He thought, "If I stay here it will never be dull—and never lonely," and reined in the pony, waiting motionlessly there for the wagon to catch up.

For a Friend

Continued from page 29

reflected in the mirror of the dressing table.

"What's the matter? You do look a bit sour. Quarrel with your best friend?" He reached for her file and began to fuss with his nails. "Or don't you look forward to the Sandersons?"

Anita sighed wistfully. "Oh, Gilbert, it's not that. They're well enough. But you wouldn't understand."

"Why not? Why wouldn't I understand? Don't you suppose I want you to be happy?"

She turned to him, her hands dropping to her lap in a helpless gesture.

"I'm lonely," she said to him. "I want friends of my own—who're fond of me . . ."

"Silly. You've got lots of friends. What are you talking about?"

"They're not mine; they're yours. I knew you wouldn't understand. They don't care anything about me, really. Any more than you do. You don't care a bit that I'm unhappy . . ." Her voice rose, squeakily. She stopped speaking.

"Anita, darling, you're being childish. I don't know why you should make yourself unhappy. I'm sure all my friends, our friends, would be fond of you if you'd just let yourself go a little. I mean, be natural and sweet with them as you so easily could . . ."

"Oh, don't lecture me! I don't care whether they like me or not." Anita was on the verge of tears, hating herself for having got into this. "Real people like me," she went on, unable to drop it. "Simple, honest people like Flora, and Mary, and—and Jenny Pratt. Your friends don't care anything for human beings. They only like important people."

"Oh, dear, you've got them all wrong," Gilbert protested. "They happen to be important people, that's all. And as for your employees, of course they like you—you do enough for them. Give me a kiss, dear, and cheer up. I'll mix you a swell cocktail." He kissed her till she responded to him, then let her go. "You're good enough for me," he said cheerfully. "What do you care about the world? Just be cozy with the Sandersons because they paid me a fat fee to settle the old man's estate." He went out, whistling down the hall.

Anita seized her lipstick, making a red angry mouth on her.

I'm miserable, she told herself. And nobody cares. I'm miserable and I'm lonely and I wish I were back home and I hate the Sandersons. But I'll show them!

SHE heard the doorbell ring and Flora go in answer. A murmur of voices. Quickly she rose and swept into the drawing room.

"So sweet of you to be on time," she cried. "I always hate to miss even one note of Stokowski's concerts." How self-assured they looked, how pompous. Anita's voice rose above their quiet greetings. "Only think, I met your lovely daughter at Mrs. Carter's tea this afternoon. Such a small world, isn't it?"

Dr. Sanderson removed his glasses, wiped them. "Yes, indeed. Ah . . . too stuffy," he drawled.

Mrs. Sanderson laughed.

How stupid he is, Anita thought. How bored I am being nice to them. She turned to his wife. "I read your book. And I'm sunk, simply sunk in admiration." She sank gracefully onto an ottoman at Mrs. Sanderson's feet. "That's a real compliment from me, because usually I read only poetry. I've always found my greatest inspiration in the Orientals."

"Quite, quite," murmured Mrs. Sanderson. "But so much has been thought and written since that . . ."

"Here's Gilbert, good old Gilbert!" Dr. Sanderson welcomed his host, who entered with the shaker. "Read about that case of yours—very int'resting case . . ."

Anita thought of Jenny Pratt, who lived with another girl in two rooms, who fried chops and tomatoes on a gas stove and never had to be pleasant to snobs and listen to their stupid talk. For a moment she envied her, would have changed places with her.

Flora announced dinner.

"Shall we go in?" Anita asked, rising. "We don't want to be late—if you love music as I do . . ." She lifted her glass, looking at each in turn. "To music!"

A MONTH later Anita was giving a very special dinner. The stars were right for "furthering social and business affairs," and that was encouraging. The Russell Carters were coming, and Baxter Russell, the Sandersons again, and the young Todhunters, and Jenny Pratt.

Antia went into the drawing room to scatter some music about the piano, which was invitingly open. It must all be perfectly spontaneous, she thought, glancing into the mirror over the mantel. Yes, the pale gold velvet was exactly right. Lovely with her coloring and so rich, so regal.

Gilbert came in with a carton of cigarettes from the club.

"Who's sitting by me?" he wanted to know. "You look nice in that rig. Very effective."

"Thanks, dear. You have Mrs. Carter and Mrs. Sanderson, of course."

"Well, as long as you don't saddle me with Miss Pratt . . ."

"I wasn't going to, was I?" Anita asked sweetly.

"Why you have to ask her to dinner I can't imagine. A little nobody you picked up . . ." He emptied two packs into a silver cigarette box.

"She's my friend, Gilbert, and Hobart recommended her. I asked her because I thought it would give her pleasure. I hope I can ask my own friends to my own home."

"Of course, dear," he placated her. "If you think she'll fit in. You know her better than I do."

"I can assure you," Anita said, with a smile of superior knowledge, "that she'll fit in." She warmed her hands at the log fire, feeling a trifle shaky inside.

"What are we doing after? Bridge?" Gilbert was not looking for a quarrel.

"I thought," Anita said casually, "that we'd have a little music. It happens to be a musical group. Jim Todhunter does folk music, you know, and Jenny plays, and I've some new songs—just if we feel like it, of course. We'll see."

"Oh, hell, darling," protested Gilbert. "Music's all you think of these days."

Every day in every way, Anita was saying to herself, I'm singing better and better. Every day in every way . . .

"Music," she said aloud, "is one of the few things that make life worth living."

Gilbert looked at her, opened his mouth, closed it again.

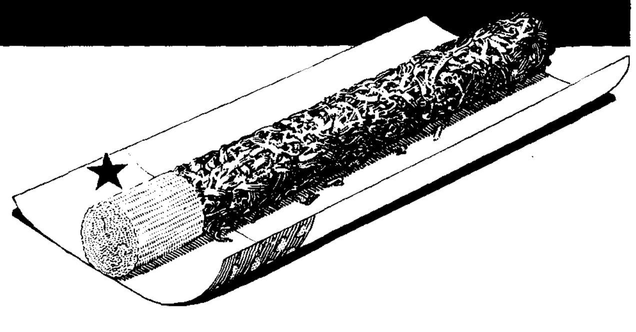
Anita swept up to him, laid her hand against his cheek. "I'm going to make you very proud of me," she said.

"Why, sweetheart, I am proud . . ." He gave her a quick hug.

The bell rang and they hurriedly sprang apart. It rang again, and suddenly the room was filled with people,

(Continued on page 66)

Viceroy
. . . the new cigarette



filter tip!

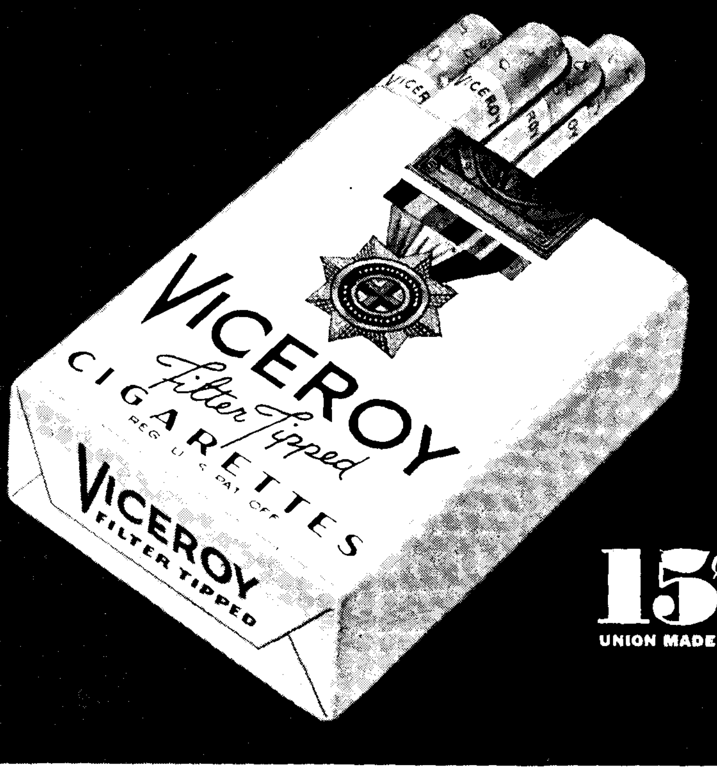
★ No tobacco crumbs in mouth

★ Throat-irritants checked

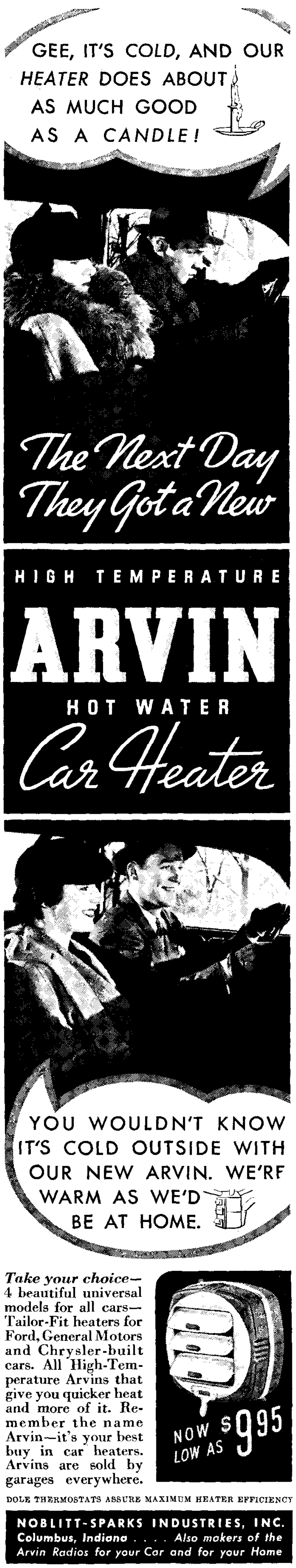
★ The true tobacco flavor brought out

★ An extra fine Turkish-Domestic blend

. . . your smoke comes clean



15¢
UNION MADE



GEE, IT'S COLD, AND OUR HEATER DOES ABOUT AS MUCH GOOD AS A CANDLE!

The Next Day They Got a New

HIGH TEMPERATURE ARVIN HOT WATER Car Heater

YOU WOULDN'T KNOW IT'S COLD OUTSIDE WITH OUR NEW ARVIN. WE'RE WARM AS WE'D BE AT HOME.

Take your choice—4 beautiful universal models for all cars—Tailor-Fit heaters for Ford, General Motors and Chrysler-built cars. All High-Temperature Arvins that give you quicker heat and more of it. Remember the name Arvin—it's your best buy in car heaters. Arvins are sold by garages everywhere.

NOW LOW AS $9.95

DOLE THERMOSTATS ASSURE MAXIMUM HEATER EFFICIENCY

NOBLITT-SPARKS INDUSTRIES, INC.
Columbus, Indiana . . . . Also makers of the Arvin Radios for your Car and for your Home

(Continued from page 65)

with chatter, with introductions. There was a smell of perfume and of bay rum added to the smell of the flowers and the wood fire. The sound of ice in the shaker.

Anita thought the dinner went very well. Baxter Russell was on her right, a compact, wiry little man with bristling hair and mustache. He smoked between courses and talked volubly, largely about broadcasting. Anita tried to ask intelligent questions and wished she knew more about it. She never listened to the radio herself, although she had bought one for the servants.

Jenny Pratt was getting along nicely with Jim Todhunter. He was a young lawyer in Gilbert's office who had made a hobby of collecting American folk songs. Alene Todhunter had been on the stage for two years and knew everything that was going on in the theatrical world. She was on the other side of Mr. Russell.

Jenny was wearing the blue taffeta and she wore small rhinestone earrings. Although they slightly cheapened the dress, you could not say they were offensive. Whenever she could she tried to hear what Baxter Russell was saying. Her eyes were gleaming with excitement.

Gilbert was making himself pleasant to the two older women. In his lexicon the words client and friend were interchangeable. Now and then he glanced nervously in Anita's direction.

If on her part she felt tonight that she was unappreciated, it no longer mattered. Soon she too would be somebody and Gilbert needn't feel apologetic . . . perhaps protective was a better word. The day she heard Gilbert referred to as Anita Snowden's husband, she thought, she would be perfectly happy.

She tried to think of the future that lay ahead of her, not of the ordeal that evening. I must be perfectly at ease. I won't really eat anything but the salad—I'll just push it around. There's no reason to feel the least nervousness. Every day in every way . . .

Jenny caught her eye and smiled gaily. She looked animated, flushed, almost pretty. She was enjoying herself. It was an adventure for her, something to talk about and remember for months. But Jenny had nothing to worry about. It wasn't Jenny that people would be looking at, commenting upon, perhaps criticizing.

Mr. Russell was talking to Alene, so Anita turned to Dr. Sanderson. She must draw him out.

"Do tell me all about your work at the university. Such a wonderful opportunity . . . for the boys, I mean. I don't know anything about politics," she said, "except that I'm a Republican." She found it difficult to draw out Dr. Sanderson.

IN THE drawing room conversation was lively and more general. Mr. Carter told them about a marvelous Ethiopian Ballet he was importing for a season in New York and on the road. Mrs. Sanderson told Jenny all about her philosophy, glad of a new listener, promising her a ticket for her next lecture. Anita finally got Jim talking of North Carolina and its songs, and worked up to the suggestion that he give them a few samples. Jim demurred, had to be urged, was dragged to the piano. Anita looked at Jenny, sat down, her knees shaking. Jenny nodded encouragement, came over to her.

"I'm having the loveliest time," she said softly. "Oh, you do look beautiful in that gown!"

Anita patted her hand. "I hoped you'd enjoy it," she whispered. "Hush." Jim began to tell them of the mountaineers and their music, briefly, before he sang.

He does it so easily, Anita thought. As if it were nothing at all to get up before people. Some day I'll be like that, too. But not tonight . . . not when everything in life hung on the impression she would make on Baxter Russell. She looked for him, thinking for an awful moment that he had slipped out, then found him at the end of the room, being very attentive to Alene and not listening to Jim at all.

Perhaps he wouldn't listen to her either. She must make him listen. Anita wiped the palms of her hands with her chiffon handkerchief.

JIM sang three songs, his voice going strangely nasal, his eyes half closing, his mouth twisting a little to one side. There was a spatter of applause, a murmur of "so interesting," "how truly quaint," after each one.

When he got up from the piano bench and lit a cigarette everyone begged him not to stop, but he shook his head and laughed, saying, "No. It's somebody else's turn to play the clown."

Anita knew suddenly that she could not do it.

Mrs. Carter said, "Won't you sing something, Mrs. Snowden?"

Gilbert said, "I think Anita's been working very hard over some songs. . . ."

Jenny stood up, with a little gesture for Anita to precede her to the piano.

Now was the time to say, "Why, of course. If you'd like to hear me. I'm not really prepared to sing in public, but if Miss Pratt . . ." But she could not.

"You do it," she whispered to Jenny. "Give me a little time. Sing something, play something. Anything. It doesn't matter."

"Please, Anita," Jenny urged. "You sing them so beautifully."

But Anita only bit her lip, like a frightened child.

"Miss Pratt is going to play for us," she said to the others. "After that, perhaps . . . I know you'll all enjoy hearing Miss Pratt. She's almost a professional."

Jenny went to the piano.

When she sat down on the bench, her arms and hands white against the blue taffeta frock, her head dropping a little, the soft hair falling against her cheeks, she looked very young and appealing. She's a darling, Anita thought. She'd do anything for me. She's the only person in the room except Gilbert that I . . .

Jenny's hands crashed down on the keys in the opening bar of a Spanish dance. It was no classical piece; it was not even good music, but the authority, the gaiety with which Jenny played it set heads nodding and toes twitching.

Oh, dear, thought Anita. I wish I could do that. I wish I'd learned to play the piano. I'm sure it's much easier to play before people than to sing.

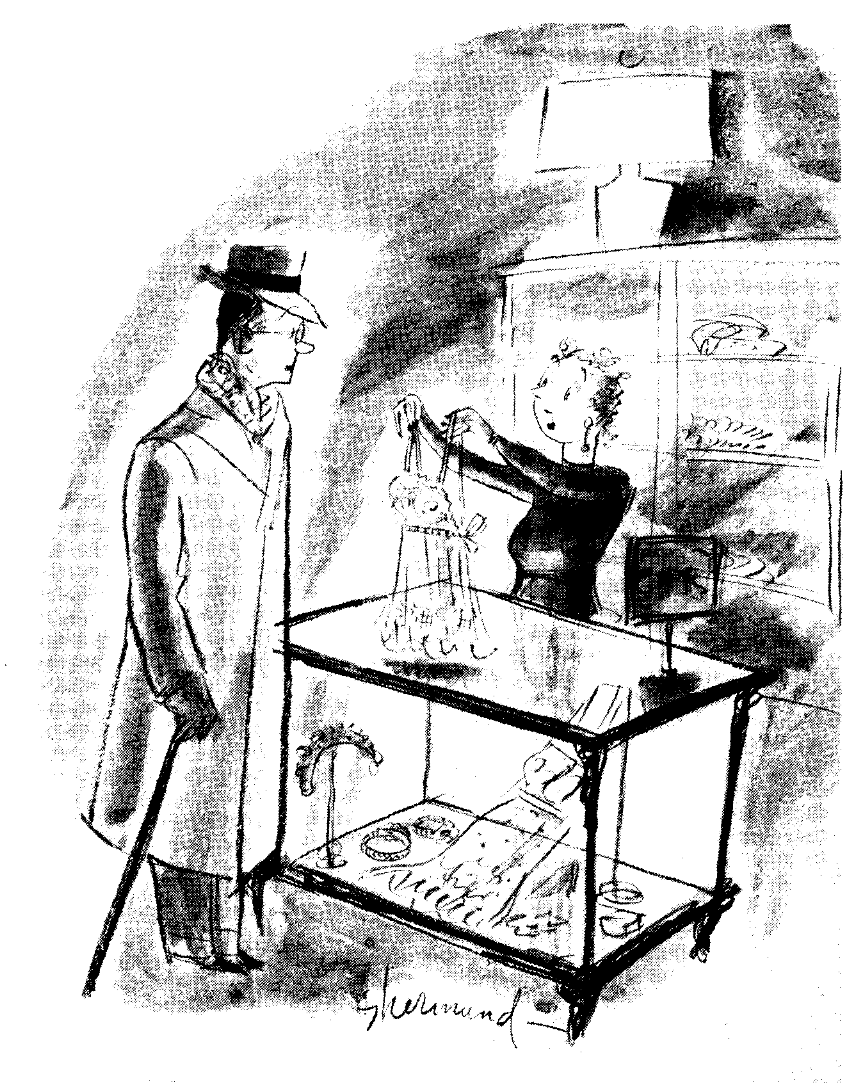
The applause that followed Jenny's piece was spontaneous and enthusiastic. Jenny turned her head, smiled, and bowed. She was completely at ease. A little, perhaps just a little, too professional . . . as if she'd been engaged as an entertainer.

SHE turned back to the piano. She used no notes, but just sat there a moment, making up her mind. Then she sang a French love song. It was a little piece from the music halls and Jenny had just enough voice to put it over. But there was something in the way she did it, an archness, a gaiety, a tenderness, so that it was less the singing of a song than a dramatic performance.

Baxter Russell had left Alene and was leaning over the end of the piano. When Jenny finished, he said: "Sing something in English, now, will you, Miss Pratt?"—not as if he were begging a favor but as if he were trying her out.

Jenny sang a torch song about a girl who had been jilted by her lover and

(Continued on page 68)



"Or is she just a nodding acquaintance!"

B. SHERMUND

FIRST NATIONAL
AUTOMOBILE SHOW
NEW YORK—1900
WINTON
RIKER
McKAY STEAM AUTOMOBILE
The Autocar Co
DAIMLER.
Locomobile
AS SALES GO UP—
PRICES COME DOWN
SALES
1937

FROM 4,192 CARS A YEAR TO OVER 4,000,000

—*with the aid of Instalment Buying*

As the curtain rises on the Thirty-seventh National Automobile Show, miracle cars are presented at new low prices, on terms to meet your convenience.

How different from the show of 1900, with its crude, high-priced "Horseless Carriages" that could be bought only for cash!

When the privileges of instalment buying were offered to men of average income, sales began to soar—prices to drop. Cars were no longer the exclusive property of the rich. Any responsible person could enjoy one, paying part cash and the balance monthly.

As sales increased new and better models appeared. Yet prices continued to drop so that still more people could afford the convenience and comfort of independent transportation. Today, there are two cars to every three American families. And you can get a superb 1937 model for a fraction of former prices, whether you buy for cash or on the C. I.T. Budget Plan.

For more than 20 years C. I. T. has aided in the remarkable development of the automobile industry, which now employs, directly and indirectly, one out of every seven of the nation's workers.

Through a nationwide network of Local Offices the C. I. T. Budget Plan is helping responsible families everywhere to enjoy finer cars and such other modern conveniences as refrigerators, radios, washing machines and automatic heating plants.

$10,000 IN SAFETY AWARDS

If you are . . .
—a School Teacher
—a College Student
—a High School Student
—a Newspaper Reporter
—an Editorial Writer
—a Cartoonist
—a News Photographer

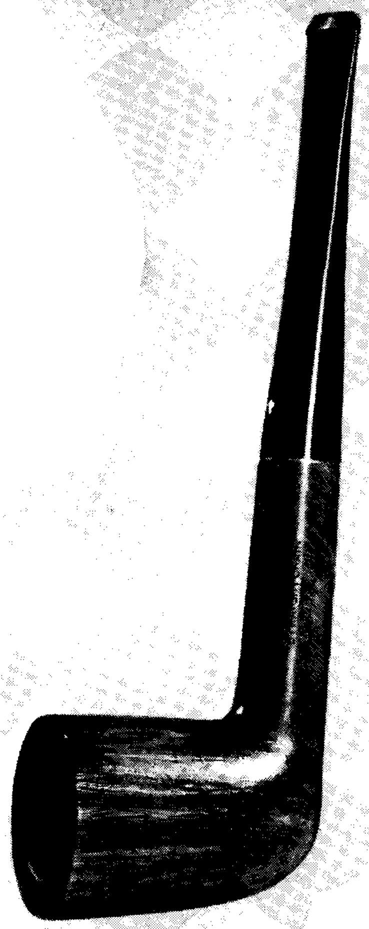
you may win one of the C. I.T. Safety Foundation Awards to help reduce traffic accidents. Write, stating occupation, to C. I.T. Safety Foundation, One Park Avenue, New York, for full details.

C.I.T.

COMMERCIAL INVESTMENT TRUST INCORPORATED • C. I. T. CORPORATION, NEW YORK, CHICAGO, SAN FRANCISCO
UNIVERSAL CREDIT COMPANY • EQUIPMENT ACCEPTANCE CORPORATION • CANADIAN ACCEPTANCE CORPORATION
LIMITED • COMMERCIAL FACTORS CORPORATION • WILLIAM ISELIN & CO., INC. • MEINHARD, GREEFF & CO., INC.
SUBSIDIARY COMPANIES OF
COMMERCIAL INVESTMENT TRUST CORPORATION
One Park Avenue, New York

AN INTERESTING BOOKLET, "BUYING OUT OF INCOME," WILL BE SENT TO YOU FREE ON REQUEST

The LAST WORD IN PIPES



STRAIGHT GRAIN
Kaywoodie $10

The King of Pipes — chosen from *11 million* pieces of briar wood which passed through our factories last year! The greatest collection of pipe-briar ever assembled. And every piece has to be cut into a pipe, before you know whether you have a Straight-Grain. We found only one in 3,000, selected with unerring judgment, and expert knowledge that comes from years of living with briar and making the world's pipes.

Your Straight-Grain Kaywoodie will be the envy of everybody, a pipe that is really different from the rest, and can never be duplicated—the finest and most beautiful pipe ever produced. If you love pipes (and who doesn't?) by all means go and see these pipes at your dealer's. We'll furnish names of dealers near you who have them for your inspection. Kaufmann Bros. & Bondy, Inc., New York and London.

The Famous DRINKLESS ATTACHMENT
Greatest Improvement for pipe-smokers in 50 years

(*Continued from page 66*)

was very, very unhappy. It was the sort of thing that made Anita's flesh crawl. Perhaps Mr. Russell wasn't liking it either. He wasn't looking at Jenny now; he was staring at some spot on the ceiling, staring with a fixed, faraway look.

He did not join in the applause, but he went straight to Jenny and asked, "Where did you get that?"

"It's one of my own," Jenny told him.

"I see. Haven't I seen you up at the studios?"

"Yes, Mr. Russell."

"Come into my office tomorrow morning—eleven-thirty," he ordered her. "Got a proposition that might interest you."

"Yes, Mr. Russell. Thank you." She looked as though a king had spoken to her.

Anita felt the blood rush to her face. Now she knew that she could sing . . . sing as she had never sung before, her beautiful German Lieder. Now, after this claptrap of folk song and vaudeville, let them—let Baxter Russell—hear some real music, sung by a richly trained voice. It came to Anita in a flash: I can do it now because I have to do it. She was at the piano, her hand lightly on Jenny's shoulder.

"That was very nice indeed," she said to her. "Now, if you'll take this . . ." She selected a sheet of music from the rack.

MR. RUSSELL turned to her with animation.

"Dear Mrs. Snowden! It's been such a pleasure, so really delightful . . . and this young lady . . . Ah, you're a clever woman, Mrs. Snowden! A good fairy, I should say, and I'm sure Miss Pratt appreciates your little strategy, and so do I!"

"Oh, Anita darling," cried Jenny, sparkling. "I do appreciate it! You're an angel if there ever was one. I'm the happiest girl . . . But won't you sing now? Please, please do."

"Thank you, my dear. Yes, certainly, if you all want . . ."

"Please forgive me." Mr. Russell had her hand. "I must run along. An important broadcast on the air at eleven . . . my time's never my own in this game. Such a pleasure, such a great pleasure . . . you must come up and visit one of our broadcasts one day . . ." He kissed her hand, the stiff little bristles of his mustache tickling it; he spoke to Gilbert, he was gone.

Everyone in the room was crowding around Jenny.

"Such a charming gift," they were saying. "You're an artist—truly you are." ". . . a touch of Yvette Guilbert, isn't there, Carter?" "I know you'll be a wonderful success. Won't you come to tea . . . ?" And from Mrs. Sanderson, "You did beautifully. Now do say the little talk we had after dinner . . . I could feel you responding. . . ."

JENNY was happy, laughing, saying the right things to everyone.

No one was paying the slightest attention to Anita. No one cared that Jenny had played her false, after all she'd done for her, stolen her thunder, used her for her own ends.

Then she felt Gilbert's arm across her shoulder.

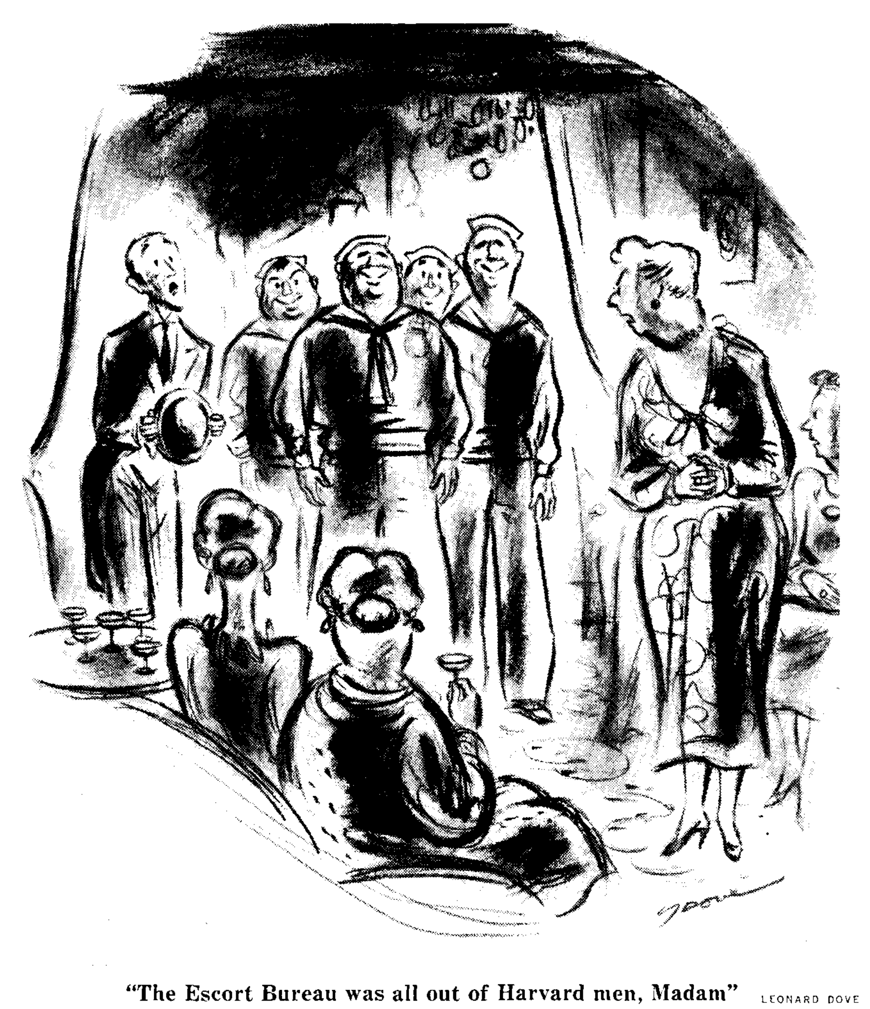
"I think," he was saying, "that this young lady deserves a pretty big hand, too. After all, she's the real discoverer. Miss Pratt's been playing on a radio program all season and Russell never noticed her there!"

Now the chorus was directed at Anita: her perspicacity, her generosity, the clever way she'd managed the whole thing.

She linked her arm in Jenny's.

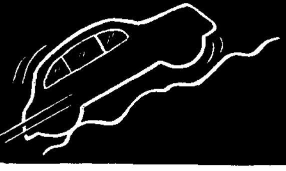
"Jenny's my friend," she said to them. "I'd do anything on earth for a real friend."

Standing there between Gilbert and Jenny, her heart felt warm, glowing with emotion. Of course, she thought, the child's just a little exhibitionist, an entertainer, but no one, not my worst enemy, can say I'm a snob.



"The Escort Bureau was all out of Harvard men, Madam" LEONARD DOVE

RED HEAD HEATERS
Can Take it!

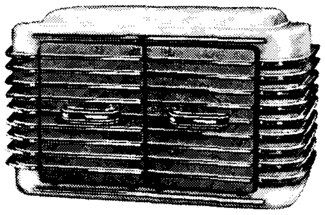


Your beautiful new Red Head car heater will keep you comfortable even in sub-zero weather. But that isn't all. A Red Head can take more punishment than you'll ever give it. And take it *silently*.

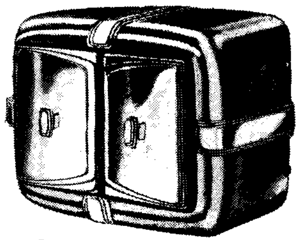
We have tested Red Heads at breakneck speed. Tested them over pitted ground that would tear the heart out of an ordinary heater. After every run we examined the Red Head Heater for breakage, leakage, rattles—everything. Red Head came through unharmed. Still as noiseless as the day it left the factory. Still delivering heat and plenty of it!

Buy the heater that can "take it." The heater whose oversize cores, "cold weather" motor and one-piece shell assure long, efficient, *silent* performance. See Red Head Heaters at your dealer's. If he doesn't have them, write and tell us his name. We'll see about supplying him. And remember, Red Heads are as good as they *look!*

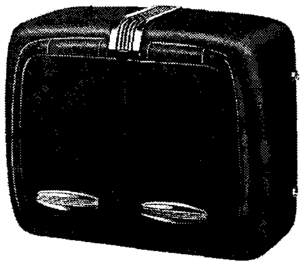
Associated Parts Mfg. Corp.
Brooklyn New York



Ultra De Luxe Model
Maroon Wrinkle and Chromium Finish



De Luxe Model. Gloss Walnut and Chromium Finish



Senior Model. Tan Wrinkle and Chromium Finish

RED HEAD HEATERS

Roads Into the Future

Continued from page 13

roads which serve this amazing automobile age. Their locations were settled for us not by engineers or surveyors, but by old Dobbin. Many, if not most of them, were laid out originally by some horseman picking his way leisurely among the trees. Later, wagon wheels widened them and beat them down and marked them out. They made some eccentric turns around which 1936 eight-cylinder cars try to skin at fifty miles an hour.

In time these roads—or some of them—became shell roads or gravel roads from town to favored resorts four or five miles out—to the fairgrounds or the creamery—ten feet wide, then twelve, then fourteen.

Then one day the horseless carriage roared out on the highway snorting along at twenty miles an hour and laying down a smoke screen of white dust that blotted out the landscape. When a bustling automobile salesman approached a prospect with the argument that in one of these new motorcars it was possible to bowl along the road at twenty-five miles an hour, the prospect dryly asked: "What road? Where?"

The simple truth is that that question had the automobile industry stopped. And so roads had to be provided for the new mode of transportation—wider roads, longer roads—roads that would lead twenty-five miles out of town, to the next town and the next; hard roads. And thus, with those old horse-and-wagon trails as a basis, the early road builders went to work. They had a choice of laying out entirely new highways or making the old ones fit the new needs. Of course few men looked into the future and saw the automobile age of today. So they adapted the existing roads and improved them a little at a time as best they could. Thus our road system grew.

Today it is fair to say that while on the whole the locations for roads we have will do—or will have to do—there are many locations which will have to be changed. I mean we will have to move roads away from where they now are to somewhere else. This may sound a little difficult, particularly in the case of expensive roads in built-up sections. But it is not impossible. It is actually being done.

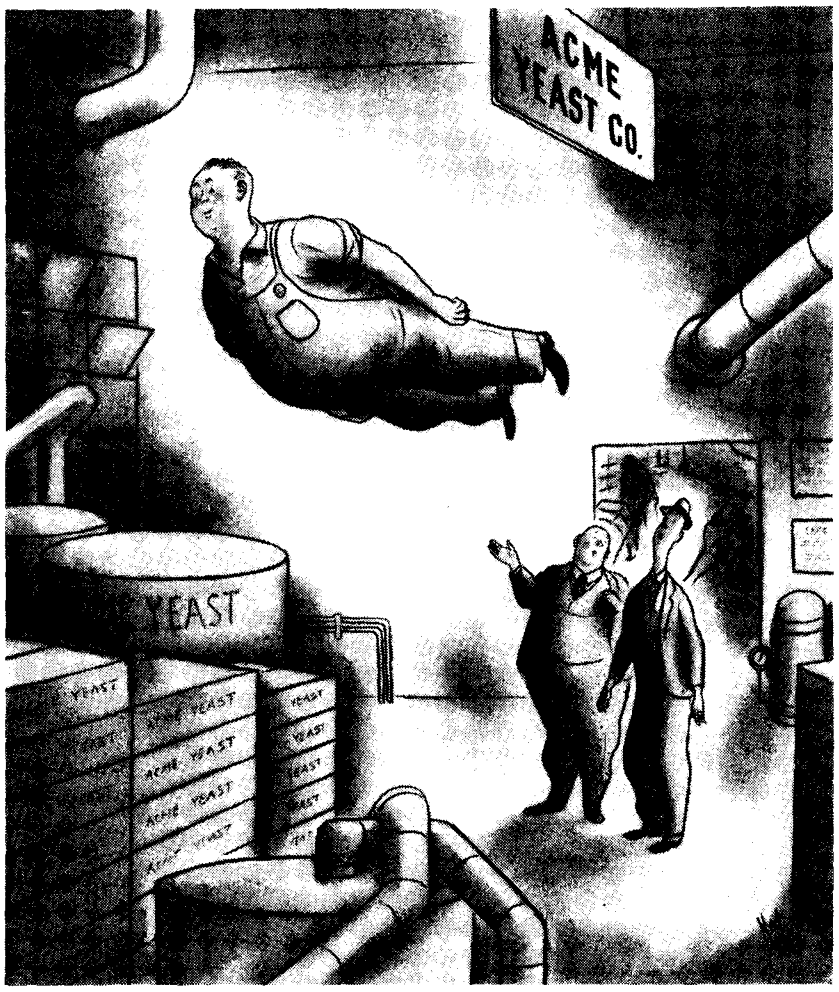
If you are motoring in the region of old Newburyport, you might have a look at the old turnpike which runs from Boston to Portsmouth. And incidentally you might learn something of our roads and how they came about. Roads have histories like colleges and churches. And here is one which illustrates an interesting phase of that history, as well as the point I was about to make about relocating roads.

This road was a private enterprise. It was built in 1803 when what we now think of as purely public property—the roads—were very much under the dominion of private business. You could have been tagged a bolshevist—or the equivalent of that term then—if you insisted too hotly on government ownership of the turnpikes. This road was built by the Newbury Turnpike Corporation which sold its stock for $420 a share. It built twenty-five miles of road and set up its tollgates. As a private business it flourished for thirty-five years.

Around the Town

But then one day a gang of men appeared and set to building a new kind of road. Wise men must have laughed at it—I mean the wise men who always know what *won't* work. It was the little narrow-gauge tracks of the Eastern Railroad. The turnpike near the road

(Continued on page 70)



"That's Mr. Jenkins, our chief taster"

NED HILTON

"Even at 215° below ...ZERONE protects"
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

I SAVED MONEY WITH "ZERONE" LAST YEAR

DON'T GUESS about anti-freeze protection this winter. "Zerone" passes every test for reliability and economy.

Du Pont scientists proved that "Zerone" can keep water from freezing *even at 215° below zero!* The weather never gets as cold as that, but you can be sure it won't take much "Zerone" to protect your radiator in the coldest weather you *will* meet. "Zerone" is so effective you need less of it, and the rate of evaporation loss is very low.

Road tests prove that "Zerone," in a clean cooling system, also improves engine performance and prevents rust and corrosion all year round. Write to du Pont for an interesting *free* booklet, "A New Way to Get More Power from Your Car."

Why take chances when you can get this *complete protection* with *a du Pont product* that is sold everywhere for *only $1 a gallon,* 25c a quart! "Zerone" was the choice of 3,000,000 motorists last winter, and they know it can't be beaten for all-season economy.

Let your nearest "Zerone" dealer give your car complete radiator protection. E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Company, Inc., "Zerone" Sales, Dept. C2, Wilmington, Delaware.

Only $1.00 a gallon
AND IT'S MADE BY DU PONT
DU PONT
DU PONT
ZERONE
Anti-Rust ANTI-FREEZE

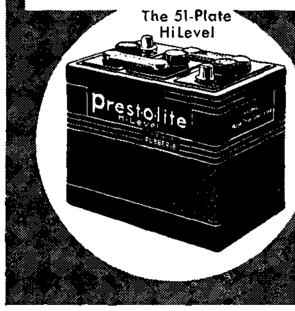
THE HUSBAND IS ALWAYS RIGHT

[illegible]

"I don't suppose it's ever occurred to you to have water put in that battery we had to buy last month."
"Nope! I'm not going to put any water in it until next spring. What do you think of that!"
"You listen to ME, Mr. Careless! That's what ruined the OLD battery. They told me so when I got that rental—and I'm not going to let it happen again."
"Keep calm, Honey! THIS battery's a Prest-O-Lite HiLevel. Needs water only once every four months. And DOES it turn that motor over!"
E.R.
"LOOK! This inside view shows why Prest-O-Lite HiLevel doesn't need constant attention . . . and how it can give a full flow of power long after an ordinary battery would be used up!"
HiLevel Battery
Ordinary Battery
Filling Level
Danger Line
By the time the battery fluid in a HiLevel drops to here
Filling Level
Danger Line
In an ordinary battery it falls to here
Exposed and powerless
Prest-O-Lite

THINK AHEAD when you buy your next battery. Choose a Prest-O-Lite HiLevel and enjoy the assurance of quick, easy starting, brilliant lights and full radio power. The HiLevel has extra plates, extra reserve capacity, and extra life, yet it costs you only a little more than an ordinary battery. Get a Prest-O-Lite HiLevel and forget your battery troubles!

PREST-O-LITE BATTERY CO., Inc.
Oakland, Calif. INDIANAPOLIS, IND. Toronto, Can.


The 51-Plate HiLevel
Prestolite

A Battery for Every Car . . . Every Purse

Prest-O-Lite

HI LEVEL REDUCES RISK OF BATTERY TROUBLE BY 75%

(*Continued from page* 69)

flourished for a few more years and then sank into the arms of the bankruptcy court. Bit by bit it became a free road and sank into disrepair. However, it lasted through the decades. But by 1907 the Massachusetts Commission said it was through—no good, run down, hopeless surface, too narrow and so on. But a couple of years later the Commission decided to revamp it. The road was widened to sixteen feet, then to eighteen feet and surfaced with gravel. Eight hundred cars a day sped over its surface at thirty miles an hour. Then about 1928 it was hard-surfaced and widened to thirty feet, and in places forty feet. Over the new road in 1933 about 15,000 cars a day traveled. One might have supposed this road was finished.

But the next phase of this road's personal history has been to have the Commission decide that a whole section of it—a mile and a quarter long—is in the wrong place. It was marked for relocation. And this relocation had to be made in a spot where land values were high and every kind of difficulty presented itself. Yet it has been done.

The road ran right through Newburyport. For a mile and a quarter it encountered railroad tracks, traffic, bad cross streets, every form of hazard. Now it is being diverted through a different part of the city. In places it has been depressed as much as forty feet. In other places it has been built on a twenty-foot fill.

Instead of forty feet, there are two thirty-foot roadways on either side of a neutral park strip. The whole right of way is two hundred feet wide. For a mile and a quarter, a whole block wide—between two established streets—this wide, clear ribbon of road runs, so that the motorist or truck pilot entering Newburyport glides swiftly and with only a single traffic-light interruption right through the town.

It is only a few years ago since motor traffic to Boston flowed along the ancient, but busy Boston Post Road. It went crawling through busy town after town, using Main Streets as express highways along which cars crawled at the rate of about ten miles an hour. Today much of that traffic streams out of the Boston Post Road above Mount Vernon, New York, and flows with hardly any interruption along the Hutchinson River Parkway, a continuous broad lane flowing under countless bridges which are streets of towns, past those towns or through them without seeing them.

Here is one of the great problems of the road builders, comparable to the problem of grade crossings, only more serious, more pressing. In the early days of the motor, as great highways were formed, they were made up of scraps of road leading from here to there. When the road reached a town, Main Street was hooked in and made a part of the highway.

Costly Traffic

The merchants liked this. They thought it brought them trade, that passing motorists paused and shopped in their bazaars. The townspeople liked it. It was impressive to see an endless variety of license plates speeding through the main stem. You saw signs reading, "You are entering Jazzburgh—Welcome to Jazzburgh." At the other end the sign read: "You are leaving Jazzburgh, Goodby—Come again!" But if those signs read as the merchants think now, that parting salutation would be, "You are leaving Jazzburgh. Goodby and stay away!"

The travel traffic jams business in the town's streets, interferes with the orderly trade of the natives and costs the town money. To meet this, the traffic in many towns has been routed off Main Street through certain residence streets—narrow, winding, endlessly turning corners, cluttering up and ruining property values and lending menace to life and limb. One of the most important jobs in the next phase of road building is going to be the construction of these through-passes like Newburyport's or the circumferential highway which sends the cars around the city on an entirely new road.

As everyone knows, New York's streets are in most places almost impassable. All the cross streets are narrow, built for the horse-and-buggy era. What would happen if all the vast buildings disgorged their human contents into the narrow streets at once no one can picture. In places there would be three layers of people in the streets. If that mysterious Red Army which frightens the souls of so many patriots suddenly appeared outside the town gates and all of us took to our cars at once for flight to the hinterland it would take three weeks for a car to move from Forty-second Street to Forty-third Street.

Over and Under

This may sound like an exaggeration. It is not many years ago, along the water front downtown, that trucks came in ceaseless streams to the piers, the wholesale markets, the numerous terminals. It was not uncommon for a truck to leave 125th Street, reach Canal Street in an hour and then camp there, caught in the traffic. By nightfall the truck was perhaps two blocks below Canal Street. Then the driver went home and to bed and returned in the morning to resume his place on his trapped truck—to attempt the almost impossible task of trying to move a few more blocks to his market before nightfall. This is the kind of thing men will endure. That has been relieved now by building a great central terminal market elsewhere.

Piloting a motorcar into and through the streets of this bewildering Babylon is a job to affright the soul of a stranger. It would be impossible were it not for the astounding plans for handling traffic which have been, in the last year, partially completed.

Unfortunately it is very difficult to describe in words these extensive plans. And it is almost as difficult to illustrate them by means of pictures because of their extent. They are not only dramatic but enormously important because they illustrate what every city will have to do, of course on a smaller scale, to meet the new transportation needs of the motor age.

You have to think of Manhattan—old New York—as an island planted in the center of an immense district, surrounded by the other boroughs of the city and the counties of New Jersey and New York which are part of the metropolitan district. In that space are more than a million motor vehicles, more cars than in all of Germany. Every street and street crossing seems to be crawling with human beings and jammed with long lines of cars.

It would be fruitless to try to tell what is being done about all this. But we can look at just one line of traffic and understand the whole. As a result of road-building operations for several years, largely with federal recovery funds, you can start far out on Long Island, say twenty-five miles from Broadway and 42nd Street and drive toward town along the Grand Central Parkway. This is a beautiful, continuous stream of smooth white concrete, in places six lanes wide, stretching along mile after mile without an interruption. Bridges carry the streets of all the towns you pass over this roadway. On each side of the roadway is a wide margin of beautifully landscaped greensward so that you seem to be driving through a long park, though you are actually skirting along, past and around towns and neighborhoods, many of them as populous as good-sized cities.

Ultimately this brings you to Astoria in New York City on the East River and presently you find yourself on an elevated highway rising slowly above the roofs; then over the river on the new Triborough Bridge, across Randall's Island and into Manhattan at 125th Street. This magic bridge, eight lanes wide, made of gleaming white metal, light and fairylike, carries you over an immense population, factories, wharves, two rivers, railroads—and sets you down in a quiet corner of upper Manhattan after a twenty-five-mile drive almost without interruption. Then you must make your way across Manhattan and its crowded streets, but uptown where traffic is less congested. Ultimately you will be able to move across in depressed or elevated streets. It is a distance of about a mile and a half at this point. But once on the other side of the island, the not-quite-finished elevated highway awaits you to take you from 125th Street along Riverside Drive to Canal Street—over 150 blocks of continuous, uninterrupted traffic, without a single traffic light, across 150 of the most crowded streets in the world. There a brief two- or three-block crawl through city traffic and the great Holland Tunnel yawns for you. This takes you under the Hudson River and then onto that magnificent, seemingly impossible skyway which leads you right over two immense cities—Jersey City and Newark—about ten miles along and at places rising as high as the highest factory chimneys, and sets you down near Elizabeth, New Jersey—a long journey of nearly forty-five miles, right through the most populous and crowded city in the world and its immense satellites, in an almost continuous journey. And this is only a part of the vast program which New York City, St. Louis, Detroit, Chicago and many others are carrying forward to make it penetrable.

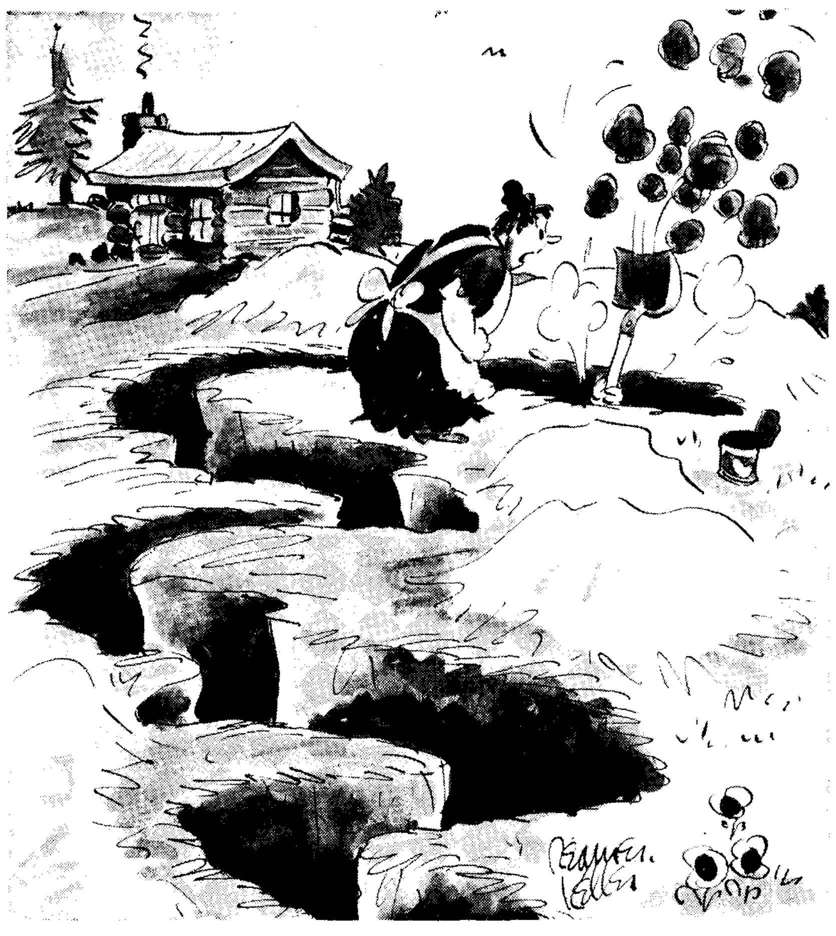
This is the problem of the cities down to the smallest of them. And its solution will consume the road-building energies of the nation for years to come. But of course this is not the only thing that has to be done with our roads. There are those three million miles stretching and crisscrossing around the country which need looking over for their own peculiar weaknesses. And there is the great issue of safety on the roads. For, after all, while we are interested in providing highways over which our motorists may move about with dispatch, we are also deeply concerned with the terrible problem of road hazards which chew up so many lives every day. One need not be a road engineer to realize that roads built originally for a nation of eight or ten million cars going twenty to forty miles an hour are not suited to a nation of twenty-five million cars rushing over the highways at fifty and sixty miles an hour. And at this moment the federal government is sponsoring an ambitious plan for a great national survey of our roads. The survey has, in fact, been almost completed in some states. This survey is being made in each state under the direct supervision of the highway commission of the state but in accordance with plans and techniques worked out by the Bureau of Public Roads in the Agricultural Department.

Not a Single Paved Road

Its first aim is to find out how many roads we have. It is customary to say we have something over 3,000,000 miles of them. But that may turn out to have been just a fair guess. In one state, when they finished their survey, they discovered they were shy about 11,000 miles. They had 11,000 miles less than they had always supposed. It may be so elsewhere. But when this survey is done the Bureau will be able to make for the first time a real map of our roads, with full and detailed data about each one and, above all, what they need. And they need plenty.

Merely as an example for those who think our roads are finished, New York State found that the state has 50,968 miles of highways but that only 16,262 miles of them are now adequate. The

(Continued on page 72)

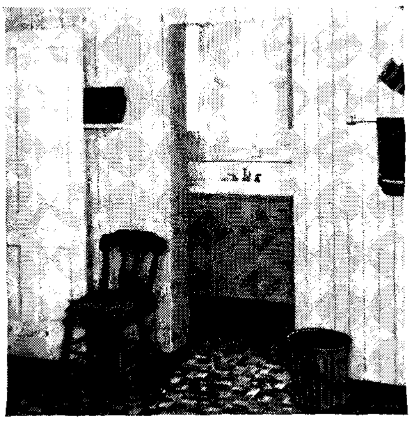


"I wouldn't get so het up, Pappy, just because a fishin' worm outwitted me"

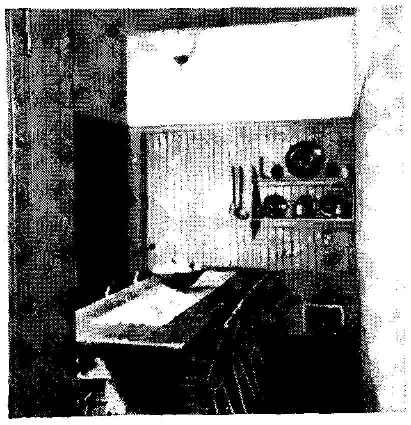
REAMER KELLER

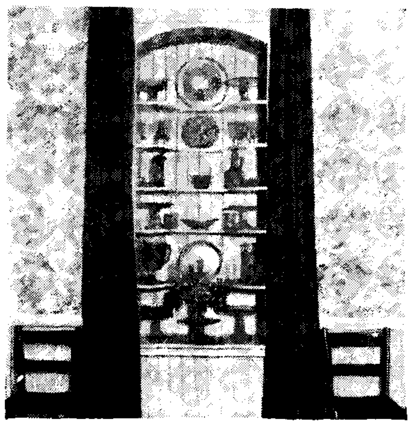
A Famous Artist
REMODELS AN
IOWA HOMESTEAD

● GRANT WOOD, creator of "American Gothic," "The Threshers," and other notable American paintings, recently purchased and remodeled this dwelling in Iowa City. Built in 1858, it is a striking example of the type of house erected during Iowa's pioneer days.



Mr. Wood's objective was to combine modern living comfort with the frontier atmosphere that prevailed when the house was built. The versatility of MASONITE PRESDWOOD was the solution. With it he achieved the webbed and grooved effects typical of pre-Civil War architecture—and provided his home with grainless, moisture-resisting walls that will neither warp nor crack.





MASONITE PRESDWOOD proved ideal in executing the unusual effects Mr. Wood desired. For example, the walls of the unique breakfast room are PRESDWOOD, grooved and left natural. It also forms the attractive open niche in the dining-room. Notice the graceful arch at the top.

● If you are interested in remodeling your present home, or obtaining beautiful, unusual results in your new home, let us tell you more about MASONITE PRESDWOOD and TEMPERED PRESDWOOD. Just mail in the coupon for FREE sample and further details.

It's Right MASONITE

MASONITE

THE WONDER WOOD OF A THOUSAND USES
FOR SALE BY LEADING LUMBER DEALERS EVERYWHERE

MAIL THIS COUPON

MASONITE CORPORATION, Dept. C-11, 111 W. Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

I am interested in MASONITE PRESDWOOD and MASONITE TEMPERED PRESDWOOD for ☐ remodeling; ☐ new building. Please send FREE sample and additional information.

Name__________

Address__________

City__________ State__________

(Continued from page 71)

state found there were nearly 3,000 miles which would require an expenditure of from four to eight thousand dollars a mile, and 22,000 miles which would require expenditures of $2,000 or less a mile. Averaging it up, New York should spend about $45,000,000 on her road system. This of course would not include the enormously expensive changes in cities such as I have described for New York City.

Already the survey has revealed that there are counties where there is not a single paved road. Indeed in one state in fifteen counties there was not a single mile of road better than gravel surfaced. And, out of those 3,000,000 miles we harp on, there are only about 100,000 miles which are concrete. It is this which leads Mr. Thomas M. MacDonald, chief of the Bureau of Roads, who is managing this survey and who builds roads for Uncle Sam, to say that whereas the phase of road building just finished dealt with providing a great main highway system, the next phase will deal largely with the feeder roads.

In this survey the first emphasis is being put on safety. The road system we have today has got to accommodate cars that can go seventy and eighty miles an hour and do actually go fifty and sixty miles an hour on the open roads. The inevitable result is accident, destruction of cars and loss of life. And so in this great survey of our roads, the operators are looking for what Mr. MacDonald calls sore spots. What are they?

The Five-Point Plan

First, there is the sharp curve. These curves grew into the roads without plan, of course, because the roads followed the lines of the old wagon wheels. Engineers have studied the subject and have decided that no curve where the driver cannot see ahead clearly for 1,000 feet is safe on a highway. Two cars approaching each other around a curve at high speed will not see each other until five seconds before they pass each other. A moment's distraction by a driver and even that is a small margin. But where roads slant sharply around with only a hundred or two hundred or four hundred feet visibility, two swiftly passing cars will not see each other until half a second, a second or two seconds before they actually pass. Wherever the surveyors find a curve with less than 1,000 feet of clear visibility, they will mark it a sore spot. Every such curve should be eliminated. They are as dangerous as grade crossings.

Second, there is the question of grade. Here, of course, we have both the elements of safety and cost of operating a car. Engineers have decided that no highway should have a grade of more than five per cent. All grades of more than that will be put down as sore spots.

Third, the matter of road alignment will be studied. Of course, motorists know what a disagreeable effect is produced by running a car swiftly on a highway which waves like a roller coaster. But the element of safety is quite seriously impaired on such a road. As you drive along in one lane, you become aware very suddenly of a car approaching you, emerging from the trough of the road-wave just ahead. The car soars over the crest of the road and looms into view often only a second before you pass it. Countless accidents result from this on narrow roads and on broader ones where one car attempts to overtake and pass another one and then is suddenly confronted with a car coming from the opposite direction which could not be seen because of the rise.

Fourth, there is the matter of road width. At first the attempt was made to make automobile roads at least fourteen feet wide, then sixteen, then eighteen. Now, of course, many are twenty-six and others still wider. But the predominant road is still the two-lane road, from eighteen to twenty feet wide. These were all right for cars passing each other at thirty or thirty-five miles an hour—and it's none too safe for them. But over countless miles, roads have become frayed on the edges. Any motorist can testify to the condition of roads where erosion of the soil and heavy hammering for a number of years have cracked the road along the edges. The effect is to reduce the width of the road by twelve to eighteen inches on each side. Thus the eighteen-foot road is really a sixteen- or even fifteen-foot road; the twenty-foot road may be in practice a seventeen- or an eighteen-foot road. And this is utterly unsafe for cars which rush by each other at fifty and sixty miles an hour, around curves, over short and steep grades, with only an eight-foot channel for each car to shoot through as it goes by the other. All these will be noted on the map as sore spots.

Philbert

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

By FRANK OWEN

"Okay, cowboy, Mamma wants your spurs to set the table!"

Fifth and finally, roads, like all things made by man, have a way of wearing out. A road can get tired, does get tired. A fresh, strong road bends when heavy traffic passes over it—not much, but a small fraction of an inch. If it is in sound health it springs into place the moment the burden is withdrawn. If it does not so act, it is a sign of fatigue. And there are countless miles of fatigued road, weary with the long struggle to hold up thousands of cars a day.

Roads, which look so still and rigid, are in fact in constant movement. Not as restless, of course, as the sea, but restless enough. Roads, however hard, must have this resilience. When they haven't—when they cease moving, when their heartbeat comes to an end—the roads come to an end.

If you want to know what we must do to our roads, you must take a look at this great map which the Road Bureau is compiling as the surveys are completed. When you see the countless thousands of "sore spots" on these millions of miles of good roads, you will know how vast a job lies ahead of our road builders.

And there is another great hazard—the night. Bad visibility on the roads, the glare of headlights, the presence of careless drivers. An insurance company bulletin informs me that in 1935 there were 36,100 people killed in automobile accidents in this country. Of these, 21,480 were killed at night, 14,620 were killed in daylight. Put differently, 98 people were killed in automobile accidents every twenty-four hours. Fifty-eight were killed at night, forty in the daytime. And this, despite the fact that there are only about one fifth as many cars on the streets and highways at night as during the day.

Moving a Church

There is no time here to do more than mention this subject, but we are running fifty-mile engines along highways primitively illuminated for slow travel. Thus the lighting of the highways becomes a major problem along with all the other reforms needed in them.

Making these corrections, of course, is not going to be a simple matter. The road builders face tremendous obstacles—all sorts of obstacles, physical and human.

Consider Woodward Avenue in Detroit, where everyone seems to have a car and a half. Woodward Avenue came to be the most traveled channel through which traffic flowed out of the city in one direction. Through innumerable broad avenues pours an impossible stream of cars into Woodward Avenue. For years the city has been discussing the necessity of making it wider. It took a depression and a national public works program to make this improvement possible. But when the engineers set to work they found what is of course found along all roads—all sorts of difficult physical and human limitations.

First of all, land had grown enormously valuable while Detroit discussed widening Woodward Avenue. It cost something over a million dollars actually to construct the widened highway. But the total cost was $14,000,000. Nearly ten million of that was consumed buying the necessary real estate and the balance in reconstructing sidewalks and making other necessary improvements. The federal government supplied the funds for the widening operation, but the county and state had to foot the bills for the property.

Then the road builders had to take down buildings to widen their road. This is a usual chore and doesn't frighten engineers. But it so happens that occasionally a proposed road correction or widening project will lead right through the heart of some structure which is surrounded and buttressed and sanctified by the sentimental attachment of great numbers of people. In this case it happened to be a couple of churches, one St. John's Episcopal Cathedral. One part of this church had to be taken down, almost brick by brick. The balance, on rollers, had to be moved sixty feet away. Then the huge steeple, also moved on rollers, had to be nudged back an inch at a time and refastened to the church while the front was reconstructed brick by brick again. And all the time this great boulevard had to be rebuilt with all the cross streets kept open.

And so, apparently, we are in for a tremendous program of highway construction and improvement. But who is going to pay for it? Well, most of the road building in the past has been paid for by the motorists. But one thing is certain—the era of heavy bond issues for road building is at an end. There is no reason why the roads should not be paid for as they are built or rebuilt. At present we still owe something over three billion dollars for the road building we have already accomplished. It would therefore be more proper to say the roads have been paid for by motorists and with borrowed funds.

Paying the Bill

There seems to be no reason why motorists should not be taxed to pay for roads and to maintain them. However, it is also proper to recognize that adjoining property holders also derive great money benefits from road construction and should therefore help foot the bill as they do in cities for streets. Hence automobile taxes and gasoline taxes and property taxes and, perhaps, taxes on those industries and businesses which flourish along the roads might be used for the future road program. But care should be taken to prevent moneys collected by states and counties for road building and maintenance from being diverted to other uses.

There is every reason why the state and the federal government should spend money for relief and recovery. But there is no reason why the motorist, any more than any other citizen, should be asked to foot the bill. As a citizen of course he ought to bear his share. But he should not have an additional burden put on him because he owns a motorcar.

Yet in 1934 about $184,000,000 of the moneys collected in gasoline and other motor taxes were withdrawn from road work and used for relief, education, general expenses and all sorts of things. And, while this subject has been agitated for several years, the amount of diversions continues to grow. In 1930 the diversions were about $34,000,000. In 1934 they were over five times that much.

It would indeed be difficult to use these funds on a sounder project. For while we go forward with the perfection of our road system we not only provide commerce and the population with a better instrument of transportation but we at the same time provide employment in an important group of industries—since about 90 per cent of the road dollar goes into labor—and we press forward the great campaign for driving safely which has gripped the country's imagination.

Focused Tone

YOU CAN SEE IT!
YOU CAN HEAR IT!

–as it Automatically brings you [illegible] *ect Tone*

GENERAL ELECTRIC
CBS
Off-Focus Tone
G-E Focused-Tone
Off-Focus Tone

BURNS and ALLEN—Two of radio's merriest comedians

—harsh, blurred, discordant tone. Nine out of ten people unknowingly tune in their radios off focus.

[illegible]

—harsh, blurred, discordant tone. Nine out of ten people unknowingly tune in their radios off focus.

PERFECT radio reception demands perfect tuning. Yet nine out of ten people unknowingly tune in their radios off focus.

The new General Electric radio automatically corrects your tuning errors—in dramatic and amazing fashion. Set the dial the slightest bit off the mark and PRESTO!—it shifts itself into hair-line tuning. And, in the twinkling of an eye, the remarkable new Colorama Dial changes from red to green. When the dial glows green you can be sure your program is in perfect Focused Tone. Music and speech gain a new realism that must be heard to be believed.

Focused Tone means much more than perfect tuning. It brings you the first Personalized Radio—with a Custom-tailored Personalized dial. Your local station letters flash on when you tune in. No more hunting up kilocycle numbers—because all stations are marked by *letters as well as kilocycles.* And the new G-F brings you *silent tuning.* You can switch programs at will without a single *squeal, squawk,* or *screech.*

See—and hear—the radio sensation of the year. Stop in soon at your nearest G-E Radio dealer's. Compare the new G-E on tone—on performance—on beauty of design—and on price—with any and all other radios. Make this test and you'll buy the new G-E.

WHAT IS FOCUSED TONE?

Focused Tone combines all the revolutionary new features described above, plus these new G-E Radio inventions and developments—G-E Metal Tubes; the G-E Sentry Box; G-E Stabilized Dynamic Speakers; G-E Sliding-rule Tuning Scale; G-E "V-doublet" All-wave Antenna. Focused Tone is G.E.'s greatest radio achievement. Only the new G-E gives it to you—AUTOMATICALLY—VISIBLY—INSTANTLY.

The new G-E brings you every radio service on the air—Foreign Broadcasts over ALL Short-wave bands; Domestic Short-wave stations; Domestic Programs—heard with new tone perfection; Police Calls; and Amateur Stations—day and night.

• • •

The new General Electric comes in 26 handsome models—priced from $22.50 to $750 (Eastern list)—slightly higher west and south.

When you replace metal tubes, always specify G.E.

GENERAL ELECTRIC *Radio*

You'll always be glad you bought a G-E

RESEARCH KEEPS GENERAL ELECTRIC YEARS AHEAD!

WHO SERVES PROGR

In Johnstown a century and a quarter ago, a pound of butter and a pound of iron cost the same. Both were sparingly produced in a time of low scale wages – forty to fifty cents a day for twelve hours. Today, in terms of iron, real wages have increased *one hundred tim* despite a one-third decrease in working hours – in term of butter, real wages have *doubled.* The difference in i crease dramatically spotlights the benefits of industri progress as shared by the whole people of America. Onc

YOUR MONEY GOES FARTHER IN A

CHEVROLET PONTIAC OLDSMOBILE BUICK

ESS SERVES AMERICA !

M-10001—the first train in history to travel from coast to coast in 56 hours 55 minutes. Distance: 3,334 miles. Power: Winton-Diesel engines of G.M. design.

People shook their heads when the idea of using Diesel engines for trains was first advanced. And they were right, so far as Diesels then in existence were concerned. But G. M. research engineers kept at the problem, and General Motors, because it had the resources safely to do it, could finance the years of patient work it took to develop the right design. And now, Winton-Diesel powered trains are running on regular schedules, setting new speed and distance and popularity records — a new factory has been built, and new jobs created — because progressive industry dared to tackle a big job in a big way.

cost fifty cents a ton mile to haul freight by pack-
dle or wagon. Now the railroads of America speed a
of freight at an average cost of one cent per mile.
e advances of industry and transport have made it
ssible to sell a pound of butter for a pound and a half of completed automobile. The future of our country depends less on legislative magic than on the continued rise of real wages accomplished by the free and productive use of our scientific and technological resources. In this sense, who serves progress serves America!

ENERAL MOTORS PRODUCT

SALLE CADILLAC DELCO FRIGIDAIRE

IT'S TEEMING WITH *thrilling innovations* ...THIS EXCITING 1937 STUDEBAKER

ACTUAL COLOR PHOTOGRAPH

IT'S THE SPOTLIGHT CAR IN *gas economy*

EXTRA ROOMY, EXTRA LUXURIOUS NEW INTERIORS AND THE WORLD'S MOST RESTFUL RIDE—*Collaborating with gifted Helen Dryden, Studebaker's body engineers have produced the most attractive interiors you will see in any car. New underslung rear axles and new lower frames permit the use of wide, deep, true chair-height seats and assure head room and leg room to spare.*

ONE of the first buyers of a new 1937 Studebaker drove his car the 871 miles from South Bend to New York and averaged 21½ miles per gallon for the distance! And that was with a brand new car!

The world's only car offering the dual economy advantage of the sensational Fram oil cleaner and automatic gas-saving overdrive, the new Studebaker, in addition, is easily the most sightly car that has appeared on the motoring scene in years!

It has the world's largest luggage capacity . . . the world's easiest closing doors with exclusive non-rattle rotary latches that take hold securely and end all need for slamming. And the beautifully air-curved new Studebaker steel body, with a paint finish twelve coats deep, is the world's strongest, safest and quietest.

See and drive a new Studebaker. It's the only car with the automatic hill holder . . . the only car with its exclusive new easy parking steering gear . . . the world's first car to offer a built-in warm air windshield defroster. And prices begin just a few dollars higher than those of lowest priced cars.

A MAGNIFICENT NEW
President Eight
125 INCH WHEELBASE . . . 115 HORSEPOWER
ONE OF AMERICA'S FIVE FINEST CARS
$965 and up

★

AN IMPRESSIVE NEW 90 H.P.
Dictator Six
OF AMAZING NEW GASOLINE AND OIL ECONOMY
$665 and up

**Prices quoted are list at factory, South Bend. Studebaker's C. I. T. plan offers low time payments.*

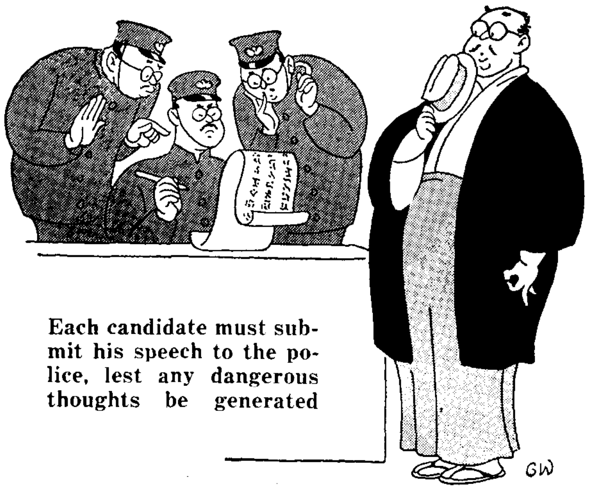
Exciting new Studebakers

No New Ideas Wanted

Japan cleaned up its politics. In last year's election it tossed 3,200 would-be voters into jail. Thirty-two successful candidates followed them. However eccentric politics may appear, they certainly don't do things by halves

By Jim Marshall

Collier's Staff Writer in the Orient



Each candidate must submit his speech to the police, lest any dangerous thoughts be generated

THE little man in the brown sack suit suddenly rose from his seat and hurled insults at the tall, gray-haired man in a dark kimono who, from a speaker's stand near the center of the great hall, read rapidly from sheets of paper covered with Japanese ideographs. Two hundred other men, seated at desks arranged in a semicircle around the speaker, appeared mildly interested.

The speaker's critic took up, member by member, the history of the speaker's ancestors for four generations back. The speaker paid no attention. The critic went, with some detail, into the speaker's attainments, literacy and general deportment. Nobody said a word. Finally the little man gathered himself together and, hurling his fists into the air, hissed:

"You lack virtue!"

Pandemonium now broke loose. The speaker scattered his manuscripts and rushed at his critic. Twenty men rushed the speaker's stand. Guards dashed in through half a dozen doors. Cameras clicked in the balcony. Reporters wrote furiously and dashed out to telephones. The president of the assembly, with a nonchalant air, tried for order.

A session of the Japanese diet was pursuing its normal course.

One member of the diet can, and often does, call another member a great many things and can—seeing there are no swear words in the Japanese language—make it sound pretty terrible. But telling a man he lacks virtue is the ultimate insult, and usually provokes a small riot.

When this happens, all Tokyo knows about it in a few minutes. Newsboys, ringing bells and shouting, dash through the streets, selling *go-gais*—small extra editions—with all the gory details. The thing is the talk of the town for two days.

The Japanese diet, which is the equivalent of the American Congress, meets in a dingy old building in downtown Tokyo. This December it will gather for the first time in a modern building, planned back in pre-earthquake days but delayed in construction because the great disaster of 1923 made other buildings more imperative.

The Japanese governmental setup looks democratic, on paper, with a cabinet, upper house, house of representatives and legislative procedure paralleling roughly that of Great Britain, France or the United States. Actually, the government is a despotism of one man, or, at most, two men.

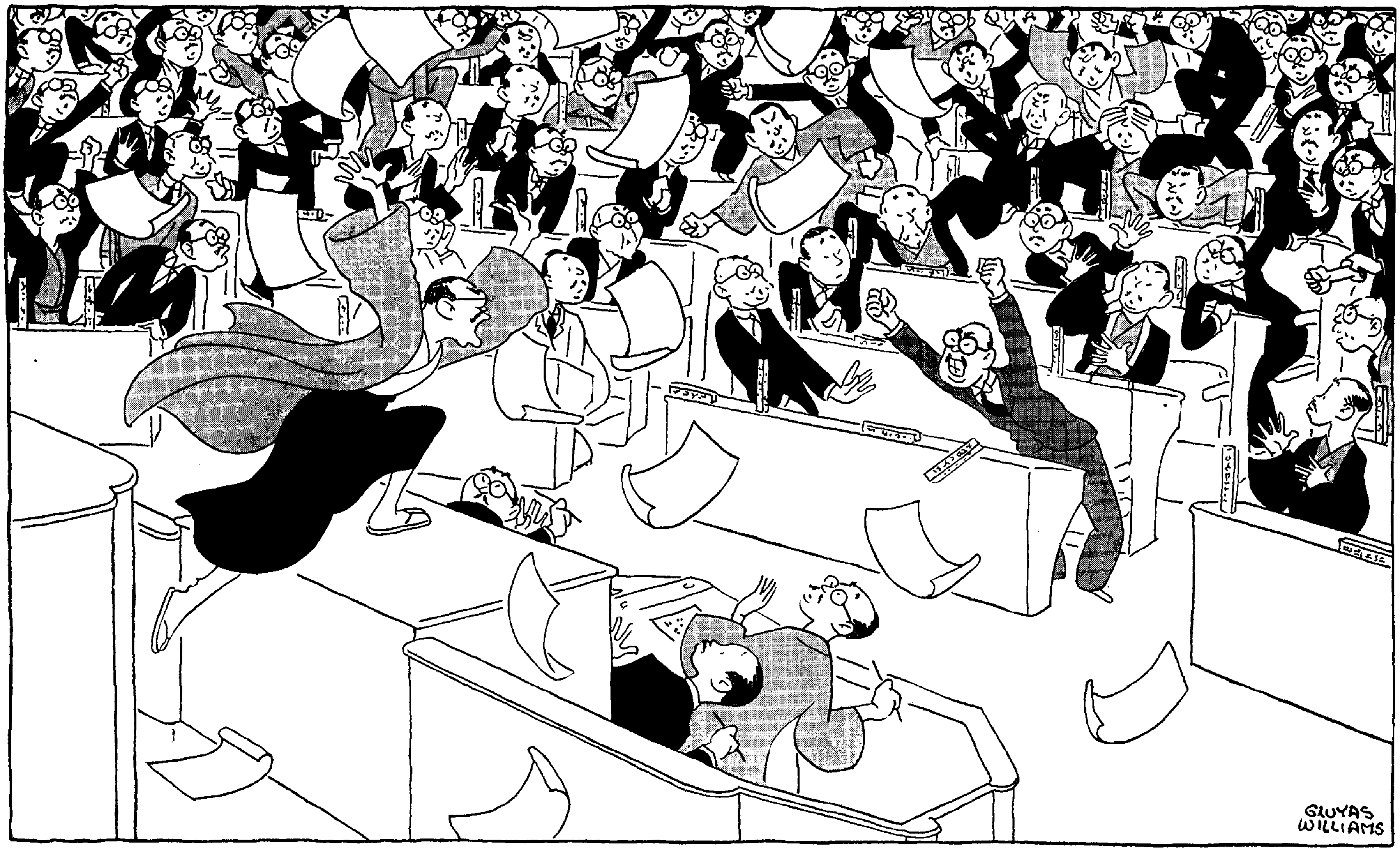
Key men are the Ministers of War and the Navy. Nominally, they are chosen by the premier; actually, they are chosen by groups in the Army and Navy, and the premier—and the public—have to accept them. The catch is that the cabinet cannot function unless it is complete and unless the premier accepts the choices of the militarists his administration collapses. Once in office, they hold absolute control, because if the administration does not obey their orders, they merely resign—and that's that. The cabinet becomes unworkable, the diet is dissolved and the country practically, though not in theory, goes under martial law.

It is as if, in America, the Secretary of War were chosen by the Army General Staff, and could wreck the Administration and dismiss Congress merely by picking up his hat, walking out and announcing, "I'm through!" if Congress tried to cut down the Army budget by as much as $2.67.

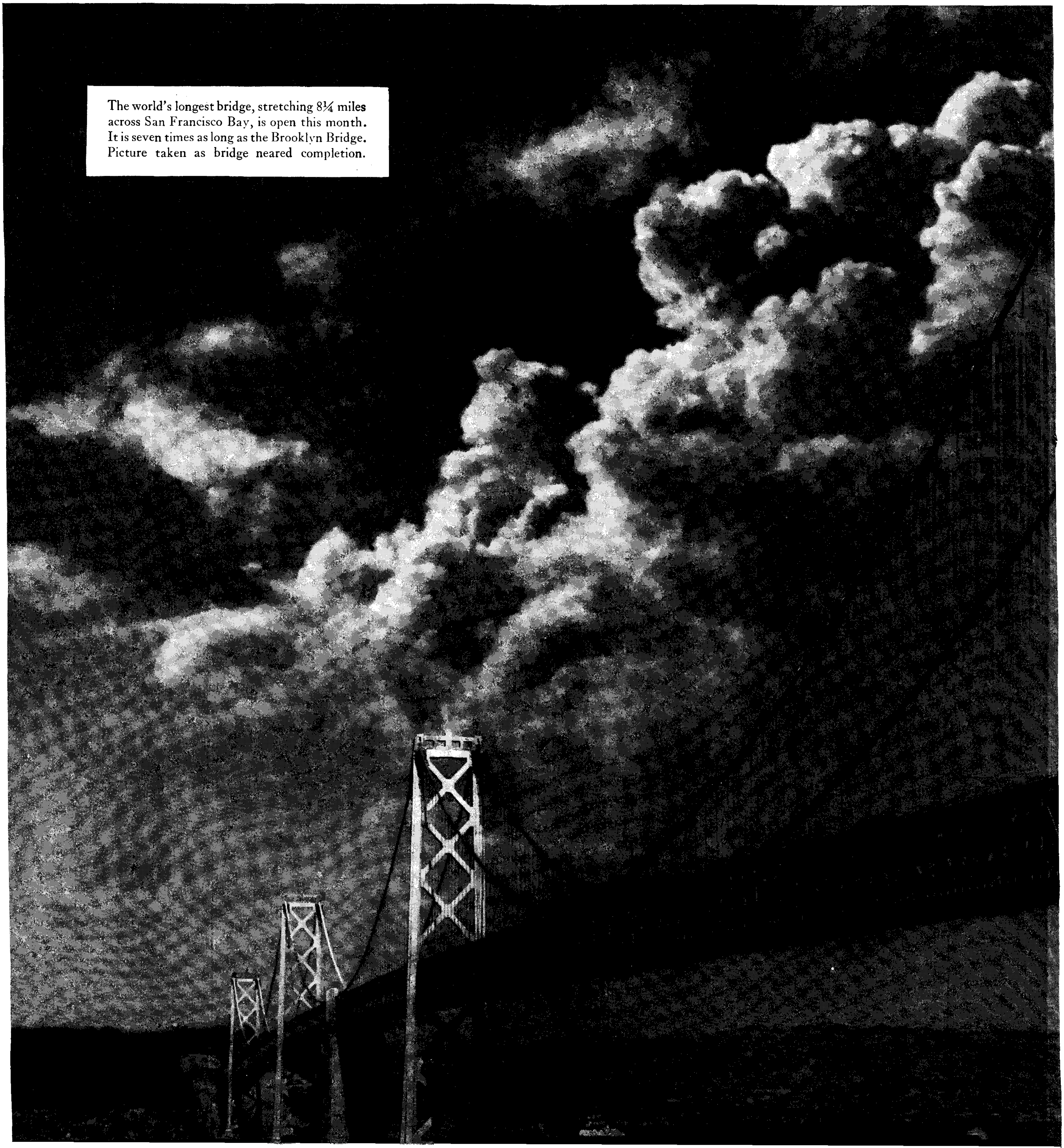
This scheme of government is so airtight there is absolutely no way to change it except by revolution. The people might elect representatives pledged en masse to alter the system—in which case the Minister of War would pick up his sword and wave a *Sayonara!*—and that would be the end of that attempt to democratize the government through the ballot. Army and Navy would support the war minister.

When a Japanese man—there are no women representatives or women voters—feels the urge to devote himself to the

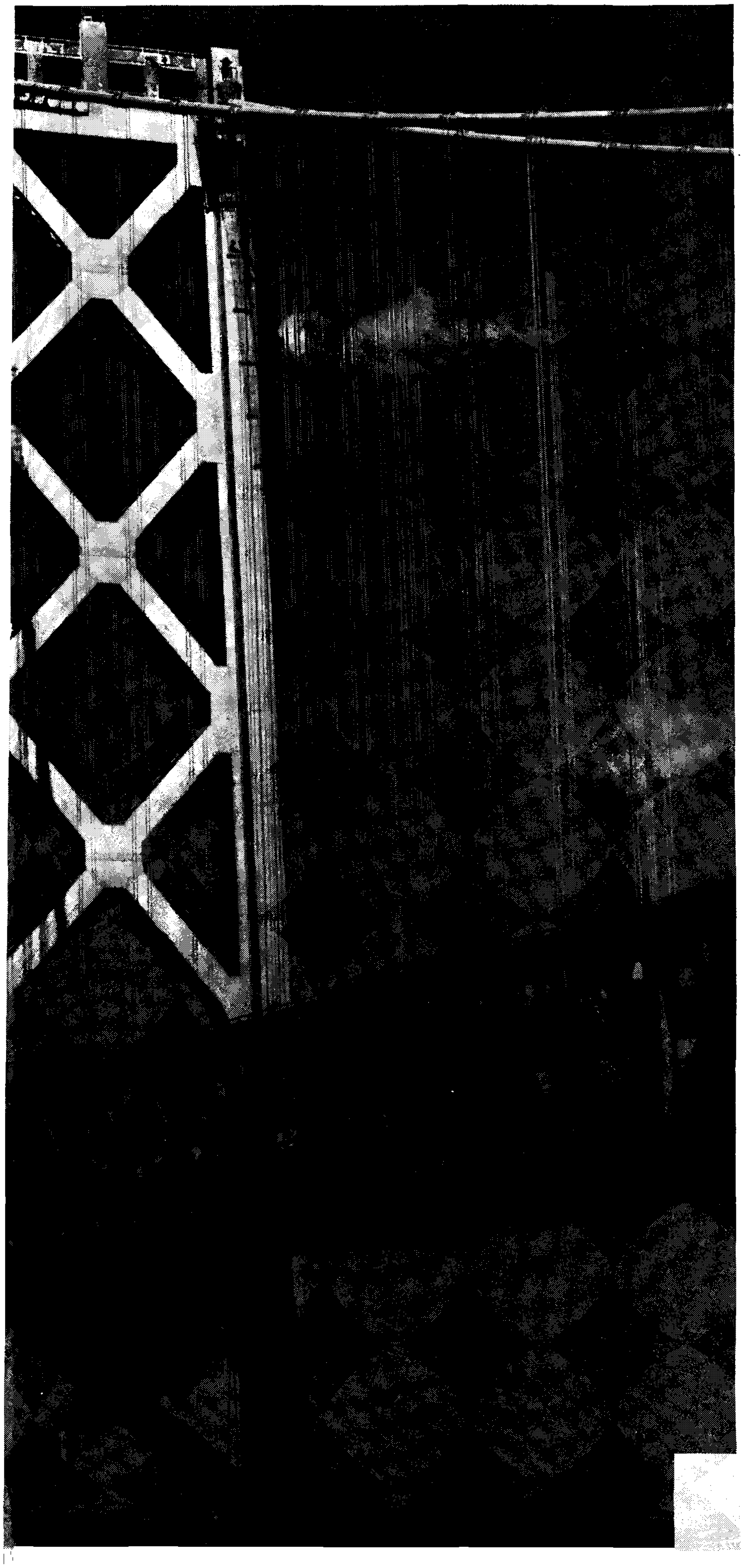
(Continued on page 80)



The little man, hurling his fists into the air, hissed: "You lack virtue!" Pandemonium broke loose. The speaker rushed at his critic



The world's longest bridge, stretching 8¼ miles across San Francisco Bay, is open this month. It is seven times as long as the Brooklyn Bridge. Picture taken as bridge neared completion.



THIS MONTH . . . STEEL JOINS SAN FRANCISCO AND OAKLAND

IT WAS only 76 years ago folks called Captain Eads "crazy" when he proposed building a steel arch bridge across the Mississippi River at St. Louis.

It was only 64 years ago, when the Brooklyn Bridge was started, that people said, "Men cannot work like spiders, spinning cables in the air."

But those bridges are still standing, and in daily use.

So when the enterprising citizens of the West Coast proposed to span San Francisco Bay with an 8¼-mile bridge joining San Francisco and Oakland, California, people didn't say, "It can't be done."

There were great difficulties, it is true—the distance, deep water, quicksand, tides. But once again engineering skill, plus improved steel, made possible what once was impossible. And so this month the world's largest bridge opens to traffic.

Experts say no bigger bridge will be built for the next thousand years. There are no large navigable bodies of water where the traffic is likely to be dense enough to justify the cost of any such bridge. But if bigger bridges should be needed, steel and engineering skill will be ready.

No country can grow faster than its transportation. And as transportation has speeded up and improved, bridge building has kept pace. Its advance has gone hand in hand with the improvements in steel—a continuous process in which United States Steel has played an important part.

A United States Steel subsidiary was awarded the contract for the entire superstructure of the San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge. This contract included steel and wire as well as the actual work of erection and cable spinning—the world's largest steel job. This giant structure is not only a steel bridge—it is a United States Steel bridge.

AMERICAN BRIDGE COMPANY · AMERICAN STEEL & WIRE COMPANY · CANADIAN BRIDGE COMPANY, LTD. · CARNEGIE-ILLINOIS STEEL CORPORATION · COLUMBIA STEEL COMPANY · CYCLONE FENCE COMPANY · FEDERAL SHIPBUILDING AND DRY DOCK COMPANY · NATIONAL TUBE COMPANY · OIL WELL SUPPLY COMPANY · SCULLY STEEL PRODUCTS COMPANY · TENNESSEE COAL, IRON & RAILROAD COMPANY · UNIVERSAL ATLAS CEMENT COMPANY · *United States Steel Corporation Subsidiaries*

US STEEL

UNITED STATES STEEL

Another Dizzy Spell!

● I had one of those dizzy spells that made me feel sick all over. Felt bilious, nervous. My complexion was a sight. The trouble? Constipation! Then I remembered what I'd been told about FEEN-A-MINT. I didn't think it could be as good as my friends all said it was, but I decided to try it and see. I chewed one tablet. Now I wouldn't *think* of using any other laxative.

THE 3 MINUTE WAY! Three minutes of chewing make the difference

● When you feel "all clogged up" chew a dainty tablet of FEEN-A-MINT for 3 minutes -- or longer if you wish. It's this 3 minutes of chewing, medical science has proved, that helps make FEEN-A-MINT different, dependable, a blessing to constipation sufferers. You'll like the cool mint flavor of FEEN-A-MINT—the ease with which you take it. It's convenient—economical -- a favorite with more than sixteen million people of all ages.

● Next day—happy, full of vim and pep! Bowels regular as clockwork thanks to FEEN-A-MINT. FEEN-A-MINT brings blessed relief to children, too. Yet it's so gentle in its action that there's never any griping or nausea or disturbance of sleep. Non-habit-forming: You can usually decrease dosage as you go along. Don't tolerate constipation another day. Use FEEN-A-MINT—the delicious chewing gum laxative.

FOR ADULTS AND CHILDREN
Feen-a-mint
THE CHEWING GUM
LAXATIVE
NO TASTE BUT THE MINT

Family-sized boxes only 15c & 25c

Slightly higher in Canada

(Continued from page 77)

public weal, he announces his candidacy and deposits 2,000 yen with the government. If he gets less than a certain percentage of the votes at the ensuing election, he loses the deposit; otherwise, he gets it back.

Each prefecture, corresponding roughly to a state, starts the candidate off by painting and distributing posters describing him and telling his policies. The prefecture also prints booklets, giving the histories and ideas of all candidates. Before the election, each contestant can mail one letter, free, to each voter, but he has to print it at his own expense. His total expense, however, must not exceed 30 sen—less than a dime—for each voter in his district. The penalty for overspending is a 3,000-yen fine and five years in prison.

A Japanese political rally lasts for hours, with the audience drinking sake and eating rice biscuits while the torrent of words pours forth from the candidates. Each candidate must submit his speech to the police before he starts, lest any dangerous thoughts be generated in the minds of the listeners. And there is no going on the air, either—because there are no local broadcasting stations and the government-controlled stations in Tokyo are barred to politicians.

Incidentally, short-wave receiving sets are illegal in Japan, and so the dangerous political thoughts of Moscow, Washington, Peiping and way points never get into Japanese ears. Nippon's proletariat knows nothing of what is going on politically in the world, because all incoming news is sifted through Domei, the government propaganda service, before the newspapers get it, and every incoming visitor is forced to list every scrap of printed and written matter he has with him, so that anything harboring a novel notion may be confiscated.

At every political meeting there are squads of cops, not only to keep order, but to see that the candidate sticks to his speech. If he gets off the track, he's stopped right there. No Japanese candidate, in the midst of his oratory, is reminded of a little story—which is, perhaps, a break for the voters. Not only do the candidate's political opponents often interrupt his speech, but his friends are quite likely to call his attention to the fact that he is not quite in harmony with his party's ideas.

Japan's Three "Bans"

There are two big parties and a dozen smaller ones in Japan, but the most impressive gains of late have been made by the Social Mass party, which jumped its diet representation from three to eighteen members in the last election. It polls about fifteen per cent of the vote in the big cities, but is weak in the country districts, which are prone to favor the Army because most of the recruits come from farm families. So country people usually favor parties that promise to save the farmer at the expense of city folks, and increase Army pay while lowering farm taxes.

Until last year, Japanese elections were just as crooked and assayed just as much skulduggery as any American vote orgy. The two big parties were popularly supposed to be owned by the Mitsui and Mitsubishi interests—something like the Rockefeller and Morgan interests with us. Mitsui was assigned the Minseito, or People's party, while Mitsubishi got the Seiyukai, or Political Friends of the People's party. It was later discovered, however, that both firms, along with all the other big commercial interests, were contributing to all parties and taking no chances.

The government in power always had the advantage, because the Ministry of Home Affairs ran the election, controlled the director of the police bureau and the national police force of 65,000 men. The Home Minister occupied the place taken in American politics by the Postmaster General, and distributed party funds and used the police force in the interest of administration candidates. Scandals involving great industrial firms and more than one peer of the empire were frequent.

It was a national byword that the only three essentials for political success were the three "bans"—*kaban*, *jiban* and *kamban*—roughly corresponding to money, patronage power and advertising. A general election cost each major party only about $1,000,000, however—not counting sums spent by individual candidates.

Things finally got so scandalous that in 1935 Admiral Viscount Makota Saito, ex-premier and lord keeper of the privy seal, started a clean election campaign. He was machine-gunned to death in what Japan now refers to as the "inauspicious incident" of February 26, but what was really a series of brutal political assassinations. However, the movement went on, and various bodies, including many women's organizations, formed the National Federation for Clean Election Campaigns. Some day, America may wish to clean up her elections—so here's how Japan went about it:

First thing was a national distribution of posters and literature. Speeches were recorded and sent into every village; lecturers traveled about; schools started classes in citizenship; every policeman, schoolteacher, postman and stationmaster in the empire was put to work as a missionary. Prizes were offered for slogans.

Meanwhile, terrific penalties were devised for offenders against election laws. House-to-house canvassing was barred; so were gifts of any kind. One candidate staged a dinner for voters and landed in jail—while the voters were each made to pay the eight sen the police figured the dinner was worth. Another candidate landed in jail because his wife gave a present to a friend on the friend's birthday.

There was so much threatening about what would happen to anyone who broke an election law that hundreds of thousands of frightened voters didn't go to the polls at all. Of those who did go, 3,200 were tossed into jail—more than 1,000 of them in Tokyo. Thirty-two successful candidates were indicted and imprisoned after the election and some of them didn't get out on bail in time to be on hand for the opening of the diet. There were ugly charges in the diet, too, that the police had been overzealous and had tortured some of the prisoners to obtain confessions.

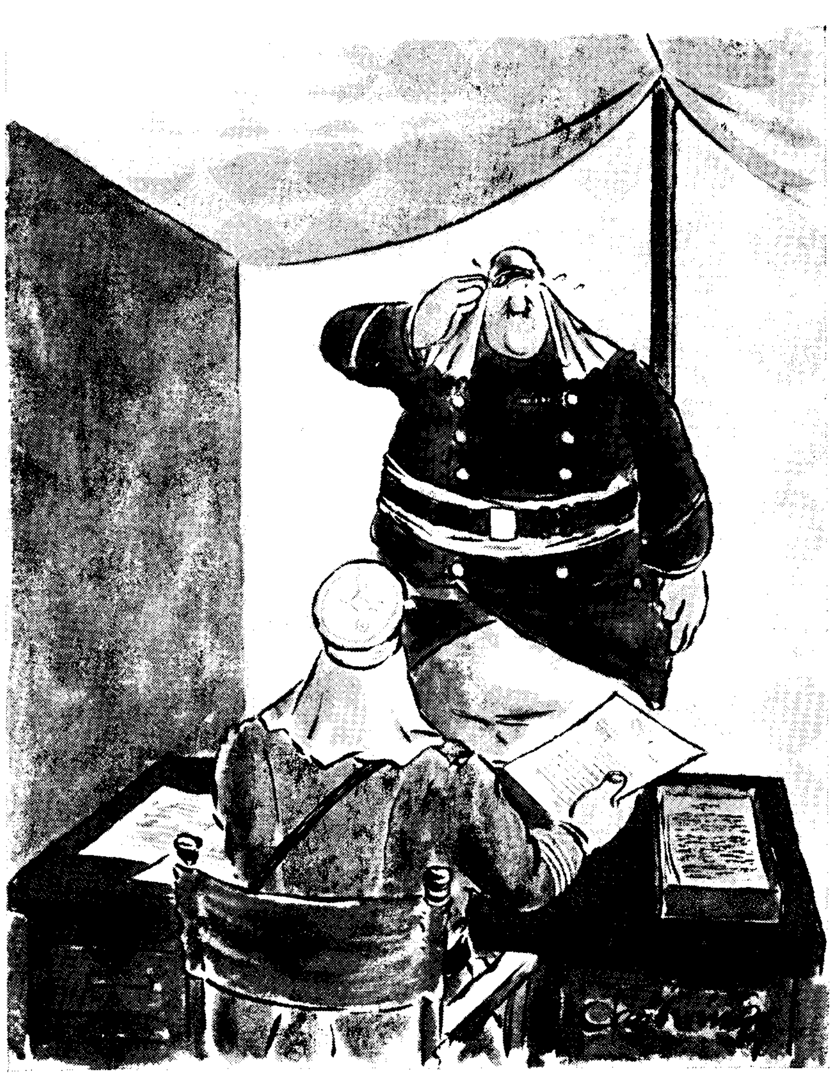
Into the Ballot Box

Candidates were jailed for all sorts of crimes: Soliciting votes from house to house, giving coupons entitling voters to discounts at certain stores, handing out free trolley rides, free lunches and free beer and "making too many promises." Maybe it would be a good idea to make the last one a crime in America, too.

Early in the morning of election day, rows of tiny booths are set up against walls and in vacant buildings in each precinct. The booth contains only a flat board, a slab of solid ink, a saucer of water and a brush.

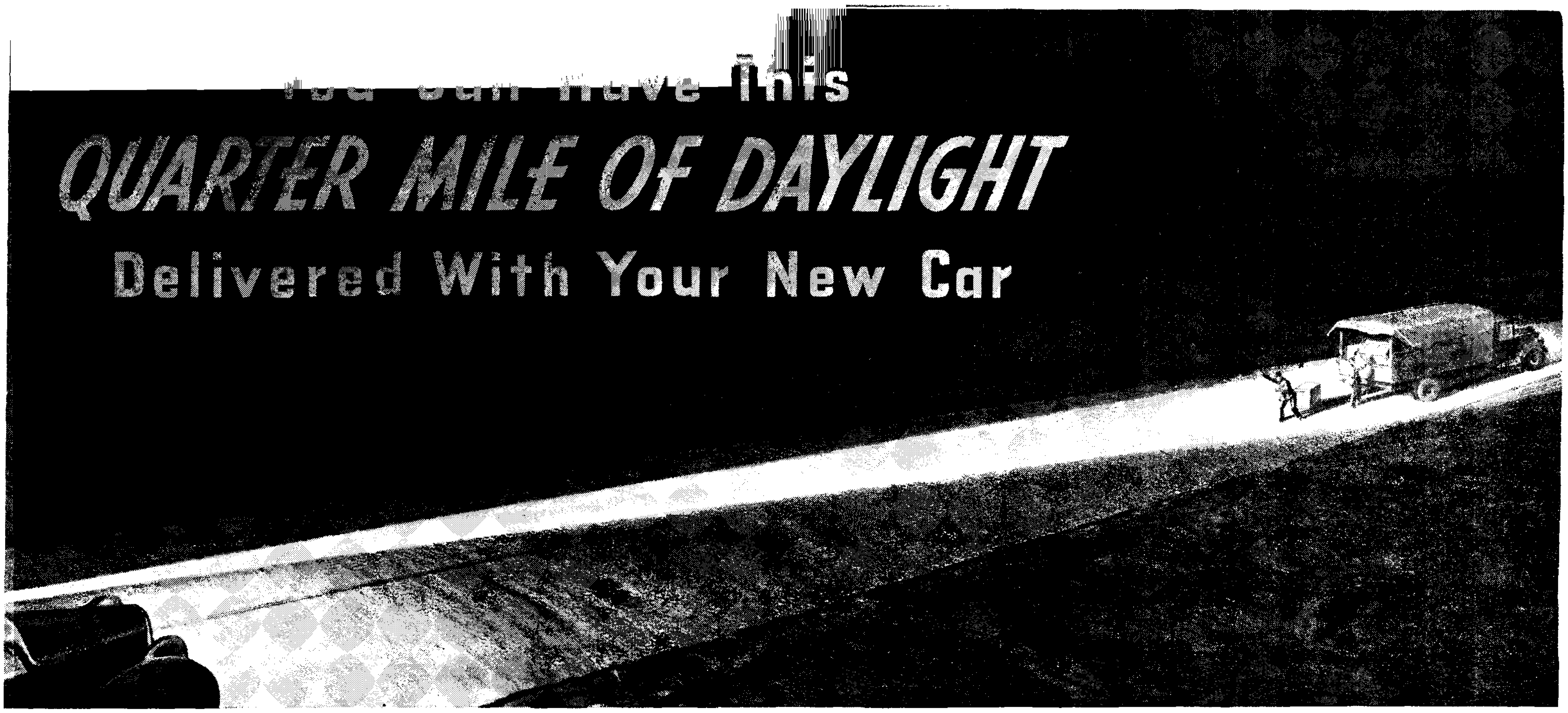
There are no voting machines. At six o'clock the cops arrive. So do watchers for each political party that can afford them. So does the first voter. So does the official ballot box, a big one, with a slot in the top and paper seals all around

(Continued on page 82)



"Sergeant! Do you owe eleven cents to a library in Newark, New Jersey?"

JAY IRVING



You Can Have This
QUARTER MILE OF DAYLIGHT
Delivered With Your New Car

If you want to drive at night as easily as in the daytime, have your new car equipped with a Safetylight at the time the car is delivered to you. Your car dealer has this remarkable light and will include the moderate cost in your car finance plan.

Safetylight Solves the Night-Driving Problem—Safetylight, a recognized scientific lighting achievement, gives complete relief from strain and anxiety in night driving. It projects a compact, powerful beam that lights the road brilliantly *far ahead*, no matter how dark the night... *You see and you are safe!*

Forever Ends Your Fear of Glare—Dazzling lights from oncoming cars don't blind you when you have Safetylight. The beam bores right through opposing glare and you drive steadily on. No need to stop or "feel your way" past.

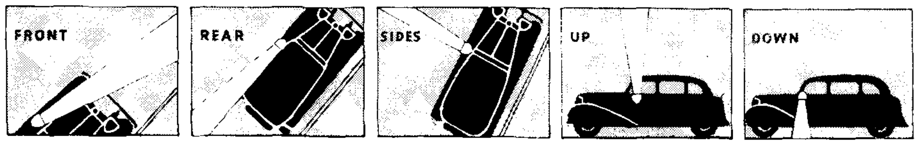
Shows Up Hazards Quarter-Mile Away—Safetylight develops 143,000 *safe* candlepower and has an effective range of a quarter-of-a-mile. Kept pointed to the right side of the road, the beam does not annoy other drivers.

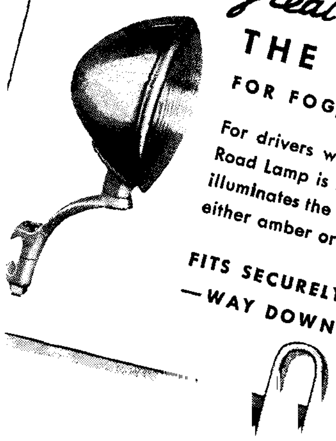
Adds Streamlined Beauty to Any Car—The beautifully streamlined, chromium-finished Safetylight can be installed on any car, new or old. It is approved by leading car manufacturers and sold by their dealers. The cost ($16) can be included in car finance plan... *Order Safetylight with your new car!*

UNITY MANUFACTURING COMPANY • CHICAGO

AFRAID OF NIGHT
DRIVING? FORGET IT!

Turns In Any Direction—Finger-tip pressure on the control knob sends Safetylight's searching beam in any direction to spot street and road signs, house numbers or other objects. See illustrations at right.





Another Great Lighting Development

THE UNITY ROAD LAMP

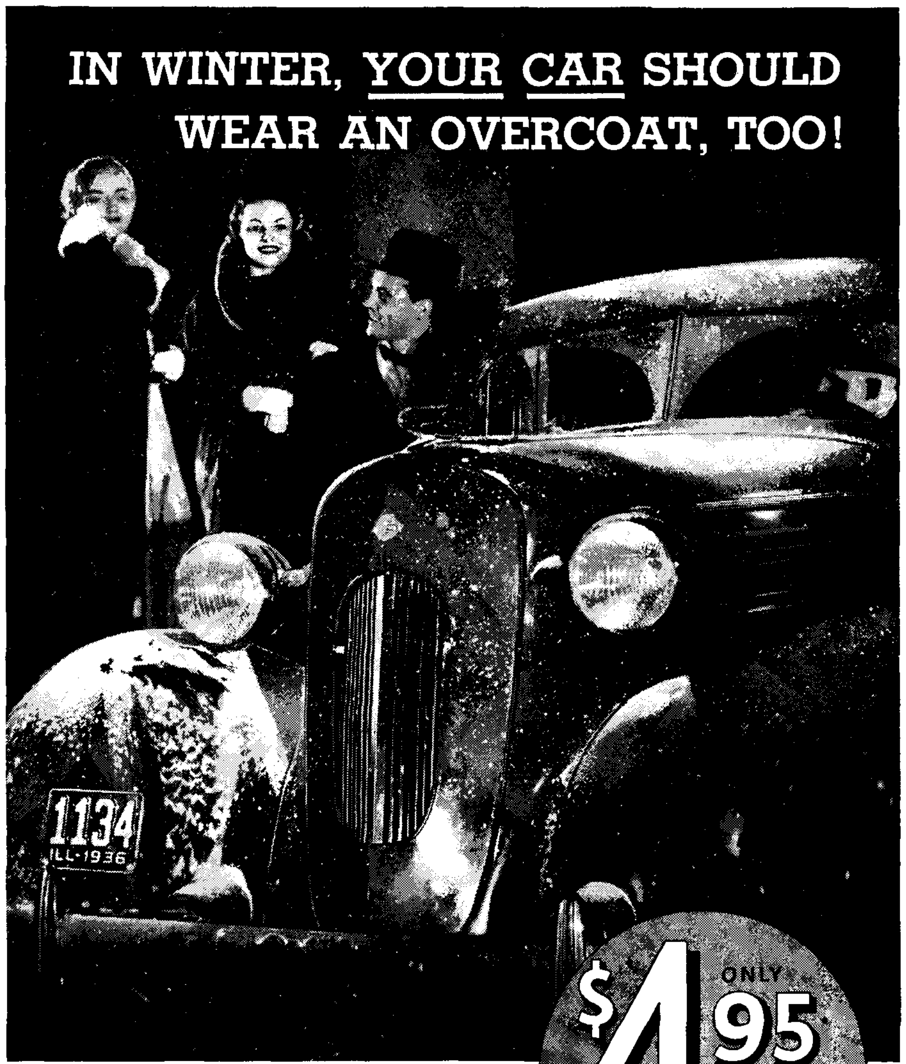
FOR FOG, MIST AND ALL NIGHT DRIVING

For drivers who like a close-to-the-road light, this Unity Road Lamp is ideal. It fits securely on the bumper arm and illuminates the edge of the road at all times. Supplied with either amber or crystal lens. Quickly installed on any car.

FITS SECURELY ON BUMPER ARM —WAY DOWN LOW.... PRICE $5.00

Safetylight

WORLD'S MOST POWERFUL DRIVING LIGHT

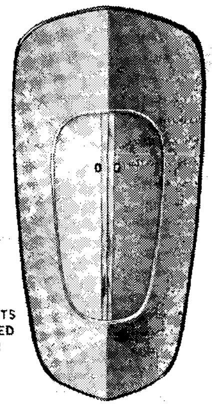

IN WINTER, YOUR CAR SHOULD WEAR AN OVERCOAT, TOO!
1134
ILL-1936

ONLY $4.95 FOR FORD CHEVROLET PLYMOUTH
$5.95 FOR DODGE OLDSMOBILE
Special colors extra

Give your car the protection it needs . . .

Install a beautiful new

PINES *Custom Bilt Metal* **WINTERFRONT**



PATENTS APPLIED FOR

PINES FEATURES TO REMEMBER:

1. Protects cooling system scientifically!
2. Gives you more heat from your heater!
3. Provides easier cold-weather starting!
4. Reduces warm-up period!
5. Beautifies your car!
6. Made of durable auto body steel!
7. Costs less than one freeze-up!

WOULD you consider going about this winter without an overcoat? Of course you wouldn't!

Actually, it is just as absurd to deny your car correct and adequate winter protection. *It* needs an overcoat in winter, too! Its motor must be protected properly if it is to function right.

Proper winter protection means a Pines Winterfront to cover the radiator. Merely to depend on a thermostat and anti-freeze is like expecting ear muffs and gloves to keep your body warm. They just can't do it.

If oil is to flow freely . . . if your car is to start promptly . . . if your heater is to work efficiently . . . if the cooling system is to be protected from damage—*the radiator must be covered.* The most scientific and sightly protection is the sensational new PINES Custom Bilt Metal WINTERFRONT . . . made by the makers of the original shutter-type Winterfront used and approved by millions of motorists!

This great new Winterfront is extraordinarily beautiful. It is made of auto body steel and is designed to enhance the beauty of your car. In fact, it looks like an original part of your car!

Pines Winterfronts are now priced amazingly low . . . as little as $4.95—less than the cost of a single freeze-up! So—why wait? *See your repairman today.* Ask him to put a Pines Custom Bilt Winterfront on your car. Takes just a minute to install—just a minute to remove. Works like a charm. It will more than pay for itself during the first cold wave!

PINES WINTERFRONT COMPANY
1135 N. Cicero Avenue, Chicago

(*Continued from page* 80)

it. The voter is given a sheet of blank paper about the size of a business letterhead. He takes this into a booth, wets the brush, gets it full of ink and writes his name and address on top of the paper. Then he writes the name of the candidate he wishes to vote for, folds the paper twice as if he were about to put it into a long envelope, turns around and shoves the vote through the ballot-box slot.

The watchers check him off their lists, and there isn't any double voting. The cops, who know everyone in their precinct, attend to that, too. Voting goes on until five at night. Then the boxes are sealed up, taken to the prefectural office at what corresponds to the state capitol, and opened by officials. The votes are counted and checked, the result goes to Tokyo and the election is over.

Printed ballots are not needed, because there's never more than one man to vote for—the voter votes for his representative only, instead of everyone from president to dogcatcher. The Japanese admit that making the voter sign his name and address gives officials a whip hand over him, if they want to use it, and there is some agitation for a secret ballot.

A Thousand Dollars a Year

Newspapers, the day after election, hint at the results, but no figures are printed until after the official government count, weeks later.

The Japanese diet theoretically meets for forty days once every four years, starting in December, laying off for Christmas and New Year's and running on into the spring. But sometimes there are special emergency sessions. Both the lower and upper houses meet in the same faded old building, one at each end in great barns of halls that have little dignity and seem badly in need of paint. The president of the diet sits on a raised platform in the center of a long side of the hall, with the vice-president at his right. To right and left are secretaries of ministries, in front of them, the ministers themselves—as if our Cabinet sat in at congressional sessions.

The representatives, segregated by parties, sit in curving rows of seats as in our Congress. On each man's desk is a black lacquered wooden pillar, a foot high and two inches square, lettered on all four sides with his name. If he goes out to a committee meeting—or happens to be in jail for smiling at a lady—the pillar lies on its side. If he's around the building and available for duty, the pillar stands upright, except during riots, when it is knocked over in the melee.

Directly in front of the president is a speaker's stand, from which representatives read speeches, hurl insults and sometimes defend themselves from physical violence. In front of this stand, again, sit four stenographers—and you can get some idea of a diet session from the fact that, often, all four of them can't record the proceedings and have to resort to rows of dots in the official reports.

High up at each end of the hall are galleries for the public, who get in by means of cards doled out by representatives. Facing the president are smaller galleries for visiting diplomats, Army and Navy officers and any inquisitive foreigners who evince a morbid desire to see the diet at work. Before entering the galleries, each visitor turns his pockets inside out before a squad of guards.

This formality dates from a sad occasion, some years ago, when a critic of the diet got into the galleries with his pockets full of snakes, which he rained down on the members, thus creating an inauspicious incident.

In front of the public galleries are long, narrow spaces, set aside for reporters and cameramen. The latter work with fast lenses, no flashlights and telescopic sights and have the range of every member down to a gnat's eyelash. Some of their riot pictures are classics.

Diet members get about $1,000 a year and are notoriously in debt, almost to a man. The premier gets about $3,000 and each minister about $2,500. While lawyers outnumber all other professions among our congressmen, journalists and newspapermen are most numerous in the Japanese diet; lawyers come second. Maybe this accounts for the fact that careful Nipponese landlords don't rent houses to diet members and stern fathers forbid daughters even to think of marrying one of them, unless the fellow reforms and finds a paying profession.

Many of the members borrow against their salaries and the main lobby topic on payday concerns salary attachments. Some influential party leaders are not immune, either. Formerly, this state of affairs made the purchase of representatives by business firms a simple matter, but the new election laws have rather crimped the practice though the representatives find their salaries gone to money lenders just as frequently.

A dozen diet members have had American educations, and these lead the continual battle for free speech. Anyone is allowed to demand free speech, and the newspapers may applaud editorially as freely as they like—but the Army-Navy despotism takes care that free speech remains something to talk about. At that, there is a good deal more freedom of speech in Japan than in Russia, Germany or Italy. At one time it was seriously proposed to organize a Ministry of Thought, to prevent dangerous ideas entering the minds of the people, but politicians and the papers hooted the scheme down.

However, the papers are allowed to print only so much of what goes on in the diet as the Home Ministry thinks fit. Thus, if somebody insults the Army—which may be done usually merely by talking about it with less than one hundred per cent reverence—the papers are not allowed to print the story. When the offender, next day, repents his sins publicly, the papers print the apology.

It is, too, absurdly easy for a member to insult the Emperor and when that happens hell bursts loose. Education Minister Hirao so far forgot himself one day this summer as to remark that some poems, written in praise of the enthronement of the Emperor, years ago, were "mere curiosities." Everyone viewed this remark with horror, and the minister is not quite accepted in the better circles even today.

Women's Work

The Japanese respect for their Emperor is quite sincere, and when, a few weeks ago, their ruler expressed regret for the assassinations of February 26, all the newspapers announced they were "struck with awe" and that it was the duty of the people to lay aside other matters "until the Emperor's mind had been relieved of this worry." The idea that the Emperor is a god may be strange in a modern, materialistic world, but it is very real to scores of millions of Japanese—although some accept it in the Pickwickian sense.

Women are more and more insistently demanding the vote in Japan and a recent poll of diet members showed a large majority of members favoring the idea. The man in the street, however, still clings to the notion that woman's place is in the home—preferably on her knees serving him. The chances are, however, that the girls will be casting ballots before many years have flown.

The clean election campaign was largely supported by women, thousands of whom got out and worked and spoke at meetings. They organized such bodies as the Women's League for Love of Municipality and the League for the Purification of Government. The movement is led by well-to-do wives, who mingle with foreign residents, note the deference with which American and European women are treated and demand similar treatment. The movies also have their influence upon working women and the wives of professional men.

Legally, women still count for little in Japan. It is only this year that a revision of the criminal code has been proposed, giving a wife the right to sue her husband for divorce on the ground that he is maintaining mistresses. This custom, deeply rooted in Japanese life, will be hard to eradicate. Today, only a husband may sue for divorce on the ground of adultery—and asking a diet composed only of men to break up an age-old tradition shows the trend.

Sitting on the Lid

The changing status of women is shown by the changing terms by which they are known. Years ago, a Japanese wife was, to a Japanese husband, his Honorable Bedroom. Then she became his Honorable Kitchen. Today, she is his Honorable Inside-the-House. Tomorrow, she may be Honorable Go Anywhere, Do Anything.

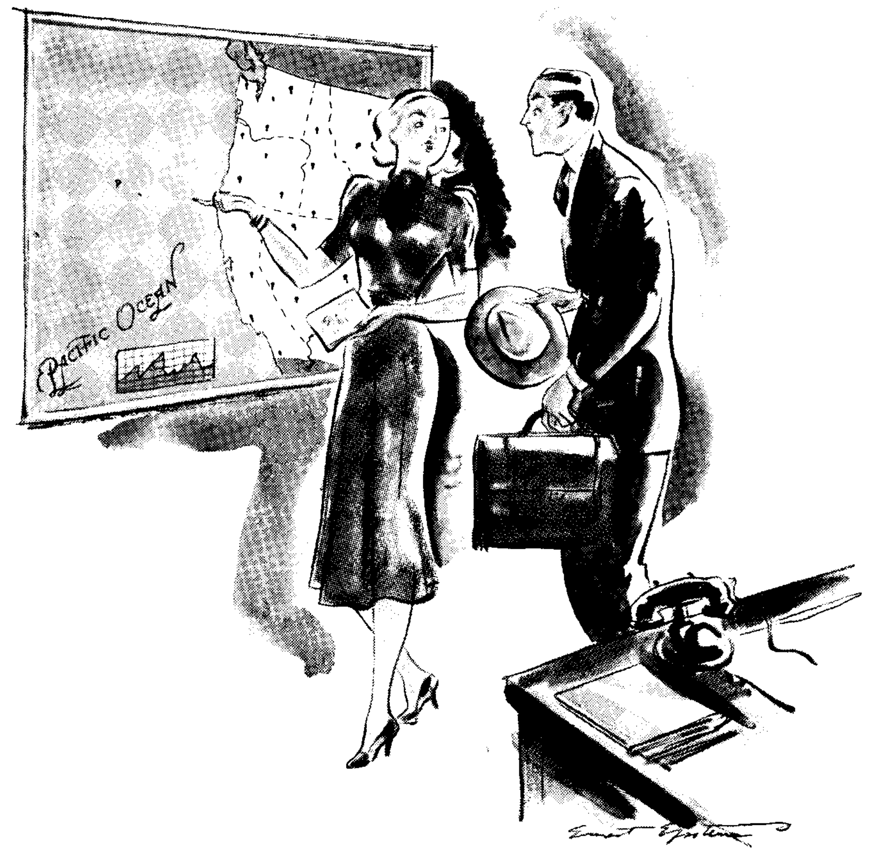
It still is a common sight in Tokyo or any other Japanese city to see a husband stalking along ahead, with his wife shuffling along behind, still bound up in five kimonos and wearing *geta*, carrying a load in her one-yen *furosiki*—the square of silk or rayon or cotton, gaily printed, which is the shopping bag of Japan. But it is less common than it was, and among the students there are plenty of arm-in-arm couples and Western-style courtships—copied from Hollywood patterns—gaining ground.

Perhaps the most significant thing in Japanese politics is the rapid recent growth of a proletarian movement in the cities. There is a trend toward state socialism in Japan, along Italian and German lines, but there is a growing body of public opinion against it. The movement, represented by the Social Mass party, doubled its vote between 1932 and 1936 and, at the last election, this year, drew seventeen per cent of the total vote in Osaka, a great industrial city, and sixteen per cent in Tokyo, also heavily industrial.

There is, in the cities especially, a growing distrust of bureaucracy. Try to stop them as they may, government censors cannot bar out entirely the democratic ideas of other nations, especially the American. They cannot extract, from the brains of American-educated Japanese, and returning second-generation people, the free notions of the United States. And they cannot prevent these ideas getting into the minds of many students in colleges. So the idea of democracy grows slowly and steadily, and one day it must clash with the despotism that runs the Japanese nation. The Social Mass party now occupies the position of the British Labor party years ago. The British Laborites grew until they gained control of the government, and optimistic Social Massers in Tokyo think they can duplicate that performance within a few years, barring a war or a few more inauspicious incidents like wholesale political murder, which would give the Army an excuse to clamp down martial law again.

But even if the working people gained control of the diet they still would be up against the hard fact that any cabinet they formed could not function without Army and Navy Ministers, and that they would, to govern, have to accept the nominees of the militarists and bow to their demands.

Obviously, the situation is full of dynamite, and what may happen is anyone's guess. The only certain thing is that attempts at the suppression of free speech and free thought are, as usual, working in reverse, and through underground channels new ideas get into the minds of the 100,000,000 subjects of the Sun-God. Above, the bureaucrats and the militarists sit on the lid—but down under, the steam pressure rises steadily.



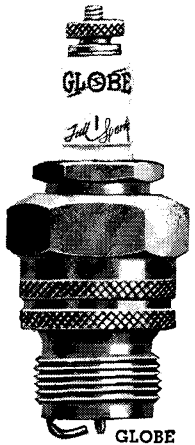
"That's his own way of telling you you're fired" ERNEST EPSTEIN

Doctors need-
SPINNING POWER for

SPLIT-SECOND STARTING

DOCTORS' cars MUST start—no matter how long they have been standing out in the rain, sleet or snow; nor how wet or dry, hot or cold the weather. Human life may be at stake.

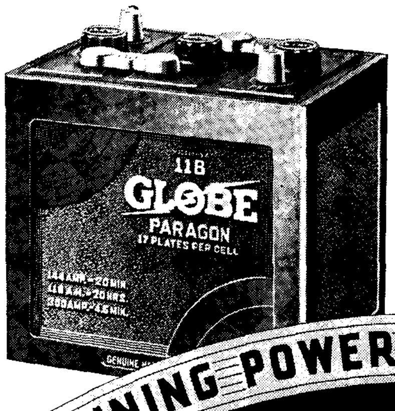
Fully 90% of the starting failures under such conditions are unnecessary. They can be traced directly to a sluggish, worn out, or under-powered battery that has not, and frequently never did have, the power to really "spin" the motor. The surest and safest way is to equip your car — as so many doctors, nurses, business men and women have, with a battery that has real *spinning power* — A GLOBE BATTERY, and insure *split-second starting*.



GLOBE "FULL-SPARK" PLUGS when combined with Globe Spinning Power will give you utmost in motor performance.

SEE THE DIFFERENCE!

Drive up to any Globe service station — with a stop watch check the time it takes your present battery to start the car. Then have the dealer connect a Globe. Again time the start, and see the difference!



Today, wise motorists who have learned the value of *"spinning power"* are taking the constantly increasing output of our eight Globe factories which now employ over 1600 people, and produce over 8000 automobile batteries daily.

GLOBE-UNION INC., Milwaukee, Wisconsin
8 factories, 6 branches and thousands of Globe dealers.

SPINNING POWER IS STARTING POWER

GLOBE BATTERIES

AUTOMOTIVE - HEAVY DUTY - RADIO - POWER & LIGHT

MILLIONS WILL WANT TO *SWITCH* TO THIS AMAZING NEW DODGE!

Bigger, roomier...even more smartly styled...new, extra-value features...powered by the famous Dodge "L"-head engine which owners report gives 18 to 24 miles to the gallon of gas, saves up to 20% on oil, now improved and more brilliant than ever...this greatest of all money-saving Dodge cars costs just a few dollars more than the lowest-priced cars!

SCORING with one sensational new feature after another . . . combining brilliant new "windstream" beauty with record-breaking economy and an entirely new conception of riding comfort . . . the new 1937 Dodge has been hailed as the hit car of the year . . . the car that "millions will want to switch to" in the opinion of those who have seen this greatest money-saving Dodge of them all!

Exquisitely styled . . . from its striking new radiator grille right back to the last graceful curve of its rear panel, this new Dodge has achieved a new perfection of true "windstream" styling . . . is easily the most beautiful Dodge ever built!

Interiors are bigger and roomier than ever . . . are longer, wider . . . all sedans accommodate at least six passengers . . . larger luggage compartments . . . new, all-weather ventilation . . . more lavish appointments and scores of details to add to your comfort and convenience.

New Kind of Ride!

New, improved weight distribution . . . new, improved Chair-Height seats . . . new, Airplane-Type hydraulic shock absorbers . . . improved Ride Levelator that eliminates sidesway . . . these and many other improvements give you an entirely new kind of restful ride! And now Dodge has contributed further to your riding comfort by completely banishing road noises from the body! The Dodge safety all-steel body is now mounted on frame members completely cushioned in rubber—all metal-to-metal contact is eliminated!

Even Stronger Safety All-Steel Body!

The famous steel body in this new 1937 Dodge has been made even stronger than ever before . . . with all-steel top welded in unit with body . . . steel backed up by a stronger, more sturdy framework of all-steel—an impenetrable fortress of steel, inside and out! And for even greater security, Dodge gives you "high-safety" interiors that provide not only more beauty but also greater

Switch TO THE BIG NEW 1937

safety! Instrument panel controls are set flush with the surface . . . objectionable protruding knobs are done away with . . . door handles are smooth and rounded.

America's Great Money-Saving Car!

Powered by the famous Dodge "L"-head engine which owners report gives 18 to 24 miles to the gallon of gas and saves up to 20% on oil, now improved and more brilliant than ever, this amazing new Dodge goes still further in general all-around economy . . . with improved features to further reduce oil costs and many other advancements which lengthen car life and reduce upkeep costs!

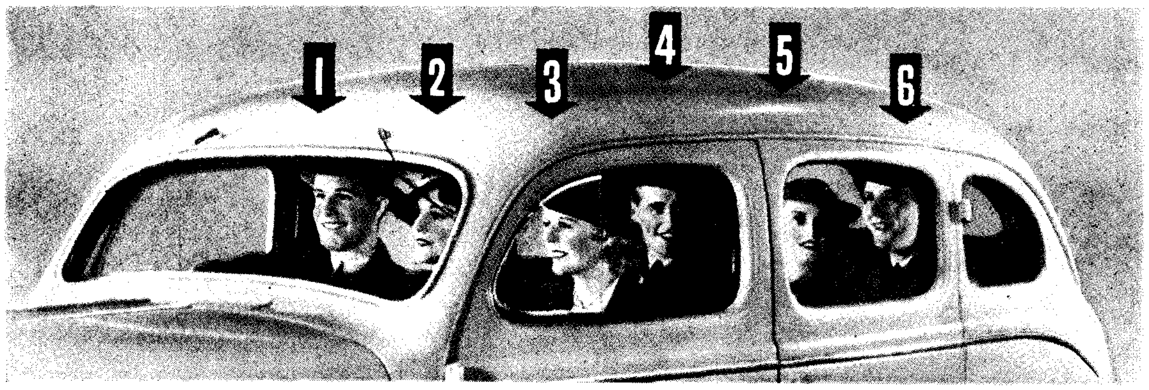
And this just begins to tell the story of the countless extra-value features which Dodge gives you *at no extra cost!* . . . Genuine, equal-pressure hydraulic brakes! . . . effortless gearshifting! . . . new shockless steering! . . . new safe-vision headlights! . . . All these and—think of it! —Dodge costs just a few dollars more than the lowest-priced cars!

No wonder Dodge is referred to as "America's Great Money-Saving Car!" . . . No wonder more people buy Dodge cars than any other make—excepting the three lowest-priced cars!

Go to your Dodge dealer today! . . . See and drive this new Dodge! . . . Discover for yourself its new "windstream" beauty—its new riding comfort—its roomy, luxurious interiors—its many new safety provisions—and, above all, its record-smashing economy! . . . You, too, will agree that "millions will want to switch to this greatest of all money-saving Dodge cars!"

DODGE
Division of Chrysler Corporation

Dodge dealers invite you to tune in on Major Bowes' Amateur Hour, Columbia Network, every Thursday, 9 to 10:00 P. M., Eastern Standard Time. Sponsored by Chrysler Corporation.

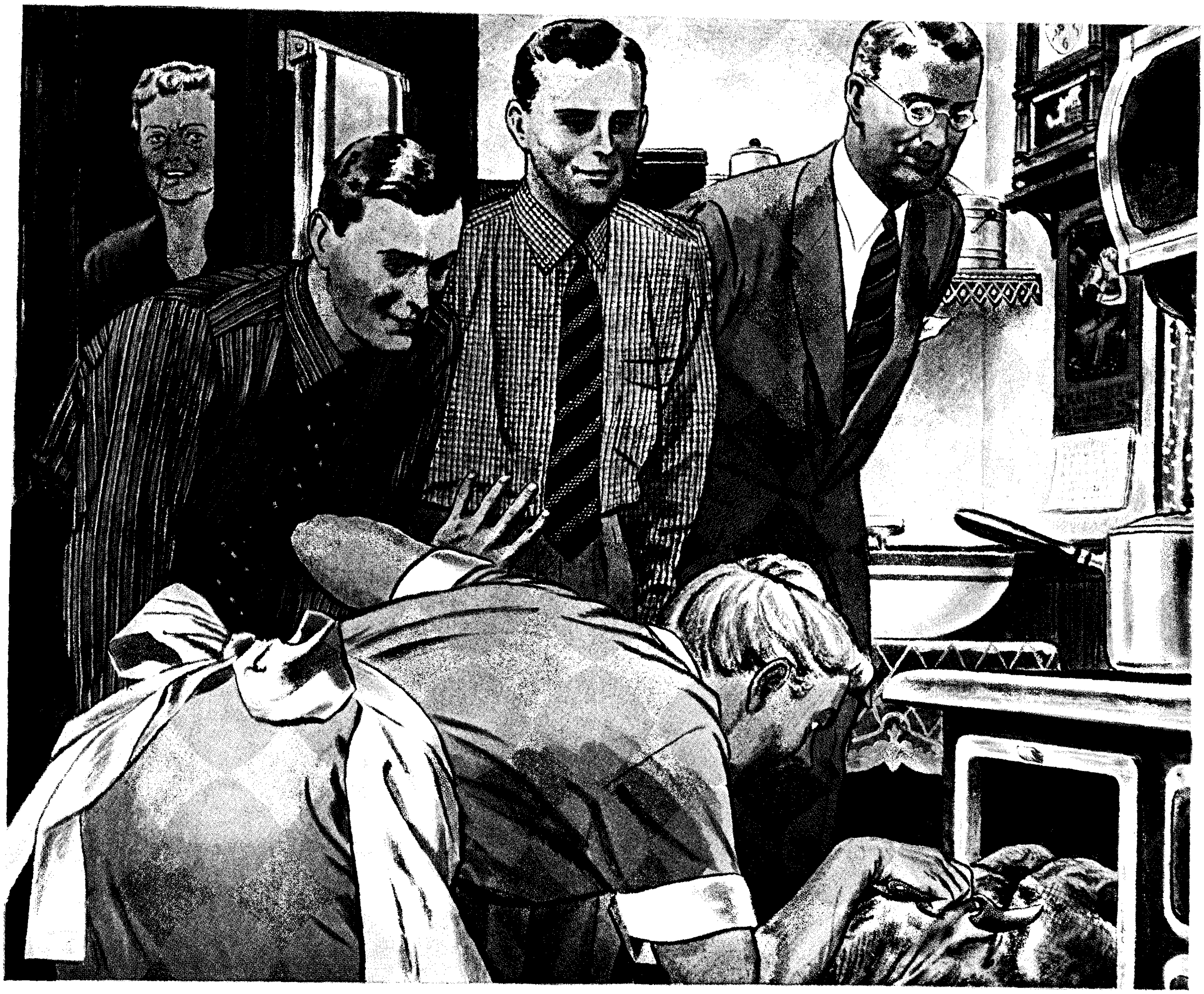


Bigger, roomier interiors... all sedans accommodate at least 6 passengers!

From cowl to rear, bodies of the new 1937 Dodge are wider than ever before. Front seats are now 47 inches wide...rear seats 48½ inches wide...plenty of room for at least six passengers in every Dodge sedan!

NO WONDER MORE PEOPLE BUY DODGE CARS THAN ANY OTHER MAKE—EXCEPTING THE 3 LOWEST-PRICED CARS!

DODGE — *and Save Money!*



They're wearing some advantages of a college education

THE hungry young men above display convincing evidence that one of the advantages of a college education is a knowledge of What's Right in Style.

The evidence? *Their Arrow Shirts.*

For it's true in our colleges as it is in most other places where style-conscious men congregate—*Arrows lead all other shirts in acceptance and in popularity!*

There are several sound reasons for this popularity. First, is the fact that Arrow Shirts are the only shirts to offer the famous Arrow Collar—the best-looking, best-fitting collar in the world.

Second, is the fact that every Arrow Shirt is *guaranteed against shrinkage*—an extremely pleasant guarantee made possible by Arrow's own *Sanforizing Process.*

Third, is the fact that the Arrow Shirts in Mitoga style offer a custom cut that follows the lines of your body.

Fourth, is the fact that Arrow not only leads the way in *white* shirts (NEW TRUMP and HITT for instance) but also in style and correctness of *patterned and colored shirts!*

Your dealer is showing the new fall Arrows now—a rare and great collection of color, pattern, and *style*—don't miss it. (Arrow Shirts are $2, $2.50 and $3.50).

ARROW
SANFORIZED

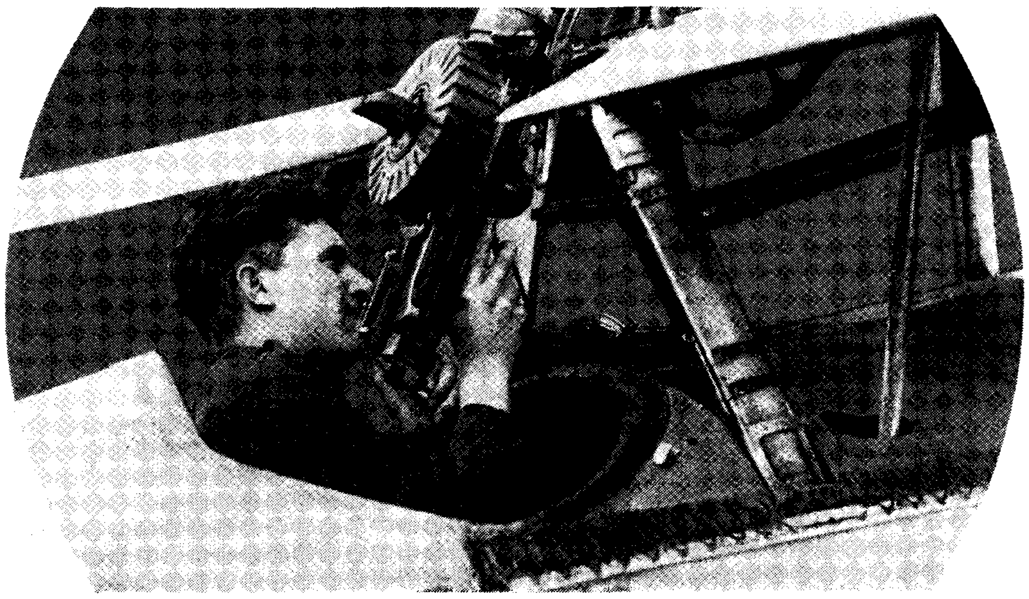
If it hasn't an Arrow label it isn't an Arrow Shirt

Copyright 1936 Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, N. Y.

ARROW SHIRTS

Sanforized Shrunk—a new shirt if one ever shrinks

Colonel William Avery Bishop, in a Nieuport combat ship of the type in which he shot down 72 enemy airplanes during the World War



CANADIAN OFFICIAL WAR PHOTOGRAPH

The Man Without Fear

If you're looking for the most fearless man in the world, you'll have to go to Canada. He's living there in Montreal, where he is known as a shrewd and successful oil man. But there's a record behind him—a record of seventy-two enemy airplanes shot out of the sky, and the reputation of being the greatest flyer in the war. Meet Billy Bishop

By Quentin Reynolds

I WAS sitting in an office in Montreal waiting to see the vice-president of one of Canada's largest oil companies. I was there because I had heard someone say that Joe Louis was not the toughest man in the world.

"Joe Louis a killer? Whom did he ever kill?" this man had said scornfully. "Joe Louis fearless? What did he ever have to be afraid of? I've seen them all—all of the champions—and only two were real killers who were without fear. Their names? Manfred von Richthofen and Billy Bishop. Of the two," he added, "Bishop was the greater. Richthofen was a spider lying in wait for enemies to fly into his net. Bishop was a raider always flashing into the enemy's territory. Bishop was a man absolutely without fear."

That's why I found myself sitting in the office of the vice-president of one of Canada's largest oil companies. The vice-president was Colonel William Avery Bishop, V. C., D. S. O. and Bar, M. C., D. F. C., Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, Croix de Guerre with Palm, the most spectacular air fighter the World War produced. I wanted to see what he'd be like twenty years after. It is very disillusioning to meet ex-champions twenty years after. They are fat and dull and they are living in the past—looking at the present through the glamor of the past. Bishop was different. Bishop lives in the present and the past to him is merely a record in the ledger of Time—a record that he is too busy to look back upon.

I had heard of Bishop. In Berlin once I heard Baron von Saxonberg, one of Germany's greatest wartime pilots, talk of the Canadian as he talked of Richthofen—and Richthofen is the greatest of German heroes. I had heard Eddie Rickenbacker say bluntly, "Bishop was the greatest. None could compare with him."

A Fighter Looks Skyward

Bishop's record? He was officially credited with having shot down seventy-two German planes. Let's meet Colonel Bishop twenty years after. We're not with him long before he's Billy Bishop, a short man with very blue eyes and a closely cropped mustache—a man with a great capacity for friendship and laughter.

We walked along a Montreal street and the snow had melted into slush and there was mud in the street. Bishop said anxiously, "You should be wearing rubbers. This mud is nasty."

"You never did like mud, did you, Colonel?"

He looked startled. "Why—why, that's true. I had forgotten. That's all so long ago . . ."

When the bugles sounded in 1914, they put their toys away—those British and Canadian youngsters. Even those who were in the second year at the Royal Military College at Kingston, the Canadian equivalent to West Point. They put away their little guns and their red uniforms and exchanged them for bigger guns and khaki. Billy Bishop was one of these and naturally he enlisted in the Canadian Mounted Rifles; naturally because Bishop could ride any horse that could be saddled and he could knock the ear off a gnat at fifty paces with a rifle. They taught kids to ride well and to shoot well at Owen Sound where Bishop grew up.

Bishop went overseas and they sent his outfit—the Fourteenth Battalion—to England for a spell of training. They arrived in a rainy season and it rained steadily for five days. They ate mud and they slept in mud and when they dreamed they dreamed of mud. Bishop was standing in mud one afternoon up to his knees and for the first time he was homesick. At Owen Sound the snow is packed hard and the air is clean and crisp.

Out of the dirty sky a trim little plane appeared, circled a few times, swooped down low and then, as though disdaining to soil itself by touching the mud, arose once more with a disapproving buzz-z-z and disappeared into the distance. Bishop looked after it, entranced.

That was the place to fight this war. Here on the ground the army was fighting mud. He wanted to fight Germans. The air, clean as the air of Owen Sound—that was the place to fight. He'd transfer to the air force. In that moment the fate of more than a hundred Germans was sealed.

Three months later this kid who didn't like mud was in France as an observer.

(Continued on page 88)

How would you like to put this smile on your husband's face?

WE'LL LET YOU IN ON A SECRET

If you want to change grouches to grins at meal time—between meals, too!—give that man of yours DEL MONTE Pineapple Juice. Cater to his fondness for *flavor.*

Men like the rich, *ripe* taste of this juice—the *definite* pineapple flavor it has. They like its freshness—the real bracing *refreshment* it always brings.

And men aren't the only ones! The whole family will love it—and so will *you.*

Think of all the other DEL MONTE Foods you've tried—and liked—and you'll know how extra good this juice must be!

Del Monte
BRAND
QUALITY
UNSWEETENED
PINEAPPLE JUICE

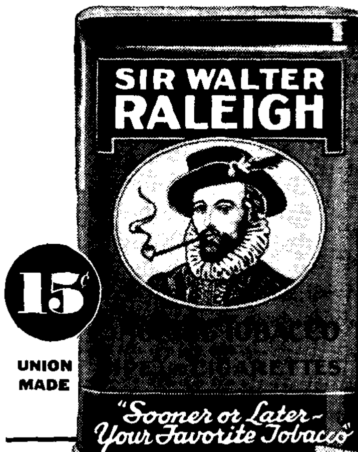
IT'S Del Monte PINEAPPLE JUICE

PURE • NATURAL • UNSWEETENED

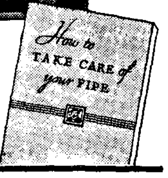
THE LAST ROUND-UP!

ONE WHIFF of maverick tobacco from that gurgling old pipe made the steers cry "Uncle!" Personally, we don't hold with strong pipes and bitter blends. We feel that a briar is improved by a daily grooming and a diet of milder, pleasanter tobacco like Sir Walter Raleigh. First, of course, because we make it; but also because this great blend of well-aged Kentucky Burleys is cooler to smoke and delightfully fragrant. Try a tin. You may not round up as many cattle, but you'll pull in a big gang of admiring friends.

SWITCH TO THE BRAND OF GRAND AROMA



FREE booklet tells how to make your old pipe taste better, sweeter; how to break in a new pipe. Write for copy today. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Kentucky. Dept.C-611


How to TAKE CARE of your PIPE

(Continued from page 87)

Then he was sent back to England to be trained as a fighting pilot, and in 1917 he returned to France as Lieutenant William Bishop of the 60th Squadron. He arrived just as his fellow pilots were beginning to talk of the brilliance of a young German pilot who had been at the front but a few months. This lad's name was Manfred von Richthofen.

Bishop and I walked along to the street leading to Côtes des Neiges, where the vice president of the oil company lives with his charming family. He was talking—not of the war, but of mutual friends. Talking of Eddie Rickenbacker, Gene Tunney, Bernard Gimbel, Frank Clarke, Tom Bragg, and he was hungry for news of them, for Bishop is a man capable of great friendship—and so are those men I have mentioned.

I interrupted: "You were a great man with a machine gun, I hear. They tell me you had the quickest eye of any man in France."

"It was so long ago," he mused. "I've really forgotten. But I guess I could shoot fairly well. You see, I practiced a lot."

The cook said to the dishwasher: "That new lad Bishop we've got here is a bit batty. This morning he comes into my kitchen and he asks—so help me—for all the empty tin cans I got. Gor blimme, but whatever is the lad goin' to do with a basket of tin cans?"

"Maybe he collects them like people collect stamps," the dishwasher suggested helpfully.

Bishop was flying a little Nieuport Scout, a fast single-seater. He was trying to get the "feel" of it. Like all great instinctive pilots, Bishop always flew "by the seat of his pants," as the flying men say. You didn't have many instruments on those single-seaters. On the upper wing the machine gun was mounted but it only fired straight ahead. That meant that you had to aim your plane at the enemy ship and then pull the trigger.

Tin Cans at Ten Thousand Feet

Bishop took his basket of tin cans up to ten thousand feet. Then he tossed them all over the side. The wind took the light cans and they careened all over the startled sky. Bishop dove at one can and let go a burst of fire. The can flew into a thousand pieces. He zoomed upward and "killed" another. The cans darted in and out of cloud wisps, but Bishop, the relentless hunter, pursued them. One after another he shot and before he had lost five thousand feet of altitude he had "killed" them all.

Practice? I'll say he practiced. Bishop wasn't one for believing too much in luck. If you could outfly and outshoot the other fellow you'd win—nine times out of ten. The tenth time? Well, the dice don't always come seven.

"It's a fascinating game, you know," Bishop was talking while I was thinking of him up there in the clouds hitting little tin cans.

"Fighting in the air? It must be fascinating," I said.

He frowned. "No. No. Can't you understand that's all gone? I mean the oil business. Our oil is stored all over. Anything can happen in the field. I sit in the office waiting for things to happen, waiting for new problems to come up. I tell you it's thrilling."

"As thrilling as the first time you shot down an enemy plane?"

Bishop tried to throw his mind back to that day. "I don't remember," he said apologetically. "I don't live in the past."

"It was on March 25, 1917, at three in the afternoon," I reminded him.

"Oh, yes . . . let's see. We were on defensive patrol . . ."

Bishop was one of four sent up just to scare enemy observers away. Things were happening on the front and the General Staff didn't want news of whatever was happening to get to German observers. The patrol moved across the lines, going well into enemy territory. But out of nowhere, like streaks of unexpected lightning in a cloudless sky, three German Albatross scouts dove at the patrol. One of them got on the tail of the English ship in front of Bishop. Bishop, forgetting that undoubtedly another was diving at him, went for the German. . . .

Bishop lets fifteen rounds from his Lewis go screaming into the Albatross but the German isn't hit badly. Panicky, he dives to get away from the stream of lead. Bishop has tasted fighting now and he likes it. He dives right after the German. The two planes hurl through the skies. Bishop is only twenty yards behind him. The German flattens out, hoping to zoom upward and get away from this terrier that he can't shake off. Bishop flattens too and he presses the trigger. Tracer bullets frame the fuselage of the Albatross and then crisscross it. There's a startled cough from the engine of the Albatross and the plane goes into a spinning nose dive. Bishop follows. His gun still spits angrily.

Coasting Over Death

The German crashes and Bishop, exulting in his first victory, flattens out. Then—a sudden silence. The dive of nearly 7,000 feet has forced oil into the motor, choking it, smothering it, and there's Bishop still behind the German lines with thousands of machine guns below him, with only 1,500 feet of altitude and with a motor that's as dead as the sole of your shoe.

Bishop aimed toward his lines two miles away and coasted. All he could do was sit there holding the useless stick, hoping that his glide wouldn't land him in No Man's Land. Come on, Lady Luck. Give the kid a break. Lady Luck perched herself on his upper wing and ran the show.

In his official report Bishop said, "My engine oiled up at 1,500 feet and I just glided over the line."

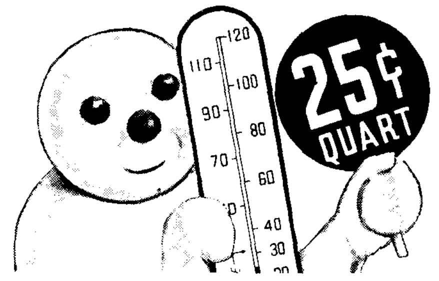
We were in Bishop's apartment now and the cocktails were cold and the canapés were hot and I looked in vain at the etchings on the wall and at the collection of China dogs, a hobby of Mrs. Bishop's, for any evidence that we were in the apartment of the Man without Fear.

Then I saw a thing that looked like a curved windshield. It was, and in the center of the glass there was a hole—a large hole, perhaps half an inch across.

"What's that?"

"That's the windshield of my Nieuport. I sat behind that, you know, and it kept the wind out of my eyes. That's a bullet hole there in the middle. Close call that," he laughed. "I had turned my head . . ."

He was alone and flying high. He wasn't the inexperienced kid he had been six weeks before that day he "just glided across the line." He was Captain Bishop, now, a tried veteran—a veteran of six weeks. And six weeks was a fairly long life on the western front in those days. He'd spent six weeks of shadowing death, of seeing death reach out ghastly fingers, and of slipping out of the clutch of them. In those six weeks he'd shot down twenty planes. He was an old hand now, a hardened ace. His age? He was twenty-three. He turned his head to look over the side and below, and as he turned he heard a "ping," a sharp tinkle of broken glass and a buzzing in his ears. He turned back and there in front of him was a bullet hole in his windshield.



save UP TO 60%

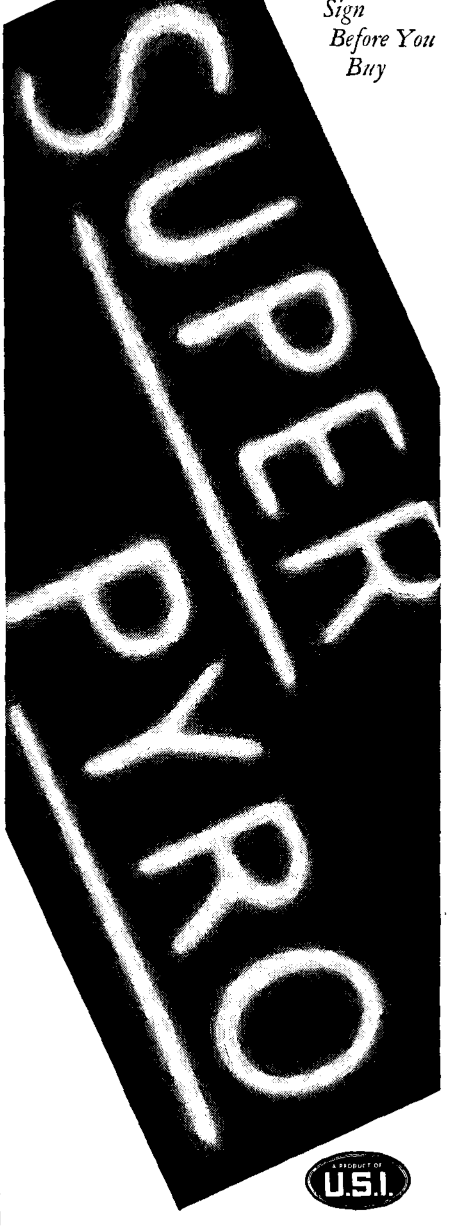
WHY pay more than 25¢ a quart for anti-freeze? This is the price of Super Pyro . . . used by 4,000,000 motorists last winter.

The (U.S. Patent) ingredients in Super Pyro protect *all six* metals of the cooling system. You simply cannot buy any better anti-freeze, anti-rust, anti-corrosion protection at any price.

Super Pyro lasts longer than methanol (*wood alcohol*) mixtures. Protects to lower temperatures than ordinary denatured alcohol. Costs less than half, compared with expensive brands, even if you add two or three quarts during the winter for continuous protection.

Get Super Pyro, and you get three-way protection at LOWEST COST PER SEASON.

Look for the Super Pyro Sign Before You Buy



ANTI-FREEZE

He put a hand to his helmet. The bullet had creased it alongside of his left ear. There was a German on his tail. Instinctively he zoomed upward, banking steeply to the right. The German roared past him, so near that Bishop could feel the propeller wash, then disappeared into a cloud.

Bishop climbed. He felt that the German wasn't alone. Now he—Bishop—was the hunter. His eyes were cold and calculating. He wasn't curly-haired Billy Bishop, the kid from Owen Sound, now. He was Bishop, the killer, the man without fear. Bishop never really got blind, raging mad in a fight as others did. Bishop never felt; he thought. Now he roared through the skies, noting a dozen things at once. He knew his altitude, the wind drift, his speed, and he knew that he was behind the German lines just back of Queant-Drocourt. He played tag with the clouds, using them as flimsy hiding places.

Then below he sighted five enemy planes. They were flying at about 6,000 feet—two of them flying ahead and the other three a mile or so behind. Five against one? Pretty tough odds even for a Bishop. He shoved his stick forward and the plane nosed down. He was off. High, wide and handsome. All or nothing. Come on, dice, be good to Billy. Let's see a seven. He needs all the luck you can spare.

He screamed down at the rear plane of the three and before the German knew what had happened his plane crumpled up like a piece of wet cardboard—wavered for a moment as though surprised—and then fluttered to earth. Bishop straightened out and the second German plane came to him.

The German got in the first punch. Before Bishop could turn toward him his bullets had raked Bishop's plane—but hadn't hit a vital spot.

"Come on, you fightin' fool," Lady Luck cried. She had to like this kid who was fighting against such odds.

The Odds Too Great

Bishop zoomed up at the German. That was a trick he had learned from Captain Albert Ball, then the leading British pilot. He'd go at a man from any angle. The way Dempsey used to punch. So he zoomed up at the German, aiming at the belly of his plane with the precision of a surgeon cutting into an abdomen. The German fell apart like a house of cards in a tornado. No. 22 for Bishop.

He looked up. The three remaining Germans had gathered their wits and they were coming for him. I said Bishop thought; he never felt. Now he thought he'd better leave this party. It was getting too rough. You can only fight against terrific odds when you have the element of surprise on your side.

He went home and made his report. "Three hostile aircraft being above me, I returned," he wrote laconically. The date, by the way, was May 2, 1917, and it was just noon.

Two hours later he was in the air again. He bumped into two enemy craft doing artillery observation just east of Lens and he pumped twenty rounds into them.

Bishop roared east with the wind in his eyes and his throttle wide open. He was red-hot today and he knew it. Before the 1935 Kentucky Derby I watched Omaha. The horse was trembling, just a little on edge, confident, r'arin' to go. The horse knew that he was red-hot that day. Remember how he won? Easy. That horse knew he was going to win that day.

Bishop was like that on May 2. He knew that he was red-hot. He swung east and saw two more hostile planes. He dove at them and pumped round after round at them. They staggered back to talk of this fighting demon of the skies. Now he was over Monochy, flying at 6,000 feet. He dropped out of a cloud to surprise a two-seater which was returning from the lines. In his report he says plaintively, "I fired a whole drum into him but without apparent result."

His ammunition and his fuel were getting low, so he turned for home. Over Peleos he sighted two more Germans. Again he swung into action but again his report says sadly, "No apparent result."

He had some food while his ship was being refueled and then he was in the air again. He was up nearly three hours this time and he had skirmishes with three planes before deciding to call it a day. On his way back he sighted six hostile planes after one British ship. At long range he fought them, annoyed them, harried them and then when he saw his colleague scurry away to safety he too turned back. It had been quite a day and his plane was a sieve. At one time or another during that day he had engaged twenty-three different enemy aircraft.

New Rules and New Gadgets

A few days later the king was pleased to award him the Distinguished Service Order, saying, "his courage and determination have set a fine example to others."

Now he was tops. Even his fellow aviators looked at him in awe. He seemed to bear a charmed life but actually he was tops because he could fly and shoot better than any of the others. Just as afterwards he made a great success in business because he worked a little harder and thought a little faster than any of his competitors. He worked hard during those after-the-war years—so hard that for thirteen years he never touched the stick of a plane. Then about a year and a half ago he felt the urge again and he went out to the Montreal Airport and asked a friend to lend him a ship.

"I looked at the plane and I sat in the cockpit," Bishop says. "And there on the instrument board were a lot of gadgets I'd never seen before. In thirteen years they'd made new rules in my game—had made flying a science. There was only one thing to do—I had to learn flying all over again."

So Bishop, like any novice, humbly went to a flying instructor and took a few lessons. He found out what the new instruments were all about. Then he took a ship up. It was good to feel that rush of wind again and it was good to feel a stick (only planes had wheels now like automobile steering wheels) in your hand. In a few minutes he was the old Bishop. Once you've learned to fly "by the seat of your pants" it's easy to master any new flying technique. Today Bishop flies constantly.

"Do you ski or skate at all?" Bishop asked suddenly. "Great sport, they tell me, and while you're in Canada you ought to take advantage of it. Me? No. I can't skate. It hurts my shins. As for skiing—say, I don't know where those fellows get their courage. The falls you take. I shiver every time I see one of them go down. I'd be scared stiff to try it . . ."

Bishop afraid?

He wasn't afraid one morning when he took off in the gray dusk and flew into the faint crimson tinge of the east which was heralding the sunrise. It wouldn't be light for another hour and Bishop had conceived an amazing plan. He would surprise a German airport just as the planes were taking off for early morning patrol. He knew they usually took off about at dawn—he'd catch them just a few minutes ahead of time.

(*Continued on page* 90)

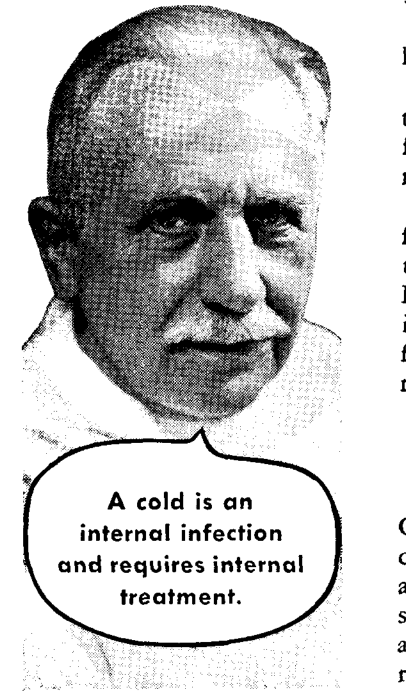
IT STARTED WITH A "COMMON COLD"!

(It Usually Does)

The Necessity of Definite Treatment

He wasn't feeling so bad yesterday—just headachy and loggy. Today they telephoned the office that he's pretty bad and they had to have the doctor in. Everyone is shocked, for it was only a "slight cold" yesterday. Yet, isn't it true that nearly every case of bronchitis and pneumonia you heard of started with "just a common cold"?

If there's anything you want to be concerned about, it's the so-called "common cold." Federal, state and city health departments are constantly calling attention to the danger of the "common cold." They know the insidious nature of the "common cold." They know, from experience, what it can develop into, almost before you know it!


A cold is an internal infection and requires internal treatment.

To Be Safe

What you want to do, if you want to be safe, is to regard a cold—*any* cold—seriously. Keep two things in mind:

(1) *A cold is an internal infection and, as such, calls for internal treatment.*

(2) *A cold calls for a cold treatment and not a "cure-all" or a preparation that is only incidentally good for colds.*

A reliable treatment for colds is afforded in Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine.

First of all, it is distinctly a cold treatment, a tablet designed expressly for the treatment of colds and nothing else.

Secondly, it works internally and it does four things of vital importance in the treatment of a cold—as follows:

First, it opens the bowels, an acknowledgedly advisable step in the treatment of a cold.

Second, it checks the infection in the system.

Third, it relieves the headache and fever.

Fourth, it tones the system and helps fortify against recurrence.

This is the four-fold effect that distinguishes Grove's Bromo Quinine and it is what you want for the prompt treatment of a cold.

Decisive Treatment

Grove's Bromo Quinine tablets now come sugar-coated as well as plain. The sugar-coated are exactly the same as the regular, except that the tablets are coated with sugar for palatability.

The moment you feel a cold coming on, go get yourself a package of Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine tablets. Don't compromise with less efficient methods. Start taking the tablets immediately, two at a time. Taken promptly, Grove's Bromo Quinine will usually stop a cold the first day and that's the speed of action you want.

All drug stores sell Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine and no reliable druggist will try to switch you to anything else. Ask firmly for these famous tablets by name. The few pennies' investment may save you a lot of trouble.

RADIO NOTE: *Listen to Gabriel Heatter review the news. Mutual Broadcasting System, every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday evening. 7:45 to 8:00 EST on some stations. 9:00 to 9:15 EST on others. Consult your newspaper for time listing.*

Always an Usher
. . . never a
Bridegroom . . .

How Romeo Smith got rid of Scratchitus—now he is married.*

"FOR years I had the jitters—my office life made my social activities hideous. Misunderstood, inferior, jumpy, I'd ruin any party," said Romeo Smith.

"I'd twitch at embarrassing moments—my sofa manners scared many a girl. For I was a secret sufferer from Scratchitus, contracted at the office, where ordinary, gritty pencils were doled out.

"Then my girl friend, seeking celestial happiness at a terrestrial price, urged the Venus Pencil cure, and I fell for it as I had for her. Real bliss for 10c. Now romance has ripened into marriage and I have promised to never use ordinary pencils again."

In romance or commerce, one can't expect to make good, if suffering from Scratchitus. There's only one sure relief—Venus Pencils. Their smooth, scratchless lead makes writing and drawing one long, sweet song.

*Scratchitus, the bliss destroyer, comes from using ordinary gritty pencils. To feel better in every way every day, use Venus Pencils.

AMERICAN PENCIL CO. NEW YORK - VENUS - DRAWING

for the best in colored pencils ask for VENUS COLORING—thin, strong, smooth.

VENUS
PENCILS 10¢
17 SHADES OF BLACK

(Continued from page 89)

His plane was a dark streak, its wings touched faintly with gold, as it roared over the enemy airport twelve miles back of the lines. The airport was just awakening. Seven planes were on the ground and their motors were warming up waiting for sleepy pilots to finish breakfast. Then out of the murk came this roaring, snarling devil, spitting death and destruction. Bishop flew low—at fifty feet—and he raked the field from end to end. Pilots came running out to scramble hurriedly into cockpits. One taxied across the field and tried to rise but Bishop sent it crashing with a hail of lead. Another rose to fifty feet and Bishop, 150 yards away, sent his bullets unerringly into it. It crashed drunkenly into a tree.

A third had taken the air by now and he managed to get above Bishop. He had a clear shot at him, too, but Bishop wasn't human today. He zoomed upward—his old trick—and his thumb pressed the trigger that sent a hundred bullets into the German. It too collapsed like a punctured balloon. A fourth arose. Bishop sent the rest of his ammunition into it—and then he waved a cheery goodby and hurried home for breakfast.

The whole affair hadn't lasted fifteen minutes. His plane was completely riddled with bullets but he wasn't scratched. He got the Victoria Cross for that job.

Bishop afraid? Listen. Bishop wasn't afraid on that memorable day when he bid adieu to France. It was in June, 1918, that the General Staff decided that Bishop was too valuable to be allowed to run further risks. They wanted him back in London to do administrative work and to help with recruiting. They told Bishop that he would have to leave the front in twelve days.

Twelve days left? Well, now. He'd already shot down forty-seven planes. That wasn't enough. Twelve days? During those twelve days Bishop went crazy. Never had such flying or such shooting been seen on any front. In eleven days he had shot down twenty enemy planes.

Then came that final day. For the last time Bishop climbed into the cockpit of his battered plane. He flew from sunrise to sunset. Again and again he returned for ammunition and fuel. When he finished the day his gun was hot, his motor was screaming its protest at the way it had been pushed, his wings and fuselage were torn and tattered—but five more Germans had been added to his list. That made twenty-five planes in twelve days—more than the whole Royal Air Force had brought down in the first month of the war. It brought his total up to seventy-two.

That ended his fighting career. He had the adulation of the world, more decorations than any man alive and memories such as few are fortunate enough to own.

Today? Today he doesn't live in the memory of those days of sudden flight and swift death. Those days formed an interlude and when they were finished Bishop shrugged his shoulders and said, "Now to the business of living."

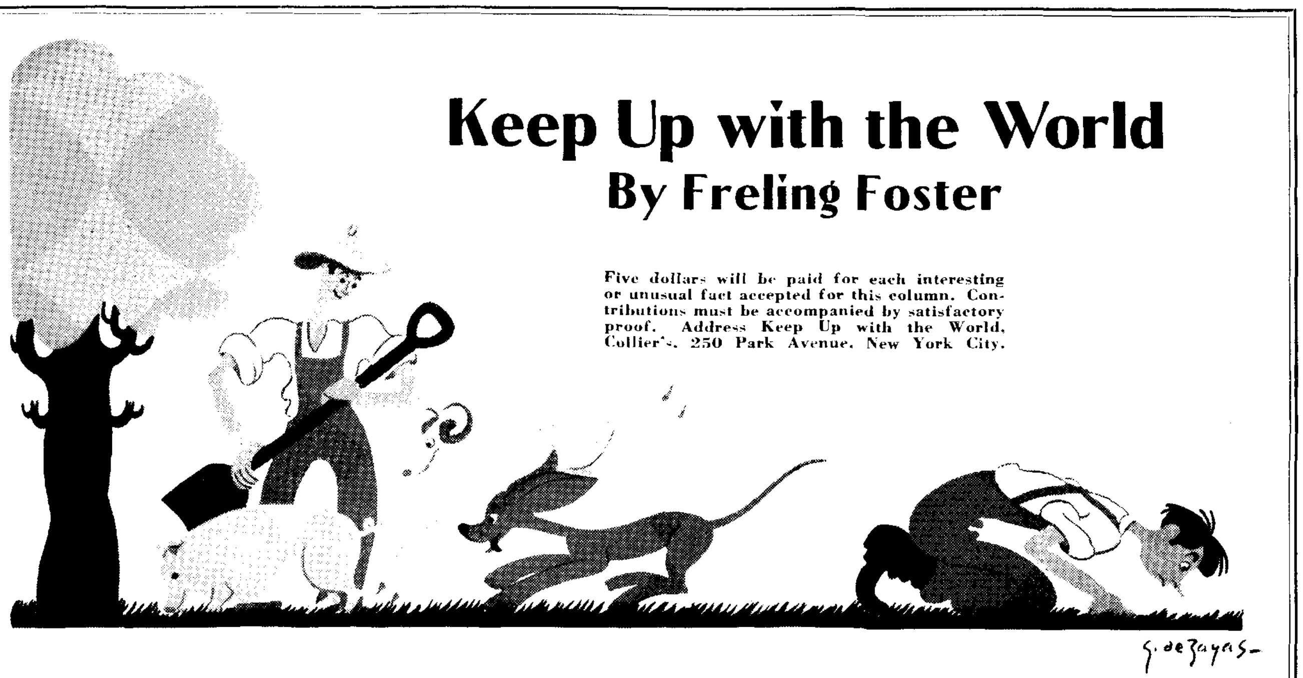
He has done the business of living well, and today he laughs and works, and the past he sees only through the eyes of the present and nothing that happened in the past seems very important to him. He is an intelligent, cultured gentleman, a *bon vivant*, an extraordinary host, one of the keenest businessmen in Canada.

But to me he's the toughest man in the world—the only living person to whom you can point and say, "There is a man without fear."

Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.



Those who hunt wild truffles, the edible subterranean fungi, usually depend on an experienced pig, dog or goat to point out the spots where they may be found in the ground. Some men, however, hunt unassisted as they themselves possess such a keen sense of smell that they can detect the odor of these tubers.

The Braille system of printing for the blind, raised dots used as symbols to designate the letters of the alphabet, has been in almost world-wide use for virtually two generations. Yet today not more than 25 out of every 100 blind persons, even in the United States, are able to read it.

Of the twelve American businesses that have been in existence, and also in the hands of the founding family, since the days before the Declaration of Independence, the oldest is Pratt's Village Smithy in Essex, Connecticut, which was established in 1678.—*By Roy A. Foulke, New York City.*

Solitaire, or Patience, is evidently the black sheep of the card-game family. Although played throughout the world for centuries in several hundred different ways, it has seldom been mentioned in books and articles on card playing.

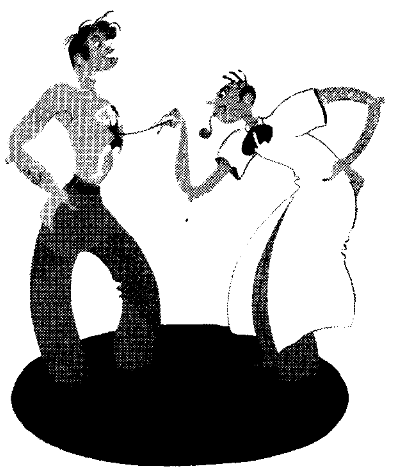
Within living memory in provincial England the doorsteps of numerous houses, shops and hotels were chalked each morning with a pattern of loops which were supposed to entangle the feet of the devil if he tried to enter the premises. One of these "devil traps" still may be seen in the west entrance of the great Ely Cathedral where it was permanently inlaid in the floor many centuries ago.

The largest amount of money ever sent to an organization or government by a conscience-stricken individual was received recently in London by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. It was a draft for $50,000 "from Y. Z.," without a clue to his identity or the nature, time or place of the misdeed that necessitated this disposal of a fortune to restore peace of mind.

Since Revolutionary days, the progress made by medicine, hygiene and allied sciences has not only increased the average length of life but also the individual span of life. During the past century and a half, the average man's life has increased from about 35 years to 59 years, while the life expectancy of a 60-year-old man has increased from 11½ years to 14 years. —*By Betty Steele, Upper Montclair, New Jersey.*

Although 97 per cent of the accounts in the commercial banks of this country today are insured by the federal government, the protection only covers about 40.5 per cent of the total deposits because the insurance on each account is limited to $5,000.

No man is allowed to join the United States Navy while his body is tattooed with the figure of a nude lady. However, he is able to pass his physical examinations after a tattooing artist has covered the lady with something, if only a snug one-piece bathing suit.—*By Ernest H. Suerken, Newton, New Jersey.*



This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publishers

Most tooth decay can be PREVENTED

SQUIBB
Tooth
Powder
Acid-neutralizing
Squibb
Dental
Cream

THINK what it means to you—and to every member of your family—that *most tooth decay can be prevented.*

—that the priceless possession of good teeth and firm gums—contributing so much to personal appearance, to health, and to happiness—may be safeguarded.

Today one of the great contributions of medical and dental science is the progress that has been made toward the elimination of tooth decay and the prevention of the illnesses that have their source in diseases of the teeth and gums.

That is why the House of Squibb offers you a plan *by which Most Tooth Decay Can Be Prevented,* and urges you to follow it.

Part of this plan requires the use of a scientific dentifrice—one that cleans and polishes correctly and, in addition, penetrates into many crevices where the toothbrush fails to reach—one that contains an ingredient that neutralizes the bacterial acids that cause decay, wherever it comes in contact with them.

Squibb Dental Cream and Squibb Tooth Powder are produced by the Squibb Laboratories to assure the best and most complete aid to the everyday care of the teeth and gums.

Squibb Dental Cream and Squibb Tooth Powder can be purchased everywhere at little cost.

THE SQUIBB PLAN

by which most tooth decay can be prevented

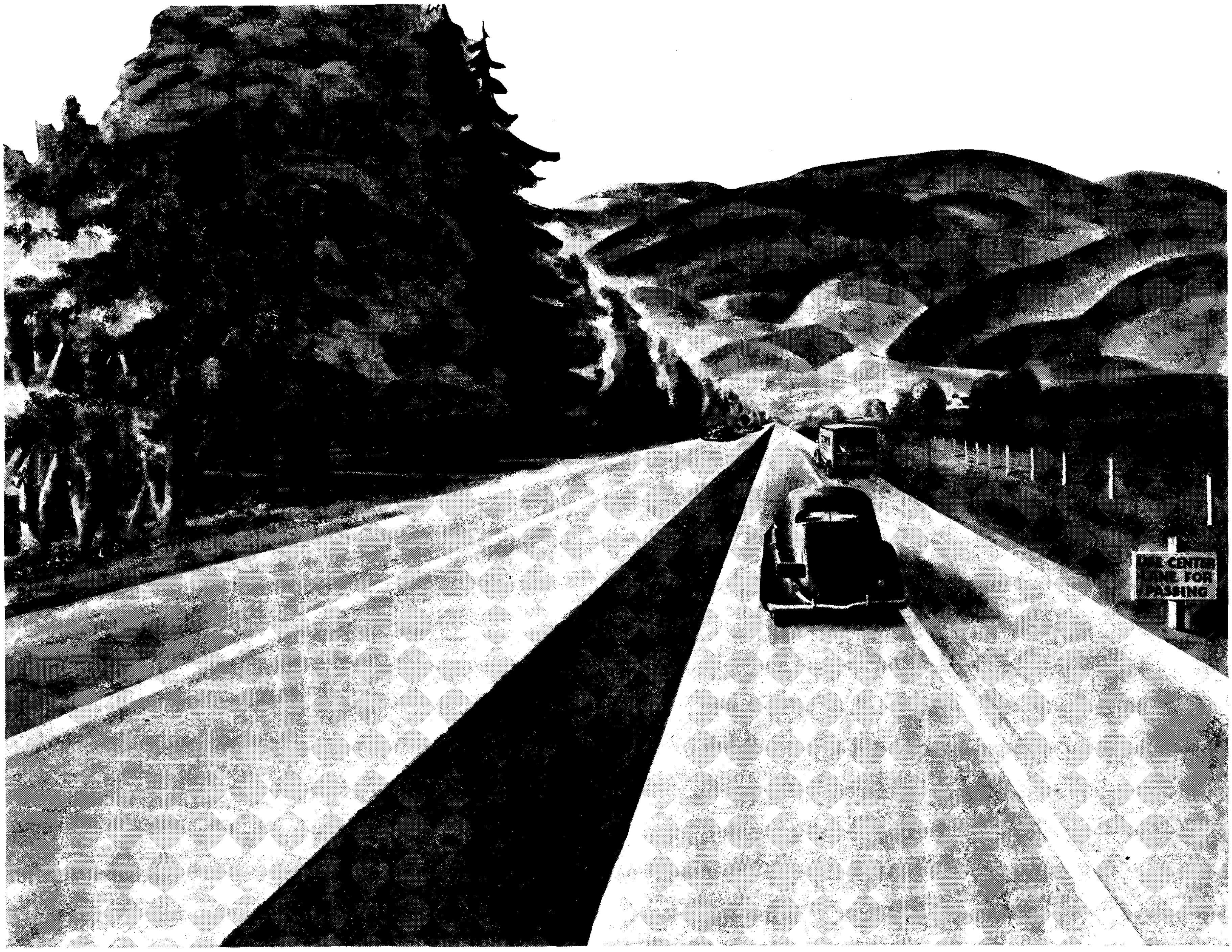
1. Go to your dentist and follow his advice. This will include the kind of toothbrush to use, and how to use it; what kind of dentifrice to use, and what kind not to use; and whether you should supplement your own home treatment with the use of dental floss and oral perborate.
2. Check your diet with your physician or dentist—to be sure your system is getting the elements essential to the health and strength of your teeth.
3. Brush your teeth thoroughly, at least twice a day, and be sure you use a dentifrice scientifically prepared to clean teeth effectively, and safely.

START TODAY *on the Squibb Plan for the care of the teeth and gums. It costs little and may prevent pain, ill health and expense later in life.*

SQUIBB
Tooth
Powder
Squibb
Dental
Cream

DENTAL CREAM SQUIBB TOOTH POWDER

The Priceless Ingredient of Every Product is the Honor and Integrity of its Maker



USE CENTER LANE FOR PASSING

USE CENTER LANE FOR PASSING

AMERICA is advancing on a broad new highway of buying . . . a multiple-lane highway built to handle the full flow of traffic with safety and dispatch.

The lane to the right is for the heavy, slow-acting crowd. The center lane is for the *Active* market. It is travelled by people who are quicker to respond . . . less reserved in their buying decisions.

Today, the relationship between *active* minds and *volume* buying is more firmly established than ever. It is an accepted fact.

A recent study of mileage records in Hartford,* for example, proves that the Active Market wears cars out faster . . . burns more gasoline . . . buys more oil and accessories . . . drives more miles per year than members of *any other weekly magazine group.*

It shows they are the buyers of new cars . . . the better brands of tires . . . the quality lines of every kind of automotive product.

In choosing a magazine, these people naturally turn to Collier's. They like the tempo of its brief, timely articles . . . its thought-provoking editorials . . . its modern fiction.

To manufacturers, Collier's offers the means of gearing advertising to this center lane traffic . . . to the Active Market . . . where you encounter fewer delays in reaching your sales destination.

**This survey of Hartford magazine readers is available upon request.*

ollier's

The Active Market

THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY • 250 Park Avenue, New York • Publishers of COLLIER'S • WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION • THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE • THE COUNTRY HOME

The Largest Magazine Audience in the World—More than 9,000,000 Circulation

Copr. 1936. The Crowell Publishing Co.

Good Mixers

Continued from page 18

spite of the thousands of words that were tossed on the wires after Stanford, the underdogs, upset the well-planned attack of the Southern Methodists.

I went down to Texas to see Southern Methodist play its big game against Texas Christian. I tried to find their weaknesses. I noted that most of the Southern Methodist passes were thrown by their clever Bobby Wilson and that all of them grew out of a threat of a running play. The play started out like a run, then Wilson faded back. As a matter of fact, if he thought the pass wouldn't work, he did run. He did this frequently and made good gains.

I noticed that this plan of attack left the Mustangs with little protection on the short side of their line. All of their interference went to the right with no protection on Wilson's left at all. So, in the Rose Bowl game, I had our right tackle, Beedle, and Topping, our right end, rush for all they were worth on the Mustangs' short side. The result was that Topping and Beedle were on Wilson's back all during the first half of the game. They smeared him before he could either pass or run.

Bobby Fooled Them

Since the Mustangs depended so consistently upon their passing offense, I was able to take this chance and get away with it. During the second half Matty Bell tried to swing another player over to the short side to protect Wilson. It was too short notice and he was lost. Topping and Beedle continued to smear Wilson in his tracks.

The result was that Stanford was able to bottle up Wilson and smear a passing attack that had been dynamite in all the games the Mustangs had played that season. Then the "passless wonders" opened up a passing attack of their own. As the game got under way, the play demonstrated that the two teams were evenly matched in practically all departments, as I thought they would be. Stanford's main advantage was a field general who knew how to mix the plays up.

Grayson has always done that and that is why he was boss of strategy for the Stanford team for three years. Remember that first eighty-yard drive that Stanford made in the big game with California last year? Before that game I called Grayson over.

"Bobby, you won't be able to run to the right in this game," I warned. "You've been running to the right all season. Nibs Price will have his defense shifted to stop you cold. See if he doesn't."

"What do you think I'd better do?" asked Grayson.

"They think you can't run to the left," I replied. "You might mix them up a little on the right to decoy them and then run to the left in this game."

To make California think they had figured his plays out right, Grayson opened the Stanford attack by running Coffis to the right for a gain of only two yards. On the next play Grayson faded back and threw a pass to Hamilton, also on the right, making first down. That was pretty good football, and the Bears figured we were playing our regular game—to the right, as usual.

Grayson faded back once more, just as though he were going to duplicate the previous play. Suddenly he tore off like a flash to the left for a twenty-five-yard gain before the Bears caught him. He had completely crossed them up.

The Bears evidently thought that was an accident because they continued to watch for plays to the right. They felt pretty sure Grayson would make his customary run to the right, even if for no other purpose than to set up the game for a later play to the left.

Again Bobby fooled them. Out of a reverse play he ran to the right, hunched over as though he were toting the ball. Meantime, Bones Hamilton, hugging the ball to his chest, was tearing off to the left. Hamilton gained forty yards before the Bears' backfield discovered what was up and nabbed him.

The following play found Grayson shooting a pass to Hamilton, this time way over on the right for another gain. The series of plays had eaten up eighty yards. The Bears were so completely baffled that they called time out to figure out a new defense.

That was typical of Grayson's generalship which, more than anything else, accounted for the Stanford team's outstanding season, culminating in the Rose Bowl victory. He is the most elastic and alert field general I have ever known.

In the Columbia-Stanford Rose Bowl game three years ago, the particular play that scored their touchdown was not an intricate play at all. It was nothing but a simple reverse play without any interference, known as the old-fashioned crisscross play. All during the game they had set that up. They hadn't played it, but something similar. They had been giving the ball to the right halfback. He had been going inside tackle. It was a semispin play. Or else, Montgomery would get the ball, spin, fake, and then step back and throw a forward pass. They repeatedly did that.

This time when he spun, instead of giving the right halfback the ball, he gave it to the fullback who went clear around the end without any interference. It looked exactly like the same play, but they had not used it before. It was a double fake play. It caused our right defensive halfback to move in to stop the play inside. Columbia got clean away for a touchdown.

That was good generalship. Montgomery called that play several times after that, but we threw them for a loss every time. But the one time it worked was enough to win the ball game for them.

Keeping Three Plays Ahead

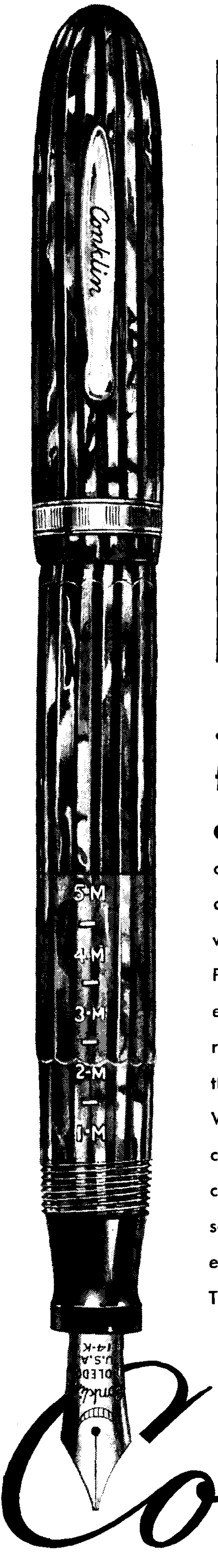
During the 1935 season we hit on a pretty good system for mixing them up. When we were using a sequence of several different plays we tried to start all of them off the same formation. When we were using the same play twice, we started it from two different formations.

We had four formations and about twenty different plays. We could run almost all of the twenty plays equally well from any one of the four formations. Any old formation was okay for us. But it made a lot of difference to the defense when they were lining up their strength.

Under this plan the formation didn't mean anything except that it caused the defense to shift. The formation was only so much scenery. They had to meet our strength and if we could leave plenty of doubt in their minds as to where we were going to hit, we had a big advantage.

Today most football teams use anywhere from twenty to thirty plays including passes, but a good field general never calls over fifteen different plays in any one game. The old reliables are the straight ahead line bucks, the re-

(Continued on page 94)



Judged BY ANY STANDARD

. . . . the Conklin is the world's finest precision writing instrument

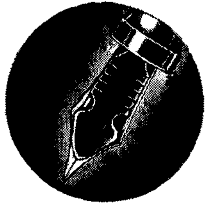
● Compare the Conklin, feature by feature, with all other pens. We invite you to make this comparison because we are confident of your final decision. . . . You will find that only Conklin offers the beautifully modern Penline Stripe styling, a radiant pearl effect—the patented self-filling device that "winds like a watch"—the revolutionary Cushon Point—the new controlled feed—the fully visible ink supply with the exclusive Conklin Word Gauge. These and many other advantages combine to make the Conklin the world's finest precision writing instrument. . . . Before you buy any pen, see the pen that has everything. At leading stores everywhere.

THE CONKLIN PEN COMPANY, TOLEDO, OHIO
Chicago • San Francisco • London • Sydney

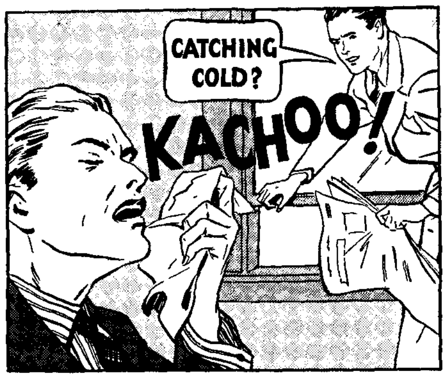
Conklin

CONTROLLED FEED

Here's another pen engineering achievement; Conklin's new controlled feed insures a smooth, even, dependable flow of ink.



CONKLIN NOZAC (no sack) PENS, $5.00 up; PENCILS, $3.50 up; SETS, $8.50 up. OTHER CONKLIN PENS, $2.75 up; PENCILS, $1.00 up; SETS, $3.75 up. Regular Lever Sack Pens Available, $2.75 up.

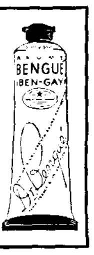

CATCHING COLD?
KACHOO!

BE SENSIBLE

- When you feel a cold coming on, here's the thing to do: Get to bed early tonight. Rub "Ben-Gay" on your chest and back. Put on an old pajama top. Cold congestion is quickly relieved by this simple method—air passages clear up and you feel more comfortable.

This 40-year-old formula of Dr. Jules Bengué, of Paris, has worked wonders for millions of people. Be sure you ask for and get the original "Ben-Gay."

COLDS
LUMBAGO
RHEUMATIC PAINS
NEURALGIA
HEADACHE
STIFF, SORE MUSCLES



RUB PAIN AWAY WITH
BAUME "BEN-GAY"

BUTCHER, BAKER CANDLESTICK MAKER
..Everyone can use-

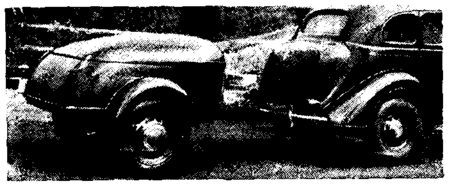
MULLINS RED CAP UTILITY TRAILER

Everybody who drives a car could use a Mullins Red Cap Utility Trailer for business or pleasure. Here are a few uses: tourists for luggage; salesmen for sample cases; sportsmen for hunting and fishing; storekeepers for package delivery; contractors for tools and supplies. Red Cap, mounted on *two* automobile wheels, carries 1200 pounds. Red Cap is fully engineered, streamlined and all-steel. Rubber sealed top with lock protects contents from dust, rain and theft. Ask your automobile dealer or write Mullins for fully illustrated folder.

MULLINS MANUFACTURING CORP.
Dept. C-3 Salem, Ohio

$119.50
f. o. b.
Salem, Ohio
Easy Terms

On Display
at
Auto Shows
New York
Nov. 11 to 18
Chicago
Nov. 14 to 21



(Continued from page 93)

verses, double reverses and around end plays. He needs fake plays to work in with the straight ahead plays because if he didn't use them six or seven line men would concentrate on the ball carrier on every play. Fake plays, reverses, double reverses and spin plays force each defense man to cover three times as much ground as if he were concentrating on only one man.

It isn't the hard driving that wears the other team down so much as mixing them up so that they have a feeling of frustration. The offense ought to be two or three plays ahead of the defense at all times. The field general knows that he has to get in a certain spot in order to make a crucial play. To take advantage of his strongest plays he has to maneuver his team into the proper position on the field. It is this sequence of plays that makes a football machine click.

Side-line Jitters

Football fans are always asking me why we don't spring more new plays on our opponents. Every coach has his grandstand helpers who have doped out just the play that is needed to paralyze the enemy and romp over the goal line at will. If he'd only listen to these brilliant strategy schemes he'd have a hundred plays to mix the other team up!

Unfortunately, thirty plays are just about all a team can master in one season. Twenty plays well executed would be even better. Not only are the plays themselves extremely complicated to learn, but the timing is intricate and it calls for many hours of practice to master any individual play. And the professor of football is only one of six or eight professors who are cramming youthful heads with lessons.

Every coach is tempted to load his players with more plays. The greatest originator of plays in the history of the game has been Pop Warner. One year Pop had over sixty plays. He figured they would all come in handy sometime. Pop was an offensive genius. He was always sitting around figuring out new plays and he always wanted to try them. He just couldn't hold himself back and he couldn't bear to throw them away. Pop realized that he had too many plays, but he kept on figuring them out just the same. He always wanted to try them out and see how they worked in competition.

Most coaches have the same trouble. I have to hold myself down all the time. I will wake up at night with a brilliant idea for a new play. I'll diagram it and lay it on the table. In the morning I throw it away, even though it breaks my heart. That's the only way I can forget the brain storm without pestering the kids with it.

Lest you get the idea from these remarks that a coach can run the game from the side lines, let me say that he can't. All this talk about the coach pulling the game out of the hole is so much horse-radish. After the ball game has started, it's up to the players themselves. I can send in a substitute to suggest that they try Number 40Z, but on my teams the field general doesn't have to do what I suggest. I don't want him to break up his sequence of plays just to try out one of my own notions.

Once in a while I can't keep my shirt on, sitting there on the side lines, and I do get to meddling in the game. What happens?

In the Washington game in Seattle in 1933, when they had us down 6 to 0, the kids were stymied and couldn't get anyplace. I sent in word with a substitute end to kick the ball. The substitute end was excited and after the first play he forgot all about the instructions I had sent in. So I sent in a backfield man. "Maybe I can get by with that," I said. He was a sophomore and was excited and he, too, forgot what I told him to do. Finally I said, "There's only one thing to do. I'll send a center in."

The new center couldn't communicate with the team until after a play. So he refused to pass the ball to anybody except the man who was back to punt. The signal caller called a play and the new center said "check." That meant he must call another. The quarterback called all the plays in the book one by one and each time the center would say "check." Finally, there was only one play left to call and that was the punt formation. The center passed the ball back and they kicked out of the hole.

If a coach tried to control the play from the bench he would have to work out an elaborate set of secret signals from the bench to the quarterback. It would take the field general's mind completely off his job. And if a team relied upon the coach for the next play the field general wouldn't be much good. The coach doesn't always know what the opposition is on the line. Sitting on the bench, the coach can't see what's going on when the play gets past the forty-yard line.

After the game is started, about all I ever do is make suggestions. Sometimes I do a little talking to the grandstands. I may stand up in front of the bench with my back to the field, and talk to the fellows who are sitting there.

"Williams, did you notice where Grayson is playing?" I ask. "Clear out on the edge. He ought to be in closer."

Pretty soon I notice some player on the team who has been within earshot edge over to Grayson.

"Tiny is hollering because you aren't playing in closer," he tells Grayson. Then Bobby moves in.

If a coach were going to try to run the game from the side lines, he would have to sit up high in the stands where he could get a complete picture of the game. Most coaches do have an assistant in the stands who reports by telephone what is going on. I have used this system and sometimes ask the man in the grandstands why a specific play isn't working. He can usually tell better than I can if the player's timing is off or if the defense is sucking him off balance.

The football fan in the grandstands is always curious to know what goes on in the huddles. Does the quarterback call all the signals? Do the different players make suggestions? People often ask me these questions.

Boss of the Game

One of the worst features of the huddle system is that sometimes you have eleven quarterbacks on your team. Every player in the huddle may have a scheme for scoring a touchdown. He wants to try that play. Sometimes the huddle turns into a debating society. If the signal caller has to listen to a lot of chewing the fat, it ruins the continuity of plays for him.

A good field general shuts them up with "Who the hell's running the ball game, anyway?" and goes ahead with his own instructions. Grayson did that even when he was a beginner and that is one reason why he was a good field general. He would call his play, give each man on the squad his assignment and tell him to get out and do his stuff. He could get away with it.

On my teams I have made it the rule that the field general is czar of the game after it starts. He is boss. He can tell the acting captain to send out any player who is not taking orders, and the captain has to do it.

On the Stanford team the field general calls the plays, but he is never acting captain of the squad. We did not elect a permanent captain but before each game I appointed an acting captain. His job was to toss the coin, discuss penalties with officials and escort

THINK A MOMENT!
Has more than one day gone by?

Keep tabs on yourself. Establish regular habits of elimination. Most doctors agree this is for your own well-being.

If more than one day goes by, take an Olive Tablet just as an aid to Nature.

You'll find Olive Tablets excellent for this purpose. Mild, gentle, the formula of an eminent Ohio physician, they are used in thousands of homes as a standard proprietary.

Keep them always on your bathroom shelf and caution the whole family to use them on the evening before the second day. Three sizes—15¢—30¢—60¢. All druggists.

DR. EDWARDS'
Olive Tablets
THE LAXATIVE OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

PERFECTION
the Pioneer Heater

$9.95 UP
PERFECTION

- New low prices for this extra-capacity, quick-action Perfection motor car heater—America's standard since 1909. Has all latest features, including patented rotating deflector. Keeps entire car warm in coldest weather. Made and guaranteed by Eaton, one of America's largest makers of motor car parts.

EATON PRODUCTS, INC.
CLEVELAND, OHIO
Atlanta • Boston • Cleveland • Dallas • Kansas City • Philadelphia

EATON

players out of the game when substitutions were made. This system is unusual, but I think it is a good one. It relieves the field general of a lot of unnecessary work and all wrangling with officials. He can keep his mind on the strategy of the game itself.

Some men are good for the field general's job, others for the acting captain's work. Bones Hamilton, for instance, was a fine acting captain. But he hated to call signals. He didn't have the rhythm of figuring out several plays ahead. A play was just a play to him without any particular relation to what followed.

There have been some great field generals in gridiron history. Benny Friedman of Michigan was one. Frank Carideo of Notre Dame, Bo McMillan of Centre, and Orv Mohler of Southern California were naturals for the job. Judging by the way he outgeneraled us in the Rose Bowl game, Montgomery of Columbia was a real field general. Jim Thorpe of Carlisle was a great football player, but he couldn't have called signals to save his life.

Outstanding Field Generalship

Dick Hyland used to give Pop Warner an awful time and lots of worry. Pop had to use him because no other man on the team could carry the ball the way he could. Hyland could have been a team player and he would have gone much farther in the game. He knows that now and has told me so, but we couldn't tell him anything when he was carrying the ball for Stanford.

Last year I had that problem with Grayson. Not that he considered himself a one-man team, but that he was our most effective ball carrier and the defense invariably ganged up on him.

To protect him I worked out a backfield switch. Grayson played either quarterback or fullback. Hamilton, Alustiza, or Paulman might step into Grayson's position, trading places with him on a moment's notice.

All of my backfield men could play at least two positions and some of them, such as Frank Alustiza, could play three. They were a versatile bunch of kids. They were always switching positions and it mixed up the defense plenty.

Every old horse likes to look back over the great moments of his life, and a football coach is no exception. Looking back, two outstanding examples of field generalship stick in my memory. One was in a game Centre played against Harvard in Boston. The other was the famous 20 to 20 big game between Stanford and California, a game that ended the long winning streak of Andy Smith's "Wonder Team."

In the latter, George Bogue was the field general. The game was going badly for Stanford and in the fourth quarter California led 20 to 7. We had to shift the Stanford team around at the last minute. We took Ed Walker, who is now a coach at Minnesota, and who was ordinarily a crackajack end, and made a halfback out of him. Walker had never been known to throw a pass in his life.

Out of a formation that looked like a setup for a line buck, Bogue gave the ball to Walker, who threw a twenty-five-yard pass to Ted Shipkey. Shipkey caught it behind the goal line. That was one touchdown.

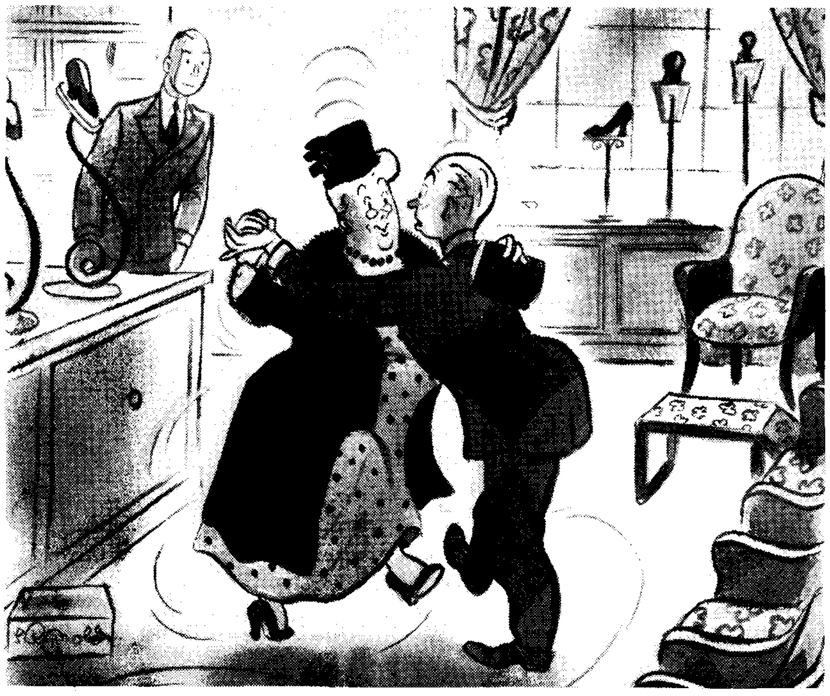
When the Bears kicked out, Bogue pulled the same play again. He knew California would be waiting for Shipkey, which they were. But they were not watching Cuddeback, the right halfback, and Walker's pass to him over the goal line was perfect.

All this happened in six short minutes, just before the gun cracked.

In the Centre-Harvard game, back in 1921, Centre had two yards to go at one critical point in the game. Bo McMillan was the field general. Red Roberts was playing end. He had been playing fullback. We put the end back five yards and made the defense believe that Red was to carry the ball. We used the single wing-back formation. The result was that the defensive line and secondary moved up. They knew Red was a great line bucker. Instead of smashing the line, Bo McMillan switched and carried the ball on a wide end run with Red leading him. The secondary had moved up close to help stop the line buck and as a consequence weren't prepared for the end run. Centre made twenty-six yards on that play and scored a touchdown. It was the turning point in the game, which Centre won.

Well, having spilled all my strategy dope for the public prints, you'd think it would be easy for Columbia, or any of our opponents, to take us to the cleaner this season. But it won't be as soft as it looks. Every three years I start over with a brand-new set of formations and plays, because everybody knows what the old ones are by that time.

As I was saying, you have to mix them up.



"Yes, I rather think these will be comfortable enough for the dance tonight!"

LAURENCE REYNOLDS

86 PROOF
HIGHLAND CREAM
TEACHER'S
HIGHLAND CREAM
Perfection of Blended Scotch Whisky
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
Wm. TEACHER & SONS, LTD.
GLASGOW
SCOTLAND
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
SOLE AGENTS FOR THE U.S.A.
SCHIEFFELIN & CO., NEW YORK N.Y.
TURN ROUND TO OPEN

"It's the flavour"

Serve Teacher's . . . the Scotch your friends enjoy. It's a gentleman's whisky. There's a hearty, genuine tang in the taste. Men like its friendly flavour. And the full-bodied mellowness of Teacher's is unique . . . so its friends will tell you.

Made since 1830 by Wm. Teacher & Sons, Ltd., Glasgow and London

Sole U. S. Agents: Schieffelin & Co., New York City. Importers since 1794.

SON, YOUR HEALTH AND HAPPINESS DEPEND ON YOUR DIET. DON'T FORGET EXPERTS SAY SPRATT'S FOODS ARE BEST—BECAUSE THEY'RE DRY AND CRUNCHY AND CONTAIN MEAT AND WHOLESOME WHEAT. THEY KEEP YOUR TEETH AND DIGESTION IN TOP-NOTCH CONDITION

I HOPE MY FUTURE OWNER KNOWS THAT!

The finest show dogs have been fed on SPRATT'S for generations. Their health, condition and "pep" are all-important. SPRATT'S Meat-Fibrine Biscuit Foods are eaten with avidity and easily digested. They contain meat and wheat in the correct proportions. Actually SPRATT'S furnish *twice as much nourishment* per pound as lean beef! Ask for SPRATT'S Fibo, Spix, Ovals or Charcoal Ovals.

FREE—NEW 50-page dog book and samples of Dog Foods. Write SPRATT'S, Dept. C2, Newark, N. J., or San Francisco, Calif.

SPRATT'S
THE WORLD'S LEADING MAKERS OF DOG BISCUIT FOODS

Les Patrick says
N.Y. Rangers Hockey Manager

AFTER EVERY SHAVE, A REFRESHING DASH OF AQUA VELVA MAKES MY FACE FEEL LIKE A MILLION!

Closes Pores in Skin—Keeps out Dirt, Dust—Fights off Sore Spots...Irritation

SKIN PORES left wide open after shaving with warm water collect dirt, dust and impurities which often cause sore spots, pimples, ingrown hairs.

A cooling dash of Aqua Velva after your morning shave closes pores tightly . . . fights off irritation.

Free Offer

Williams AQUA VELVA

The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Conn., U.S.A. Please send me a trial bottle of Aqua Velva, the world's largest selling after-shaving preparation.

Name____________________
Street & No.____________________
City & State____________________
C-4

Smart Guy

Continued from page 32

DaRosa. We found a young man shaving a customer while DaRosa, with his arm in a sling, superintended the operation. We wanted to talk about Rosini but the barber wanted to talk about his broken arm. He showed us the cellar stairs where he had broken it and an X-ray picture that he had pinned to the wall.

"You think Rosini killed Perino?" O'Malley asked.

"Sure. All cops say that."

"I hear you was at the wineshop with Perino."

"Sure. I walk home with him. At his house I say goodby and I come across the street. I am coming into my house when I hear the shot. Some people run out of houses and say, 'Perino got kill.' So I go over there."

"Did you see anybody come out of Perino's hallway?"

"I don't see nobody. Too bad Vittoria's guy get kill. She's a swell kid. She thinks I'm a swell guy."

I COULDN'T see how she could think that. He was a little man and very homely.

"She ever tell you that?"

"She don't have to tell me. All ladies think DaRosa is a swell guy."

"Well, anyway, you got a lot of modesty," O'Malley said sarcastically.

DaRosa showed us Rosini's room. It was small and not very comfortable. The police had searched it, so we didn't expect to find anything. Its one window opened on a little yard with rubbish in it. When we came downstairs, O'Malley went out into the yard and examined the rubbish. He searched it thoroughly and under Rosini's window he found a note. The note had been rained on. It had rained the night Perino was killed and it hadn't rained since. I read: "Kill Gaspare and we can be happy always afterward."

It was signed "Vittoria."

"Good Lord, O'Malley!" I exclaimed. "This case is getting rather terrible. The girl was in it too!"

"Yeah? How do you figure this?"

"It's plain—isn't it?—that Rosini had this note and when the police came for him he threw it out the window."

"Sure, it could be like that. You seen that girl—do you think she'd write that kind of note?"

"Don't you?"

"I told you, I don't think nothing in cases like this."

We took the note to headquarters and O'Malley gave it to a desk officer and told him where we'd found it. I asked him next day what had been learned about it.

"Rosini says he never seen the note and the girl says she didn't write it."

"Would you expect a killer and his girl to say anything else?"

"The police laboratory says she didn't write it, too."

"That's different. Who did write it?"

"Why, we might never find that out."

It looked as if he were right, for after that nothing happened. In a few days the case dropped out of the newspapers. O'Malley said he wasn't working on it. In about a month I'd forgotten it myself. I remembered it one day and asked him about it.

"Well, there ain't nothing doing in it. I worked on it now and then but I can't find out nothing. These cops think I'm nuts because I say they'd ought to let that kid Rosini go; it looks to me you can't prove nothing on a guy because you found his fingerprint in a hall that anybody can go into. But they got their own ideas about it. They figure to connect Rosini with that note even if the girl didn't write it."

A week later I saw that Rosini had been indicted for the murder.

"I wouldn't wonder they'd electrocute the boy," O'Malley told me. "Vittoria is going to marry that handsome guy Spira."

I was surprised. "They haven't waited long about it," I said. "Has Spira got money?"

"They say he has."

"This is a shame, O'Malley! The girl can't be in love with Spira, but her father is bound to marry her to somebody with money."

"Well, I wouldn't cry about it. Her old man is giving a party tonight to tell his friends about the marriage. I thought I'd go over that way."

"Are you going to the party?"

"A cop wouldn't be very welcome there."

I went along with him. We walked past Cero's house. Sounds told us that the party was going on, but we couldn't see anything. I imagined Vittoria wasn't very happy about it and I couldn't help feeling sorry myself; I was sure she didn't want to marry Spira. When we got to the corner we found a plain-clothes cop and on the next corner we found another. We didn't do anything but walk around and I got rather tired of it. About two o'clock in the morning the party began to break up, and some people came out. We walked a little way down the street and waited in a doorway. After a while Spira and some other people came out. They walked with him to where he lived and we followed along behind them.

"What's the idea?" I asked O'Malley.

"I wouldn't want nothing to happen to any of them people."

The others said good night to Spira at his door and they went along. Spira was starting to go in but O'Malley stopped him.

"I'll go in first," he said. "You wait a minute."

I WAITED with Spira while O'Malley went in. We heard him say something and heard someone run along the hall. We ran in after him and a couple of plain-clothes cops appeared from nowhere and followed us in. It was rather dark and I couldn't see anything. Then someone cried out in Italian at the end of the hall and a gun went off and a bullet hit the ceiling. At the end of the hall we found O'Malley holding DaRosa. I couldn't see any gun. Then O'Malley unwrapped the bandage on DaRosa's broken arm and I saw that a short-barreled revolver was clutched in the bandaged hand.

"Well, you had quite an idea," O'Malley told DaRosa.

DaRosa glared at Spira, but didn't say anything, and we took him to the station house. The plain-clothes cops and Spira came along with us. The station house seemed to be holding a convention. Some other cops had brought in a number of people who had been at the party. Cero was there and Vittoria and Vitelli.

"This guy—he try to kill me," Spira told Cero, pointing at DaRosa indignantly.

"Yeah, smart guy," O'Malley said to Spira—"why?"

"Because I marry Vittoria."

"And what else?"

Then they arrested Spira.

"What's Spira got to do with it, O'Malley?" I inquired.

"Why, he's the main guy in that Perino killing. This all come out the way I said," O'Malley said to Cero.

CONVERTS BEGINNERS—CONVINCES SKEPTICS!

SOMETHING WONDERFUL GOES ON INSIDE

FILTER-COOLED
Frank MEDICO

This simple appearing yet amazing absorbent filter invention with Cellophane exterior and cooling mesh screen interior keeps juices and flakes in Filter and out of mouth. Prevents tongue bite, raw mouth, wet heel, bad odor, frequent expectoration. No breaking in. Improves the taste and aroma of any tobacco.

NOVEL & STANDARD SHAPES

Don't be Misled by low price

$1 FINEST BRIAR MONEY CAN BUY
UNHEARD OF VALUE
Write for Pamphlet C

S.M. FRANK & CO., Inc.
Est. 1900
133 FIFTH AVE., N.Y.C.

ALSO CIGARETTE AND CIGAR HOLDERS

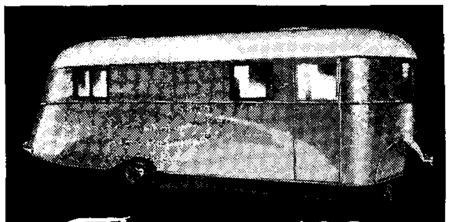
THE ONLY PATENTED "CELLOPHANE"-SEALED FILTER—IT REALLY FILTERS

STOP Your Rupture Worries!

C. E. Brooks, Inventor

Why worry and suffer any longer? Learn about our perfected invention for all forms of reducible rupture in men, women and children. Support fitted with automatic air cushion assists Nature in a natural strengthening of the weakened muscles. Thousands made happy. Weighs but a few ounces, is inconspicuous and sanitary. No stiff springs or hard pads. No salves or plasters. Durable, cheap. **Sent on trial** to prove it. Beware of imitations. Never sold in stores or by agents. Write today for full information and Free Book on Rupture. All correspondence confidential.

BROOKS COMPANY, 355 State St., Marshall, Mich.



The NEW 1937 SILVER DOME

Sets a New Standard of Beauty, Smartness and Luxury

Silver Dome engineering again sets the standard of roadability, safety, comfort, and convenience. Silver Dome's brilliantly modern streamlined design for 1937 represents a new "high" in trailer beauty! And every feature of Silver Dome design and construction is backed by years of coach-building experience and by millions of miles of safe, comfortable, trouble-free travel. Compare the new Silver Dome point for point with the others; compare prices, too. See for yourself how much more Silver Dome gives you for your dollar. There are four big, roomy, new Silver Dome models designed and priced to meet every requirement. And you can buy Silver Dome under the new low-cost Commercial Credit Payment Plan. See your dealer, or write direct for free illustrated literature.

Dealers: Send for complete information on Silver Dome's attractive franchise plan.

See the New Silver Domes at the Automobile Shows

SILVER DOME, INCORPORATED
6247 Woodward Avenue, Detroit, Michigan

Cero nodded sadly and it seemed to me that there was some understanding between him and O'Malley.

"My idea, Mike," O'Malley told Cero, "is it'll save you a lot of trouble if you marry your daughter to that kid Rosini."

Cero made a despairing gesture. "Better she marry somebody," he conceded, "before everybody get electrocute'."

"I don't understand this, O'Malley," I declared.

"Then you ain't no different from a lot of cops around here."

They booked Spira and DaRosa for murdering Perino and took them into the captain's room for questioning, and I waited for O'Malley to come out.

"Tell me about this," I urged.

"Well, this case was this way: Vittoria is a swell kid and her old man has dough, so a lot of different guys wanted to marry her. They spoke to her old man about it. Spira was one, and Vitelli and Rosini. But Perino was the old man's best friend and he decided Perino ought to have her. This Spira figured if it hadn't been for Perino he'd have been the old man's choice; he's a handsome guy and he has got some money. It looked to Spira that it didn't matter that the girl was in love with Rosini, because Rosini's got nothing. But Spira ain't no kind of guy to take a chance and do a murder; he's a scheming guy and he figured to get the job done for him, so it wouldn't look like he was concerned in it.

"You seen what kind of guy that barber DaRosa is; he's a homely guy but full of vanity and he's got the idea all women are in love with him. Spira told DaRosa that Vittoria was in love with him but hadn't never dared to show it, and she wanted DaRosa to bump Perino off and then she would marry him; he said she wanted DaRosa not to show no interest in her until after he'd done it, so then there wouldn't no one suspect him. Well, DaRosa hadn't never thought of marrying Vittoria but the idea looked good to him. He's a dumb guy, but he wasn't so dumb he would believe she was in love with him without he had some proof of it. So then Spira give him that note that he said Vittoria had sent him. DaRosa believed it then.

"DaRosa had a broken arm but he could use the fingers of that hand enough to pull a trigger and that give him and Spira the idea how the murder could be done. DaRosa figured, if he got searched afterward, they wouldn't find the gun under the bandage. But my opinion is that DaRosa is so dumb that Spira thought he would get caught doing the murder, but wouldn't confess nothing because he wouldn't want to involve Vittoria, and DaRosa would get electrocuted and Spira would marry the girl."

"WHAT a piece of business!" I exclaimed.

"Sure. DaRosa went to the wineshop where Perino was and he walked home with him. He stepped into the hall with Perino and knocked him off, and then he run across to his own door. When other people come out to see what had happened, they seen DaRosa coming across from his place, and he had them for witnesses that he'd left Perino before the murder happened. Besides, he didn't seem to have no motive."

"Did you suspect this from the first?"

"How would I? I thought, like everybody else, Rosini done it, but I don't grant nothing in this kind of case. Rosini didn't look to me like no kid that would do a murder, but still he might. I and other cops checked up everybody we could hear of that had interest in the girl and, except Rosini, they all had good alibis for the time Perino got killed. The only alibi that looked unusual was Spira's. Of course Spira hadn't bumped off Perino; his alibi proved that. But he called to everybody's attention in the wineshop that it was one o'clock, and he had friends walk home with him and he had one guy stay all night. So it looked like he knew Perino was going to get pushed off or he wouldn't have took that much trouble to prove where he was all through the night it happened.

"I wondered did Spira hire somebody to do the murder, or was he just keeping himself clear because he knew Rosini was going to do it. Some cops searched Spira's place and they didn't find nothing, and I and you searched Rosini's place. So then we found that note. Most cops figured the note pinned Rosini for the killing, but all I thought it showed was that it wasn't no hired murder. It might be I'm a dumb guy that I didn't connect the note up with DaRosa but there wasn't no reason; DaRosa hadn't never showed no interest in the girl and the windows of several other buildings open onto that yard."

"HOW was it really about the note?" I asked.

"Why, we know that now. DaRosa had the note on him the night the cops came to his place and pinched Rosini, and he threw it out in the yard for fear it might be found on him, and he couldn't find it again after it got rained on. Well, we had the note compared with the handwriting of everybody in the case and they hadn't none of them wrote it. The laboratory said the note was wrote by a woman but not by Vittoria. Well, we kept watch of everybody for about a month and couldn't find out nothing, and then we found out Spira got letters from a girl cousin of his in Pittsburgh. So we got some of her letters and compared 'em with the note and it turned out she wrote it.

"These Italians are always helping each other, and we figured Spira had sent her a copy of what he wanted and she wrote it for him and sent it back to him. So I was sure Spira was in on the murder, but we knew we couldn't convict him of nothing without we also had the guy that done the killing and we couldn't guess who he was. So then I went and seen Cero. One guy had got killed because he was going to marry Vittoria, and it looked to me like something might happen if some other guy was going to marry her, especially if that guy was Spira. My idea was to get Spira engaged to Vittoria and then have Spira watched and see if something happened to him."

"What an idea!" I ejaculated.

"Yeah, sure. At first Cero wouldn't have nothing to do with it, but he was crazy to have the guy caught that knocked Perino off, and I told him if Vittoria got engaged to Spira she wouldn't have to marry him; Cero could say after that he'd changed his mind. So then he agreed to do it. I couldn't tell what would happen to Spira, or when, or if it would happen right after the party, but it turned out it did. I guess Spira figured, when Cero told him he'd decided to take him for a son-in-law, that DaRosa was so dumb he could keep him from making trouble. He couldn't, though. DaRosa went to the party and made sure Spira had double-crossed him; so then he left with the first people that come away, and he went home and got the gun Spira had furnished him with to kill Perino, and the dumb guy went to Spira's place and tried to do a second murder the same way he done the first one. The bullets prove it was the same gun, and when we got the two of 'em in the captain's room just now, DaRosa blew up and told us where Spira got it."

"It's a surprising case," I said.

"Well, I don't want no others like it. If they put me on a few more Italian murders, you'll have to get a permit if you want to see me. Because I'll be in the bughouse."

Here's Simple Way to Ease a Cold

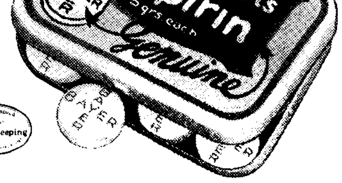
Two Quick-Acting, Quick-Dissolving Bayer Aspirin tablets with a Glass of Water

The modern way to ease a cold is this: Two Bayer Aspirin tablets the moment you feel a cold coming on. Then repeat, if necessary, according to instructions in the box.

At the same time, if you have a sore throat, crush and dissolve three BAYER tablets in one-third glass of water. And gargle with this mixture twice.

The Bayer Aspirin you take internally will act to combat fever, and the aches and pains which usually accompany colds. The gargle will act as a medicinal gargle to provide almost instant relief from rawness and pain. It is really marvelous; for it acts like a local anesthetic on the irritated membrane of your throat.

Try this way. Your doctor, we know, will endorse it. For it is a quick, effective means of combating a cold. Ask for Bayer Aspirin by the full name at your druggist's — not for "aspirin" alone.



Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Bureau

15¢ FOR A DOZEN

2 FULL DOZEN FOR 25c VIRTUALLY 1c a Tablet

The gift of the French people to this nation was unveiled on Bedloe's Island, New York, Oct. 28, 1886

OLD CROW
BRAND
STRAIGHT WHISKEY
DISTILLED BY
93 PROOF
THE AMERICAN MEDICINAL SPIRITS CORPORATION
LOUISVILLE KENTUCKY
ONE PINT

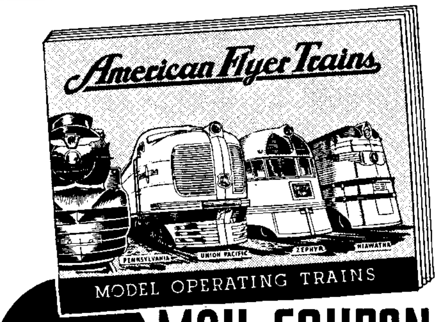
Old Crow
BRAND

International notables gathered with plain people for national acceptance of Bartholdi's inspiring statue. Informal groups later discussed France's friendly gesture over Old Crow—the whiskey which America's best people have favored upon every occasion for more than a hundred years.

Straight Whiskey—Rye or Bourbon
93 Proof

Your Guide to NATIONAL DISTILLERS *Good Liquors*

SOLE DISTRIBUTOR
McKESSON & ROBBINS
©1936, THE A.M.S. DIVISION OF NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION, LOUISVILLE, KY.



FREE MAIL COUPON for Big Train Book IN FULL COLORS

Page after page shows *new streamline* trains, new and advanced features such as the realistic air whistle, model *high speed* track, remote control reverse, *six wheel drive* steam-type locomotives, etc. All of America's famous streamliners have been reproduced by American Flyer—they are models you will be proud to own. Select your fun-making automatic signals, stations, bridges, etc. Dads, too, make railroading a hobby.

American Flyer Mfg. Co.
2244 S. Halsted St., Chicago, Ill.
SEND FREE TRAIN BOOK

Name............................
Address............................
....

American Flyer Trains

The Heart Has Wings

Continued from page 17

She had no right to hope. But having had nothing of Peter Harris, she could not weep for loss as if she had a little and desired more. She had felt, briefly, his arms about her but not in passion. He had not spoken to her as a lover speaks unless she excepted that moment by the roadside directly after the accident. And there were other interpretations to be put upon that. He had looked at her with pleasure and amusement and liking but, she could swear, with no deeper regard. He asked nothing of her.

She told herself, I'll get over it, I'll go away from here in a day or so and perhaps never see him again after that.

No. That was too hard. She amended it . . . See him only now and then, and casually. After a while, lacking fuel, love would burn itself out and she would be able to look back and laugh at herself. Perhaps some day she would be able to tell him, "Did you know that ages ago I fell in love with you? I had no excuse except that I was not very happy at the time and you were more attractive than you had any right to be. Silly of me, wasn't it? But it's over now, you needn't be embarrassed, and I think you're a very grand person."

IT WAS so real to her, that scene, clear-cut, vivid as if she saw it played upon a tiny stage, that she was startled to panic when Peter came quietly through the French windows of her room and stood beside her. He said, contritely:

"I'm sorry—I frightened you . . . were you asleep?"

"No," she replied, recovering herself, "I—I was dreaming, perhaps, but not asleep."

He found a chair, pulled it up beside her and dropped into it, stretching his long legs, sighing a little.

"This is good," he murmured, "peaceful."

They were silent a moment and then he roused himself.

"I like your friend Mr. Jones," he announced.

"So do I," said Gail, smiling in the darkness.

"A bit on the up-and-at-'em side, isn't he . . . ? Inventor, you said? Perhaps that explains it. The fictional inventors are all absent-minded and unsocial and wander out into public places without essential clothing. But in real life they are usually hard-bitten, straight-talking men, who pack punch. I mean, of course, the successful ones. The visionaries are all that fiction pictures them. But if I know anything about men, Jones is no visionary—I'd like to see what he has up his sleeve."

"So would I," agreed Gail, although up to that moment she had had no special interest in Bill Jones' career, "and shall, when I return to town."

"Of course he's very much in love with you. I suggested that before, I believe."

"You did. Not as openly."

"It's an obvious inference."

"I don't see why," she commented, conscious of her quickened pulse.

"Oh, yes you do. You consult your mirror as any woman does. And if I am not greatly mistaken in you, even your mirror does not tell all." He laughed. "Nor is it worthy of you to go wide-eyed and evasive and fluttery on me."

"I didn't!" she said indignantly.

"No, perhaps not. What are you going to do about Jones?"

"Nothing," Gail told him. "I doubt the gravity of his intentions. Also, I've seen him, how many times—? let us say four, including his invasion of your property."

"And four times isn't enough? You don't believe in the proverbial love at first sight?"

She said, after a moment, "Perhaps . . . but that has nothing to do with it."

He said, rising and walking to the balcony rail, "I do, without qualification. I used to think lightning doesn't strike twice. That's a proven fallacy."

She held her breath, wondering, waiting. He spoke, after a moment, with a complete change of tone:

"Will you feel up to coming out to the plant with me Sunday? I'd like to show you my pride and joy, my experimental baby."

"Have you been holding out on me?"

"No," he said, "we didn't get around to it the other day. Besides, the place was cluttered up with engineers and draftsmen. The ship is still more or less in the blueprint stage. She's designed for the Navy. I had a hand in her, and have great hopes for her. I'd like to show you how far we've gone if it would interest you."

"It would, very much . . . you haven't told me the type . . ."

"Scout bomber. She's pretty outstanding according to present-day standards."

Someone, standing beneath them on the terrace, called. It was Hildreth. She said, "We're waiting for you, Peter . . . are you up there?"

"I must go," he told Gail . . . " 'By; I hope I haven't bored you . . ."

"Good night," Gail said, "no, you haven't."

After he'd gone she stayed for quite a long time in the big chair on the balcony. She thought of her own plane, the Tumble Bug, due to reach the East any time now. She'd ask Peter if he'd like to see it, like to fly it. She had a sudden uncontrollable longing to be alone with him far above the earth, high over the clouds, cleaving that clean element, magnificently forgetful of the world and its people and problems. People, from the air, looked like ants, crawling. You had a god's-eye view of them; you knew how small they were. You could forget how small you yourself must be; you had an illusion of power, intoxicating and unforgettable.

EARLY on Sunday morning Gail and Peter were alone except for the watchmen in the many-windowed echoing buildings of the plant.

Peter was explaining the blueprints of the new plane. . . .

The XSBH-1 was to be a two-place, gull-wing, single-engine amphibian with the landing gear retracting into the side of the hull. At its top speed of three hundred miles an hour it would, if all went well, prove a formidable fighting ship. It would lead all the present types in its field.

She said, breathless, "I'd like to witness the test flight."

"You shall," he promised. "Fred Stark's the boy who will make it. He's just about A-1."

Leaving, Peter and Gail walked through the silent assembly bay and out on the apron, looking over the blue waters, a few hundred yards away. Gail said, after a moment, "Feel as if I'd been grounded too long. Hope the Tumble Bug gets here, pretty quick . . ."

"Like a passenger?"

"Very much."

"When?"

"Any time you say—I'll let you know. I've been having her overhauled. One of the Sorrensen men will fly her East, probably next week."

"It's a date," said Peter.

SEE
TRALETTE

$165
F. O. B. DETROIT

At New York, Chicago, Detroit and Many Local Automobile Shows. New All-Purpose Trailer with One-Wheel-in-Fixed-Position.

For Merchant's Light Delivery—Industrial Uses—Extra Luggage—Sportsmen.

Pressed Steel Streamlined Body—61 cubic ft. Carrying Space—Unobstructed Rear Vision—No Side-sway—No Skidding.
Descriptive folder sent on request

Dealers Attention! ***Big profit opportunity. Write for details and selling plan.***

TRALETTE
Division of
PENINSULAR METAL PRODUCTS CORPORATION
Detroit, Michigan

Take Us Along HUNTING
We Take Care of Your GUN
HOPPE'S No. 9
Hoppe's Cleaning Patches
Hoppe's Lubricating Oil

Keep rifle or shotgun properly bore-cleaned, lubricated, polished, rust-protected and shooting its best. Ask your dealer. Samples: Send 15¢ for No. 9, 10¢ for Oil, 25¢ for Patches—mention size. Cleaning Guide FREE.
FRANK A. HOPPE, Inc.
2312 N. 8th St., Phila., Pa.

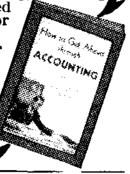
Save Your Feet

When all else fails end your suffering with the flexible "no metal"
Heefner ARCH SUPPORT
WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET
Heefner Arch Support Co., 32 Commercial Bldg., Louisville, Ky.

"Where Accounting Pays"
LEARN at home ACCOUNTING
—at a fraction of the usual cost

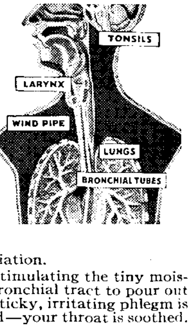
MEN who *know accounting* have big advantage these days. Business must have them; above average pay; direct road to executive positions. *Train yourself now* in spare time for attractive new opportunities.
Learn by proved method, with identical lecture notes, practice sets, problems and solutions developed at Northwestern University and used in over a hundred colleges. Organized, graded lessons for home study, from elementary to advanced accounting, including costs, audits. Thousands have learned this practical, low cost way; splendid for C. P. A. review.

Send for this FREE BOOKLET
Write now for free booklet "How to Get Ahead Through Accounting," with full details of this great course and easy payment. Address
The Ronald Press Company
Dept. M-19, 15 E. 26th St., New York, N. Y.


How to Get Ahead through ACCOUNTING

COUGHS...

Get After That Cough Today with PERTUSSIN



Pertussin is so good for coughs that over ONE MILLION PRESCRIPTIONS were filled in a single year. This estimate is based on a Prescription Ingredient Survey issued by the American Pharmaceutical Association.

It relieves coughs quickly by stimulating the tiny moisture glands in your throat and bronchial tract to pour out their natural moisture so that sticky, irritating phlegm is easily raised. Coughing is relieved—your throat is soothed.

Save money by buying the big economical-size bottle—enough for your whole family. Or, try Pertussin first at our expense. Use coupon below for FREE trial bottle.

30¢ Prescription FREE
PERTUSSIN

Seeck & Kade, Inc., Dept. AB-3,
440 Washington Street, N. Y. C.
Please send me 2-oz. prescription of Pertussin FREE . . . by return mail.

Name________________
Address________________

He hadn't meant to say it. He was going into danger with his eyes wide open. He had made a number of resolutions since their accident. But this girl talked his own language. She was young, vital, untouched. She had vision and daring and courage. Being with her, feeling the unsaid things between them, was a keen excitement; it was in a way comparable to something he had once known and had not forgotten—the still undercurrent of almost unbearable sensation, the tightening of nerve and muscle . . . the hangars, and the engines warming up and the old crates trundling out. . . . Men standing by, waiting, in little groups . . . a cigarette stamped out upon the foreign soil . . . a hoarse voice crying, "Contact!"

Combat flight . . .

The girl was looking at him with shining eyes. He thought, Let's not make anything of this. She's crazy about this stuff. That's where I come in. Big shot . . . like her father. That means something to her but there isn't any meaning to anything further.

SHE was speaking to him, and he did not hear her. He saw her desirable and desiring mouth shape the empty words; he was lost in her luminous regard; she was so close to him that her breath was on his cheek. He shook his head angrily as a man emerging from deep waters. He spoke her name and the sound of his voice was strange to him.

"Gail—?"

She waited, steady eyes on his own. But they heard, simultaneously, the sound of steps and both turned. Gerald Downing limped toward them, smiling, and waving a hand in casual greeting.

"Oh, it's you," said Peter ungraciously, "where'd you turn up from?"

"Town." He smiled at Gail and asked her how she felt. She told him, without pleasure, that she felt very well indeed. If he was aware of constraint and a sense that he was not welcome, Downing did not show it. He stood in front of them, talking, his hands in his pockets.

"Looked up McKenzie, as you told me to," he told Peter. "He didn't keep the appointment. Found him finally, ran him to earth last night."

"Where?"

"Doesn't matter. All bars look alike to me. I gave him the money for the return trip. He pocketed it and said something horribly like 'Cheerio.' "

Peter laughed. "That boy knows his stuff, drunk or sober."

They were walking back to the two cars, parked outside. "Coming back with us?" Peter asked Downing, and his slightly satirical gaze added, "If you were, what was the hurry; couldn't you have waited till we got home?"

"No," said Downing, "I'm not. I'm on my way to Evelyn Jennings' for lunch. Stopped off at the house to tell you about McKenzie, that's all, not that it couldn't have waited till tomorrow, and so followed you on out here; it was on the way."

Presently he got into his own car and went off. He'd be a little late at the Jennings' house, but Evelyn was a good sport; she wouldn't mind. He liked her, immensely. He wished very much that he were in a position emotionally to like her even more. She was thirty-seven and a widow and she had more than once made it plain to him that she was happy to see him arrive and sorry to see him depart.

Reaching the Harris house, Downing had found Hildreth in the garden, a big hat shading her delicate skin from the sun, and little beads of sweat across her controlled upper lip. She was pottering about the garden, cutting the early blooms. Her hands were stained with grass and weeds and earth. She smiled at him, glad to see him, as always.

"Did you come to luncheon, Gerry?"

"No . . . I'm en route to Evelyn's. Peter anywhere about?"

"He's driven over to the plant with Gail—"

"Oh, I see." He was afraid that he did see. Still, that was absurd; Peter was a steady sort of chap, at bottom. Or was he? Gerry wondered.

Hildreth persisted:

"You owe us a luncheon. The other day—when was it—Thursday—I ordered all your very special favorites and then you didn't come . . . I expected a word of praise for my catering when I got home, but was informed afterward that only Gail and Peter had lunched, that you came in later."

"But," said Gerry, "I wasn't asked . . . you know me, Hildreth, I never refuse. The last thing left to me is my appetite."

She was looking at him, puzzled, clicking the big shears in her hand . . .

"Weren't asked . . . ? But I'm sure . . . Peter said distinctly when he left that morning that you'd be coming home with him, and I ordered for three. Or am I crazy?"

Downing did not have to think fast. It was all pretty patent. He said, not at all swiftly:

"My error. I'll be honest with you. We were in town, you know, not at the plant, and I had—well, a date."

Hildreth twinkled at him, and bent her head over the flowers. It amused her to think of Gerry as a man of many affairs. He knew that, and it both amused and grieved him to weave the little legend. Oh, Evelyn wasn't a legend, but the rest were. But this fiction between himself and Hildreth must be maintained. She would not be at all entertained to learn that he had loved her for as many years as she had loved Peter . . . as many years, less two days. Peter had beaten him by two days. Two days, twenty years, it didn't matter, for having once seen Peter, a little American schoolgirl walking through a French garden would have no eyes for Peter's friend. Certainly no heart. And just as well, Gerry thought, time and time again, especially when the pain was very bad and the nerves of his body, never quite accustomed, always a fraction raw, twitched and writhed.

Hildreth would be sorry for him but she would not forgive him for having dared to love her. So he told her about his "dates," and sometimes he betrayed poor Evelyn with a word or gesture and hated himself for it. But he would have burned Evelyn, nice honest woman, on a high and flaming pyre, in order to save Hildreth the least small shock or hurt.

SO NOW he drove away from the plant remembering Hildreth in her Long Island garden and remembering Gail and Peter standing on the cement apron looking toward the water, absorbed in one another; so absorbed they had not heard his first shout.

Peter and Gail, returning from the plant, talked a little about planes and a great deal about nothing. The spell between them was shattered and each knew it. Gail thought, He *would* have to turn up, and mentally regarded Gerry Downing with something very like hostility. But she could comfort herself with the knowledge that the spell had existed, the moment had been, if it had also passed. *"Gail . . . ?"* he had said, questioning, in a tone she had heard dimly once before.

The rest of the day was lively with people; Dolly bringing three or four boys and girls home with her, cars driving up, a buffet luncheon, tea on the terrace, and then the four of them alone for a late dinner. Afterward there was contract which ended early because Hildreth decided that Gail had overfatigued herself; she was pale, her eyes were shadowed. And in the morning

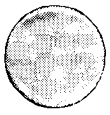
(Continued on page 100)

GOODBYE DANDRUFF!

The Truth About Soap Shampoos

1. This photograph shows bacteria and dandruff scattered, but not removed by ordinary soap shampoo.

Soap Shampoo



2. All bacteria, dandruff and other foreign matter completely destroyed and removed by the Fitch Shampoo.

Fitch Shampoo

THERE is a simple, easy way to rid yourself of dandruff with the very first application. All that is necessary is to use a shampoo that completely *dissolves dandruff* and then washes it away.

Repeated laboratory, as well as practical, tests show that *ordinary* shampoos will not dissolve dandruff. Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo dissolves every speck of dandruff instantly—under a money-back guarantee—and then washes it away. It rinses clean in hard or soft water. Equally as good for blondes as brunettes. *Try it today!* On sale at all druggists, barber shops, beauty shops and toilet goods counters.

After and between Fitch Shampoos, Fitch's Ideal Hair Tonic is the ideal preparation to stimulate the hair roots and give new life, luster and beauty to your hair.

Tested and Approved 4580 Good Housekeeping Bureau Good Housekeeping Magazine

Fitch's
Dandruff Remover Shampoo

Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo
TRADE MARK

THE F. W. FITCH COMPANY, DES MOINES, IOWA . . . . TORONTO, CAN.

NOW I EAT
STUFFING
Upset Stomach Goes in Jiffy with Bell-ans

BELL-ANS
FOR INDIGESTION

BELL-ANS FOR INDIGESTION 25 CENTS

6 Bell-ans
Hot water
Sure Relief

TYPEWRITER

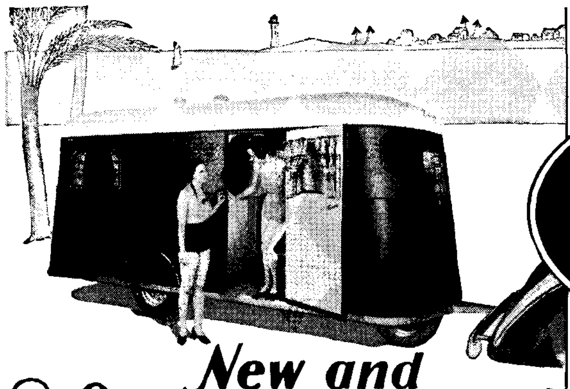
PORTABLES 10c A DAY & UP
Remington-Underwood, Featherweight, etc., and easy terms on limited supply only. All brand new, up-to-date—4 row keyboard. **Fully Guaranteed.**

10 Day FREE Trial

BRAND NEW Special Low Prices

SEND NO MONEY — 10 Day Trial
Send for special new literature and money-saving, easy pay plan with 10 day trial offer. Also **amazing bargains in standard size, rebuilt office models on FREE** trial offer. **LIBERAL ALLOWANCE — on your old typewriter during this sale.**

International Typewriter Co., 231 W. Monroe St., Dept. 1125, Chicago



Announcing 1937 Models

Palace Travel Coach

Four Models • Three Sizes
$595 TO $1900

New and Outstanding Features!

(On Display at New York and Chicago Auto Shows)

Astonishing beauty! Amazing luxuriousness! Extraordinary refinements! Unparalleled comforts and conveniences! All these are yours in the new 1937 Palace Coach.

Here are its outstanding features: Electric refrigeration; hot and cold running water; shower; built-in bath tub; odorless chemical toilet; hot water heating system; electric brakes; built-in trunk; third wheel which takes all weight off coach; comfortable sleeping accommodations for as many as eight. A special Super Deluxe, 3-room model, with separate living room, bedroom and tile-finished kitchen.

In short, the new 1937 line marks a step in advance of anything heretofore offered in the travel coach field. Send 10¢ for catalog. Dealers: *Exceptional proposition!*

Palace Travel Coach Corp.
Flint, Michigan

Send 10¢ for CATALOG

Get Acquainted
25 Cigars 75¢
IN METAL HUMIDOR POST PAID

Only 3c each for 25 mild, mellow, deliciously-fragrant cigars.
FRESH, HAND-MADE
15¢ GUARANTEED QUALITY

These cigars represent over-runs, etc. and cigars put aside for slight imperfections. But we guarantee on a money-back basis that you will smoke and enjoy every one of these fine cigars just as though you paid the full retail price. None-shorter than 5 inches, mostly longer. These cigars contain the finest Conn. Shade-Grown and Broad-leaf tobaccos blended with

LORD EDWIN

'Smoking Vent' in mouth end. No tip biting

GENUINE IMPORTED HAVANA

Handsome Pocket CIGAR CASE FREE WITH ALL "Get Acquainted" orders for this introductory offer.

Your Money Back
If you don't receive in YOUR OWN OPINION at least $2.50 worth of supreme smoking pleasure from these 25 cigars, just write us and we will refund every penny of your money—and the smokes will be on us!

IF A $1.00 BILL IS MORE CONVENIENT TO SEND..
We will include for the extra 25c, one each of the five famous ALMENDARES Brands:
5c Straight
7c Straight
2 for 15c
8c Straight
10c Straight
Guaranteed perfect cigars made by expert cigarmakers from the finest tobaccos available.

DELIVERED FREE to any part of the U. S. We pay postage. Send check or money order for 75c ($1.00 if you want the ALMENDARES samples included) or pay the postman upon arrival (C. O. D. orders 15c extra). We have been making fine cigars for over 50 years. References: Dun-Bradstreet, or any bank in the U. S.
MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE PROTECTS YOU!
Edwin Cigar Co. EST. 1903
100 N EAST 16th ST. .NEW YORK

BECOME AN EXPERT
ACCOUNTANT
Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s earn $3,000 to $15,000 a year. Thousands of firms need them. Only 14,000 Certified Public Accountants in the U. S. We train you thoroly at home in spare time for C. P. A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous experience unnecessary. Personal training under supervision of staff of C.P.A.'s, including members of the American Institute of Accountants. Write for free book, "Accountancy, the Profession that Pays."
LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 1140-HA, Chicago
The School That Has Trained Over 1,350 C. P. A.'s

BE A RADIO EXPERT
Learn at Home—Make Good Money
Many men we trained at home in spare time make $30, $50, $75 a week. Many make $5, $10, $15 a week in spare time while learning. Illustrated 64-page book describes Radio's opportunities and how you can become a Radio Expert through our practical home training. Television training is included. Money Back Agreement protects you. Book of facts FREE. Write National Radio Institute, Dept. 6MC1, Washington, D. C.

$1.00 a month is all you need to pay for LIFE INSURANCE
$1194.00 of insurance at age 21; $813.00 at 35. Other ages in proportion in this Old Line Legal Reserve Company that sells without agents and gives the saving to its policy holders. Postal has paid out $43,000,000 in 31 successful years. It has millions in assets and reserves. Just send coupon today with your name, address and exact date of birth and you will get full details and rates for your age by return mail. Insurance is vital! Act Now! *New rates* will soon be in effect.

BUY DIRECT and SAVE MONEY
Postal Life Insurance Company, Dept. RD 199, 511 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.
Please mail details of your $1.00 a month policy.
Exact date and year of birth........................
Occupation........................
Name........................
Full address........................

(Continued from page 99)

Gail drove back to town with her hostess, and was deposited upon Mrs. Wayne's ornate and imposing doorstep.

She waved goodby to Hildreth, repeated her gratitude and went in to answer her godmother's multitudinous and anxious questions: "Sure you're all right . . . ? What business has Peter Harris driving at such a rate . . . ? What doctor . . . ? Elliot? Elliot? Never heard of him. I'll have Andrews in this afternoon, otherwise I won't be satisfied—" and felt let down, empty, as if she had really been ill. New York was without savor. Yet it was at its best; Manhattan in late May, and the roof gardens were opening. There were parties and matinees and luncheons, and nothing interested her. It was like eating a many-course dinner without seasoning . . . flat, flat, *flat* . . .

Bill was insistent, over the telephone. And finally she agreed with him that all this running around wasn't getting her anywhere. "I have to start flat-hunting," she said.

IT WAS time. It would be fun, it would give her something to think about, take her mind from dreaming, steer her away from the fine edge of madness. Mrs. Wayne did not approve of the proposed apartment. She wrote pages to Jim Williams, in her fine, spindly script, crossed and crisscrossed on margins, right side up and upside down, knowing it would avail her nothing. The girl had her mother's money and her mother's stubbornness—and her father's as well, when it came to will power. She was set on taking a place of her own and all Mrs. Wayne could do was advise. She begged her godchild to come to Newport with her and to let the apartment go until the autumn.

Gail wouldn't go to Newport. She was sweet about it, grateful, but firm. And when Bill said, "I hunt a wicked apartment. Use a twenty-two and shoot from the hip. Take me with you on my hours off," she consented because it wasn't as much fun going alone and she could depend upon Bill to amuse her.

He was very set in his ideas on location. He supposed she'd want the upper east side, river view, swank. No? How about Park? No? Good! What was the matter with the Village; there were some very good places in the Village; besides, he lived there, didn't he?

They had a completely riotous time. Bill was able to go with her only off and on—mostly off—and at the oddest hours. But upon those occasions she teetered upon a delicate balance between hilarity and embarrassment. Naturally, real-estate agents, managers, superintendents, assumed a factual or projected alliance. Bill referred to her at times as The Missis, The Child Wife, or more simply, The Girl Friend. He had the most curious complaints to make. One place would not do because somehow he couldn't see the goldfish in it, and another was all wrong for the cat. He placed imaginary furniture, and once he appeared with some sort of a radio rigged inside a cigar box and trailing tangles of wires. Wouldn't do, he assured her solemnly, to move in and find herself in a blind spot. If the cigar box would work anything would.

Eventually she found the place, in one of the last old, fine houses on lower Fifth, with the Washington Square Arch a stone's throw away. She had an immediate sense of coming home. The rooms were large, high-ceilinged. Bedroom and living room had fireplaces, with old mantels. The bath was modern, the kitchenette shining and immaculate. Here she would live, here she would be happy. The thought of Manhattan in summer did not dismay her. She had so many friends, there would be week ends in the country; the Tumble Bug was now housed in a Long Island hangar. And in the autumn she would think about classes.

"So you're 'taking up' something," Bill said gravely. They were sharing bad tea and good company in a hole in the wall, after the lease had been signed. "That's very nice. Let's see, what shall it be? Poetry Appreciation, The Life of Gauguin, How to Tell the Flora from the Fauna, or How to Write a Novel in Four Short Lessons?"

"You do me an injustice," said Gail, stubbing her cigarette in a clamshell. "I'm more interested in Political Economy, International Politics—or, perhaps Gestalt Psychology."

"What a woman!" breathed Bill devoutly.

This was his free afternoon. Gail had promised to go to his place after their early tea and listen to his short-wave set, and look at his various inventions. It was very warm walking back uptown for three or four blocks, for June had set about fulfilling the promise of May. Bill groaned and fanned himself with his hat. "I wish," he said, "that I were Admiral Byrd, or if that is too much to ask, the smallest, most docile penguin!"

Bill's place, up two flights of stairs, proved to be just what you'd expect; a welter of books, an insanity of flung cushions, shabby chairs, discomfort. It was extremely clean and very untidy. He had a bedroom the size of a packing box and a living room which wasn't much larger. The largest room was given over to his radio gadgets.

Gail had never seen anything like these. She was accustomed to sets decently housed in polished cabinets. Bill's—and he had several—were practically naked, exuding wires, their inner workings mercilessly exposed. He had a great, broad worktable with half a dozen sets in various stages of completion upon it.

Only one of the sets worked. This was inevitable, Bill explained seriously; no radio fan was ever satisfied with anything that worked—not for long. He had to tear it apart and improve it some more.

Gail listened patiently to whatever faraway European or Asian voice happened to be on the air. Bill wasn't at all interested in Rome or Madrid, London or Berlin. Those, he explained scornfully, were practically local stations, any standard short wave would pull them in for you. He fished for gamer, more wary fry.

Over on a drawing table were scattered sketches, more gadgets, mysterious boxes, wires. Gail walked over and looked down at them.

"And now," she said, "the boy Edison does his stuff."

Bill grinned without rancor. He pulled the drawings toward him, turned knobs, adjusted wires.

"You wouldn't understand," he said kindly, "but I'll make it as clear as possible in words of half a syllable. Sit down."

He threw a dozen books off a chair and Gail complied.

BRIEFLY, young Mr. Jones had developed a beam of rays optically invisible "like infra red," he explained, which could be projected upward or in any given direction to act as a carrier for radio and television broadcasting.

Gail interrupted. She said, "But such beams are known, Bill, and are used in beam transmitters."

Bill looked at her with approval.

"So you do use the head for something else beyond supporting your curls," he remarked. "Yep, that's so. But *my* beam can turn corners! At least I'm on the track of it."

He pulled a pad toward him, made a rapid sketch. Figure one showed the transmitter and the receiver and the beam traveling between the two in a straight line. Figure two showed the beam traveling, turning at an abrupt angle, at a predestined point and then on, and into the receiver.

Gail watched his pencil. Suddenly she exclaimed and rose so quickly that she overturned the chair. It crashed behind her on the uncarpeted floor and she did not notice it.

"Bill . . . can't you see what this might mean to aviation?"

He hadn't thought about aviation. He looked at her, almost open-mouthed. He repeated slowly . . . "Aviation . . . ?"

"Here," she said impatiently, and took the pencil from him and made a third sketch. Here was the transmitter, on the ground, and at the other end of a given line the incoming airplane traveling toward it. She said excitedly:

"It would work out. Follow down your beam and by means of the television gadget the pilot sees through black night or dense fog and talks along the beam and listens on it. Your sketch shows the beam detector, the different wave forms radiated at the transmitter, for television. You'd have to work it out for airplane use, it would have to show up in some apparatus mounted on the instrument board. Oh, Bill, don't stand there gaping at me, can't you see you've got something so big and so important and so vital—?"

SHE stopped, almost crying with excitement. Bill looked at her and whistled. He said, "I'm a dumb egg. I never thought of that."

"Well," said Gail, "think of it now, will you? Of the lives you'll save. Look . . . let's say that the beam to Boston takes the form of a triangle, showing on the translucent dial in front of the pilot. When this appears before him he knows he is on the Boston beam. And perhaps the Chicago one is a square—Oh, Bill, it has such possibilities, you'll have a sky honeycombed with railroad tracks, invisible rails from one end of the earth to the other. And a thousand pilots blessing you, following the beams."

He said, as if awed:

"You're about tops, Gail. Me, I was just working it out along my own lines. It isn't complete yet. And now that you've shown me this way—it will take a long time, Gail, it needs a lot of money."

She said, "What's time or money? You can take one, and the other will be found for you. I wish I had it here in my purse." She thought of the adequate income from her mother's estate which would clothe and feed and house her without depending on her father. But it wouldn't be enough for Bill, and besides, he was saying, "That's a pretty thought; even if you did have it, do you think I'd let you risk it?"

She said, "There isn't an aviation manufacturer with vision who wouldn't—"

She stopped. She knew two, with vision. Her father and Peter Harris. Bill would do as she said, would take his idea to whomever she suggested. She had thought once very bitterly on the subject of old loyalties. Now she was considering discarding them, herself. She had a fleet, stinging comprehension of her father, hesitating between herself and Ellen. She hesitated now between him and another. Bill was waiting for her to speak. She had simply to open her mouth and speak a name, her father's, or Peter Harris'. And for a blinding second, standing there, looking at him, fully conscious of her influence over him, she faltered. What should she say to him . . . "I'll cable my father, I'll telephone him, I'll get permission to have you go out at once to the factory and talk with his engineers." . . . Or should she say, quite simply, "Peter Harris is your man—"?

(To be continued next week)

Cupid Completes a Forward Pass WITH FLOWERS BY WIRE

DO YOU THINK she will *ever* forget it—if you make her the envy of every other girl on the campus . . . if she can proudly wear your gift of flowers on the day of the big game? *Not until girls change a good deal!* ✣ ✣ With flowers-by-wire a man can gain yardage in a girl's heart . . . even if she's a thousand miles away, and the big game this very afternoon! Go into a huddle with a florist who shows the Winged Mercury Emblem. He'll give you speedy teamwork . . . completing a thousand-mile pass at exactly the right moment is old stuff to him! Give him the signals and let him get going!

Look for the Emblem . . . and BE SURE! Ten thousand florists display this famed emblem. They *guarantee* satisfactory delivery of fresh flowers, styled to meet the occasion . . . anywhere, any time.

"Say it with Flowers"

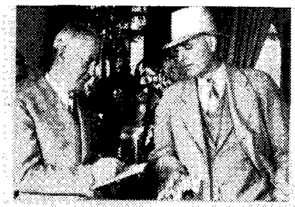
Bonded *Member*

FLORISTS' TELEGRAPH DELIVERY ASSOCIATION
INTERNATIONAL
484 E. GRAND BLVD., DETROIT, MICH.

HOW TO SEND FLOWERS BY WIRE

. . . . 1—All you need to do is telephone any local F. T. D. florist, or

. . . . 2—Go to a florist's shop displaying the Winged Mercury Emblem



. . 3—Place your order and delivery instructions with the F. T. D. florist member

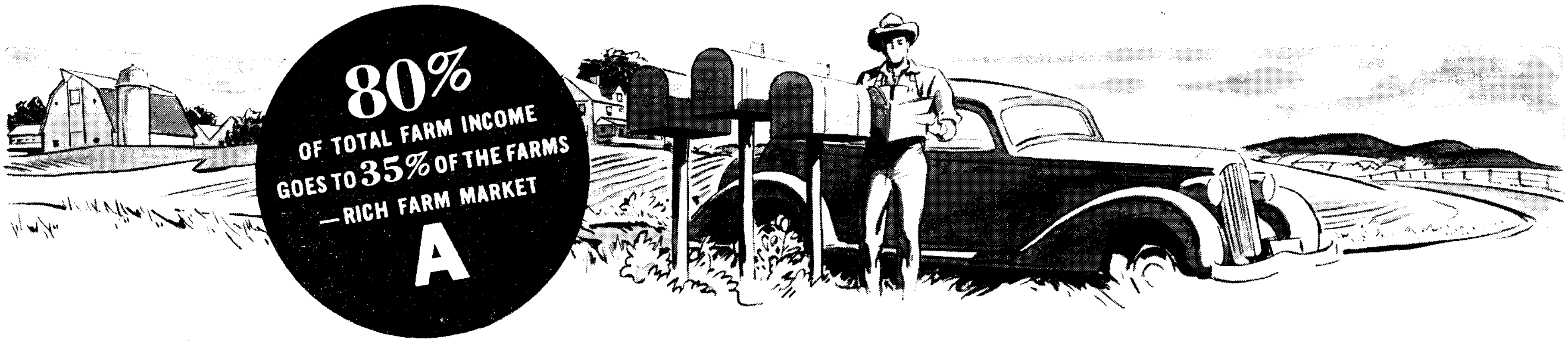
. . . 4—Association teamwork, bonded to give you satisfaction, does the rest

. . . 5—Your order speeds to an equally prominent F. T. D. florist member and

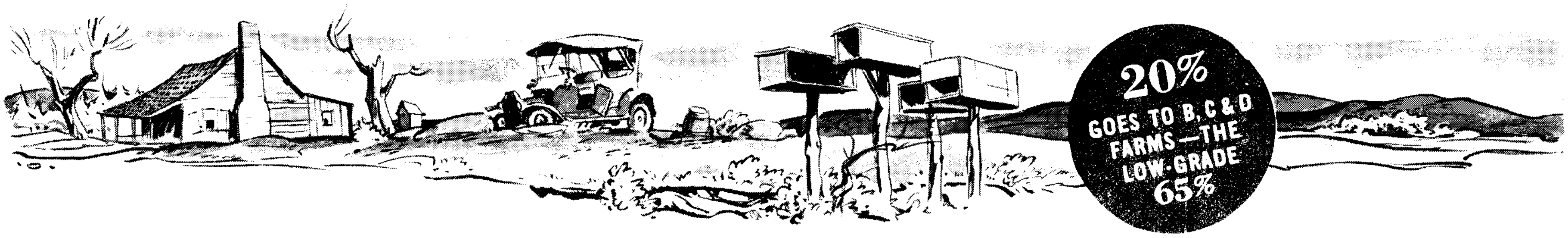
. . . . 6—Fresh, fragrant flowers are promptly delivered as directed by you.

COUNTRY HOME owns the world's LARGEST R. F. D. CIRCULATION

.. and has it where it counts the most!



Today, The Country Home has the largest circulation in the entire farm field. Moreover, The Country Home concentrates on America's worthwhile farm market . . . the 35 percent who enjoy 80 percent of all farm income —rich Farm Market A. So, when you advertise in The Country Home, you reach not only more farm families



. . . but more farm families who can buy your product. No other farm magazine can give you as much R. F. D. circulation. But, more important, no other farm magazine can give you as much worthwhile R. F. D. . . . regardless of price. On the basis of total net paid circulation The Country Home has the lowest rate per page per thousand . . . the lowest rate per column per thousand . . . and the lowest milline rate in the entire farm field.

THE Country Home

The Magazine of Farm Market A
MORE THAN 1,500,000 CIRCULATION
Largest R. F. D. Circulation in the Field

THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY • SPRINGFIELD, OHIO • PUBLISHERS: COLLIER'S • WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION • THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE • THE COUNTRY HOME

Copr. 1936, The Crowell Publishing Co.

Dark Tropic Sea

Continued from page 21

overboard to the sharks without the least hesitation."

Captain Norse sat back. "That's all. Get out, both of you."

When the door had closed behind them, Norse lit a fresh cigarette.

"Bring Mrs. Merriam in," he ordered me. "Bring everybody in. By God, I'm beginning to see light on this thing!"

I found everybody sitting about the *sala*, looking more like patients in a dentist's waiting room than anything else. The room was gloomy and forlorn, for although there was plenty of sunlight outside, the shell-paned typhoon shutters were closed against the big wind. Justin Lowry was making an intent study of some sheets of figures, but the rest were simply sitting about in the half-light, looking awkward and constrained. I rounded them into my own room off the portal.

CAPTAIN NORSE was on his feet, staring moodily at a map. "All of you sit down," he said without turning. He waited until they had obeyed before he swung about, and dropped into the chair behind my desk.

"Don't you think you'd better tell me what happened?" he asked Mrs. Merriam.

"I told you this morning," she answered.

"You didn't tell me about hiding the knife."

"There wasn't anything to that. I always carry that, when I'm traveling alone, or among people I distrust."

"That is to say," Norse said mildly, "you like to be fixed so that you can stick somebody if you want to?"

"I haven't the least idea," Tonai Merriam said quietly, "that I could ever bring myself to use it."

"But you feel better knowing that it is there, ready to hand, anyway?"

"I like to have it with me."

"So you had the knife with you when you ran out of the room where Shane was killed; and as soon as you had a chance you hid it in Mrs. Holderness' things? Why?"

"I was frightened and upset."

"Very well," Captain Norse conceded. "Now, I'll tell you some of the things you haven't told me. On October tenth, Suva Jim Cooper's boat, on which you were a passenger, anchored off Kivasawan. You immediately landed in a whaleboat; you and Jim Cooper, without anyone else with you, walked to Kivasawan.

"You returned in about four hours. Suva Jim Cooper shifted his anchorage five miles north along the coast to Salter's store. Next day the two of you hired horses from Salter and returned to Kivasawan. While at Kivasawan you visited the Bagobo village in the hills behind the plantation. Returning to Salter's store, you asked a great many questions as to what they knew about your husband, Neal Merriam. With yourself still a passenger, Suva Jim Cooper then set sail again. Jim Cooper radioed the constabulary that Neal Merriam was missing; then shut off his radio altogether, so that we have not been able to get an answer from him since. That's all true, isn't it?"

Tonai Merriam sat with her hands folded in her lap, but there was a peculiar rigidity about her position, so that when I looked at her I was aware of a sharp sense of strain. "I don't know what he did with the radio," she answered. "The rest is true."

Captain Norse looked pleased. "Have you anything to add?"

"I don't think so. Unless—well, it was this: The people in the Bagobo village wouldn't talk to us; they either ran away and hid, or played dumb. But I caught a little half-wit girl, before she could get away. When I made her answer she told me, 'Jefe Merriam is dead.' "

Captain Norse looked annoyed. "Considering," he said, "that the testimony of a Bagobo is utterly worthless in any case, just how much weight am I supposed to attach to the statement of a half-wit Bagobo child?"

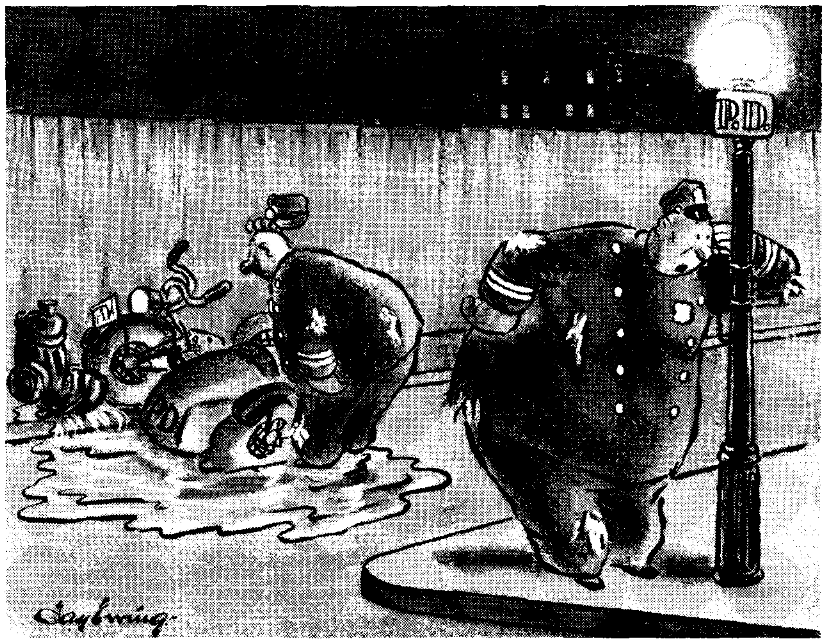
"Not any," Tonai Merriam answered patiently. "I told you that because it happened, that's all."

"And just what," Captain Norse asked casually, "has been your relationship to Suva Jim Cooper since then?"

There was a silence through the time that it took the girl to recover herself from what must have been, to her, a slap in the face. "Very nearly," she said, "that of a prisoner."

"Oh, come, come, now," Norse said. "Are you lodging a kidnaping charge?"

(Continued on page 104)



"Er, hullo, Sergeant? Uh . . . there's a busted hydrant, corner Sixth and Main Streets. . . ."

JAY IRVING

The Driver lay there . . . like a sodden Scarecrow

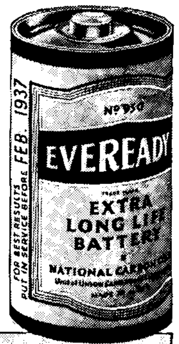
C. C. C. War Veteran and Buddy Rescue Motorist from Death as Car Plunges into Ditch

"Both cars were going plenty fast," says T. J. Trombley of Middletown, N. Y. "When they sideswiped, it sounded like a three inch field piece going off. One driver righted his careening car and went on, the other swerved back and forth for fifty yards, and dropped eight feet off the edge of the highway into a half-filled drainage ditch.

"My buddy and I ran to the spot where the car disappeared. It was so dark that all we could see was the hole of light my Eveready flashlight cut in the blackness. The driver, knocked out cold, lay there in the water, limp, like a sodden scarecrow. A few minutes and we had him out. But without my flashlight to help us, he certainly would have drowned before we could even have found him.

"I've been reading about dated Eveready batteries being fresh when you buy them . . . and I want to okay that. The Evereadys that saved this man's life were still full of pep after long, hard service."

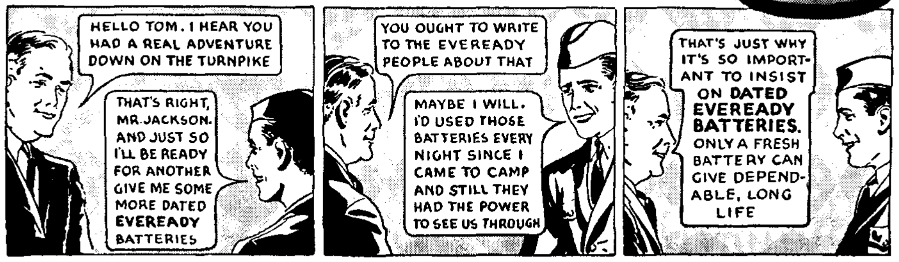
Thomas J Trombley



EVEREADY BATTERIES ARE *FRESH* BATTERIES

***Once More the* DATE-LINE is a LIFE-LINE**

National Carbon Co., Inc., 30 E. 42nd St., N. Y. C., N. Y.


HELLO TOM. I HEAR YOU HAD A REAL ADVENTURE DOWN ON THE TURNPIKE
THAT'S RIGHT, MR. JACKSON. AND JUST SO I'LL BE READY FOR ANOTHER GIVE ME SOME MORE DATED EVEREADY BATTERIES
YOU OUGHT TO WRITE TO THE EVEREADY PEOPLE ABOUT THAT
MAYBE I WILL. I'D USED THOSE BATTERIES EVERY NIGHT SINCE I CAME TO CAMP AND STILL THEY HAD THE POWER TO SEE US THROUGH
THAT'S JUST WHY IT'S SO IMPORTANT TO INSIST ON DATED EVEREADY BATTERIES. ONLY A FRESH BATTERY CAN GIVE DEPENDABLE, LONG LIFE

A Steady Extra Income!

IF YOU want more money to spend now, here's a pleasant and profitable way to earn it. Try our attractive plan for taking care of new and renewal subscriptions for COLLIER'S and the other Crowell Magazines

Even if you have only a little spare time, you may add $5.00 or $10.00 a month extra to your income. Don't hesitate because there is no coupon. Just paste this advertisement on a penny post card and *mail now!*

Chief of Subscription Staff
The Crowell Publishing Company
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

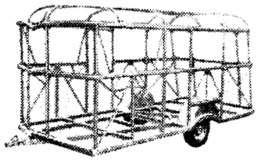
BASK IN SUNSHINE THIS WINTER!
HAYES MOTOR-HOMES

AMERICA'S SAFETY-STEEL TRAVEL COACH

● When icy winds blow, enjoy eternal springtime in Florida, Texas, California —*for less than it costs to stay home!* Have freedom, safety, comfort, in HAYES Motor Homes, Safety-Steel-Built by one of America's oldest automobile body makers. Each model has electric light, running water, heat and cooking stoves, porcelux refrigerator, deep, restful beds, beautiful trim—new conveniences, added comforts. Sleeps 2 or 4. Light weight, cooler, more comfortable. Write today for free trailer-touring booklet. *Some dealer territories open.*

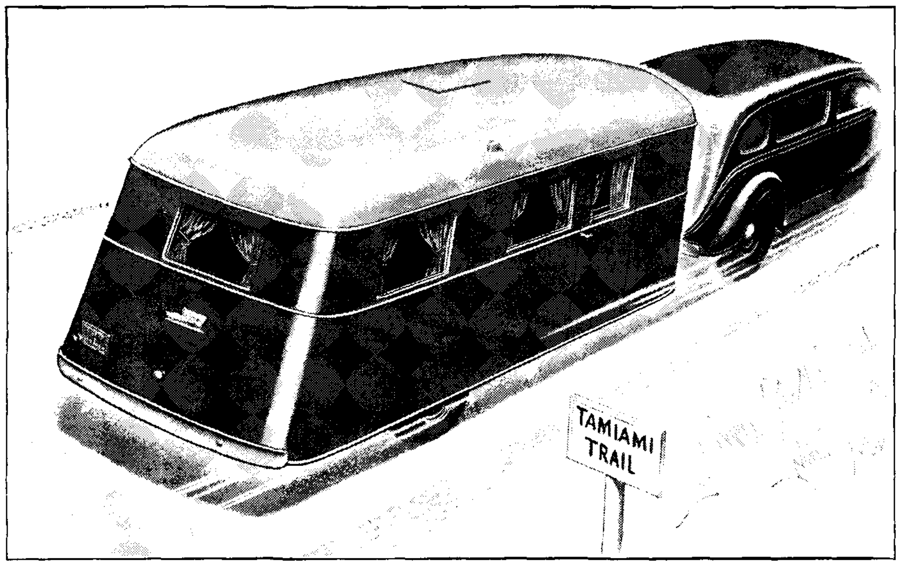
FREE!
Get free literature.

3 BODY STYLES
$395 and up, F. O. B. Grand Rapids



Safety - Steel Frame. Also Steel Sides, Steel Roof Plates. Cooler! Safer! Rigid!

(Motor Homes Division)
HAYES BODY CORPORATION 559 SEVENTH ST. GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.
Manufactured in Canada by CANADIAN TOP & BODY CORP., TILBURY, ONT.



COVERED WAGON

INTRODUCES *Shermanite*

STEEL COACHES FOR 1937

Covered Wagon, the pioneer of the Industry, through its nation-wide dealer organization, presents to the people of America at every important Automobile Show an opportunity to view its latest achievement in a modern, electrically-welded automotive trailer chassis combined with a new, revolutionary and exclusive steel body material known as *Shermanite.*

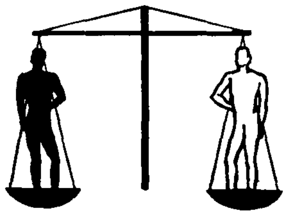
The beautiful, new models represent the greatest developments in eight years' experience in producing house type trailers—new streamlining—new interiors—new and higher standards of excellence. See the 1937 Covered Wagons at the Automobile Show or your nearest dealer. Three new models—$395.00 and up f.o.b. Factory. C. I. T. Time Payment Plan.

Consult the Classified Telephone Directory to locate the Covered Wagon dealer.

COVERED WAGON

Dealers—Some desirable territory still open. Wire or write today.

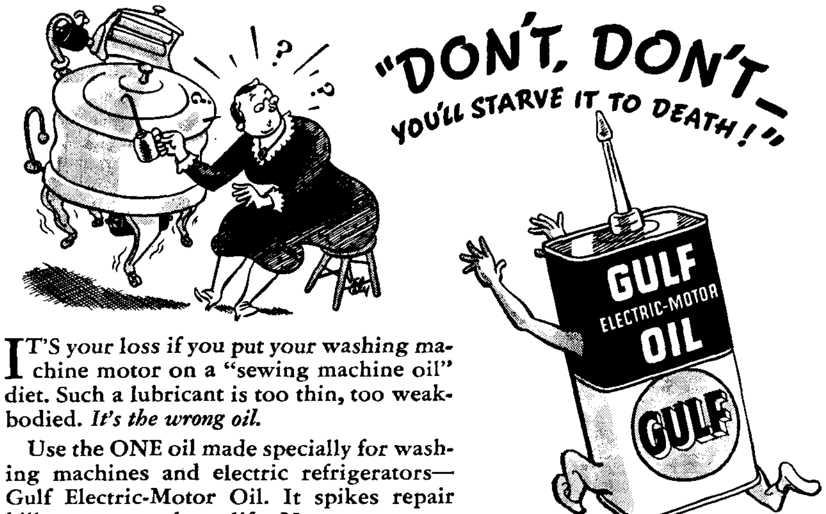
COVERED WAGON COMPANY, 484 CASS AVE., MT. CLEMENS, MICH.
Originators and World's Largest Builders of Trailer Coaches



YOUR COLD-RESISTANCE HANGS IN THE BALANCE

Many Doctors stress building up your alkaline reserve to fight a cold. That's why Luden's now contain an Alkaline Factor. Take advantage of this *extra* benefit. Luden's 11 other ingredients also soothe your throat, help clear your nasal passages.

LUDEN'S MENTHOL COUGH DROPS 5¢
HELP BALANCE YOUR ALKALINE RESERVE



IT'S your loss if you put your washing machine motor on a "sewing machine oil" diet. Such a lubricant is too thin, too weak-bodied. *It's the wrong oil.*

Use the ONE oil made specially for washing machines and electric refrigerators—Gulf Electric-Motor Oil. It spikes repair bills, promotes long life. Never gums nor sticks. The big can with the handy spout, 25c.

GULF ELECTRIC-MOTOR OIL
The one oil made specially for electric refrigerators
Gulf Petroleum Specialties, 541 Gulf Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

(*Continued from page* 103)

Tonai Merriam shrugged. "I couldn't stay alone at Kivasawan, and certainly not at Salter's store. I thought Suva Jim Cooper was going on to Davao. Instead, he turned south and brought me here. Several times I asked him to radio Zamboanga for me. I don't know whether or not he did so."

"And when did you finally quarrel with Jim Cooper?"

"I wouldn't say there was a quarrel. There was no quarrel because there was no friendship to begin with. I was a passenger on his boat. Later he made things very uncomfortable for me. When it got to be too much, I left his vessel by what means I could."

Captain Norse rummaged about in my desk for a piece of paper, and began to write something down. While he did that I took time to look at Justin Lowry; for I still thought, then, that this affair only concerned me insofar as it took effect upon the opinions of this one man.

GRIM lines were showing about Justin Lowry's mouth, and in his eyes showed a sort of disbelief that I did not like. As I studied him, it seemed to me that the achievement for which I had worked for years was melting away from around me, destroyed inch by inch by factors over which I had no least control.

For three years I had fought Justin Lowry's splendid, all but virginal, ignorance of Asiatic waters; an ignorance gravely complicated by a pigheaded presumption of omniscience, which traced to his slow victories in the American Middle West. I had gone through a long wrangle with Washington's State Department, and played long games of patience against the obstinacies of my rivals, most dangerous among whom, of course, was Suva Jim Cooper.

In the present situation the attitude of Marise might easily prove as difficult a matter as that of Justin Lowry. I glanced at her now, briefly, and almost wished I had not. The blue eyes of Marise were dark with such a revulsion, approaching horror, as made me wonder if I could ever make her like Malangai again.

"This next," Captain Norse now said, "is going to be a little uncomfortable, Mrs. Merriam; but I advise you to be perfectly honest. Did you—"

There was a soft rapping at the door. Unobtrusive as it was, Marise Lowry jumped, and Justin Lowry shifted irritably in his chair.

Captain Norse said, "Come," and one of the Filipino corporals came in. "Sir, Nural Hakim here."

Norse hesitated briefly. Then, "Bring him in," he decided.

Nural Hakim, interpreter, top man over all my work gangs, came in composedly, and, after a swift glance around, walked straight forward to stand before Captain Norse's desk. He was barefooted, in the universal Moro way, yet this man was not to be judged by that. Nural Hakim was a Sulu Moro, a Tao-Sug, of the old, proud pirate race. He was a proud, hard man, far superior in intelligence to the Samal Moros who worked my fields.

He stood now staring dreamily over Captain Norse's head, waiting in silence. The frayed turban upon his head was a reminder that for six hundred years, since the coming of Mohammedanism, nothing had ever swerved these people from their opinions nor their ways. And the heavy wooden-sheathed barong strapped to Hakim's body by a striped sash was a reminder of the savage, fanatic warfare which for centuries turned back the Conquistadors of Spain.

"Do you know," Captain Norse asked, "what time Señor Shane was killed?"

"I have heard, only, Captain."

"Where were you at that hour?"

"I was asleep in my quarters; in the *camarín* at the back of the compound."

"I have heard," Captain Norse said, "that your Jefe sent for you, and you did not come."

"Captain, I did not know that my Jefe sent."

"Hakim, what time did you leave your bunk and go out in the compound?"

"Captain, I slept. I slept all through the night."

"Oh, you did, huh? How did you get into Mr. Barrett's room—sleepwalking?"

"No, Captain; I have not been in his room. Not in the night, or ever in my life."

"What were you doing in the compound when you found Gagahan's body?"

"Captain, I do not know what you mean."

"I advise you to answer properly," Norse said without raising his voice. "I already know that you showed Gagahan's body to Mr. Barrett."

"No, Captain."

"You were not in the compound?"

"No, Captain."

"You did not find Gagahan's body?"

"No, Captain."

"You did not show Gagahan's body to Mr. Barrett?"

"No, Captain."

"When did you learn that Gagahan was dead?"

"This morning, I was told. I have not seen him since he was alive."

"Do you realize that you're going to get into trouble if you lie to me?"

Nothing was readable in Nural Hakim's face as he continued to stare over Captain Norse's head. In some subtle way his features may have hardened a little, but that was all. He said softly, "Yes, Captain."

Norse shrugged, and looked at me; for a few moments he held my eyes, while he smoked slowly.

"Well, there you have it," I said disgustedly. "You ought to know that there's no use in questioning him. The trouble with him is he's afraid of getting mixed up in what he calls a 'foolishness.' "

"In any case," Norse said, "it doesn't seem to be any great help, does it?"

I LOOKED hard at Nural Hakim, and for a moment considered whether there might be any way of bringing the truth out of this Moro. Hakim's face was masklike, at rest. Searching it now, I saw things in it that I had noticed in Moro faces long ago, when I was a newcomer to these islands—things to which long custom had dulled my senses. A Moro face, even at rest, bears the essentials of a savage ferocity. The harsh-browed, surface-lighted eyes, the flared nostrils, the hard lips, deep-bracketed mouth—these things deny the quiet and respectful manner which is not a trait at all, but a policy. Nural Hakim was about as voluble as the blade of his own barong.

"Barrett," said Norse, "do you want to question this man?"

"Certainly not. He's doing just what he told me he was going to do—he's keeping himself clear."

"Let me see," Norse said, shifting his gaze. "Miss Lowry, I believe you said this morning that you saw someone in the compound. Refresh my memory—was that one or two men?"

Marise Lowry had to swallow before she could speak. "One," she said almost inaudibly.

"Very peculiar," Norse said. "Very peculiar, indeed."

I was staring at him in amazement. "Captain Norse, what the devil is this?"

Norse raised his eyebrows. "I beg your pardon?"

My amazement turned to anger. "I can't say I appreciate the line you take," I said bluntly. "I should think I would have a right to expect—"

"We won't go into that now," Norse interrupted me. "That's all, Hakim."

"All?" Tonai Merriam cried out unexpectedly. "You mean you're satisfied with that?"

"I guess I'll have to be, won't I?"

"Well, I'm not satisfied!" She had jerked forward in her seat, and now she whirled upon the Moro. A torrent of unintelligible syllables leaped from her lips. Nural Hakim wheeled, and without any evidence of surprise, took it gravely. As nearly as I could guess, Tonai Merriam was berating my Moro in some weird dialect of the Malay.

A faint surprise, then amusement, crossed the face of Captain Norse. He grinned at Nural Hakim's brief reply.

"For the benefit of those who do not understand Tao-Sug," Norse said genially, "Mrs. Merriam has just been told to mind her own business. Oh, very politely, of course. Would you like to ask him any other questions, Mrs. Merriam?"

Tonai Merriam shot me one quick, angry glance; then she leaned back, and her eyes turned sulky under brows relaxed and hopeless. "No," she answered.

"That's all, Hakim," Norse said again.

THE Moro went out, his bare feet silent upon the tiles; and once more quiet came into that room, a tense and uncomfortable quiet that seemed hedged in by the outside sound of the dully pounding surf and the decreasing wind. Norse smoked lazily, like a resting man.

"I guess I've kept you as long as I'll need you," he said at last. "I may have another question or two for some of you, but very few. You may go now; and please accept my apologies. I'm sorry that I've made you late for chow."

"Damn chow," said Lowry. "Let's push on and get to the bottom of this!"

I saw now that Justin Lowry had taken a sharp dislike to Captain Norse, and I was not surprised. The casually highhanded manner that Captain Norse had chosen to take was not suited to go well with a tycoon of Justin Lowry's stamp. And now as Norse answered Lowry, I saw something else—that Norse affronted Lowry's dignity not because he was unaware of what he did, but because he didn't care. Somewhere in those deep jungle campaigns which were behind Norse, the man had gained a peculiar independence, even an isolation of mind, which made him absolutely immune to anything Lowry might think or feel concerning him.

"I assure you, Mr. Lowry," Captain Norse said now, "I have already almost everything I will need to know. There are a few loose ends to be gathered up, to cross off some very improbable alternatives. After that my work will be done."

"You mean," Lowry demanded, "you have found out who did it?"

"Why, yes," Norse answered with an affectation of surprise. "Didn't you?"

"Well? Who is it?"

Norse regarded Lowry with sleepy eyes, and even Lowry must have seen then that he was amusing himself. "You," Norse told my scandalized backer. "I think you did it yourself."

Lowry stared at him for several moments. Then—"Convulsively funny," Lowry snarled. "Convulsively funny, I must say!" He got to his feet and went stamping out.

THAT was an ugly sort of an afternoon; in a situation like that it's the waiting that is the hardest. I sent Captain Norse his chow in my *oficina*, and he sat there almost the whole of the afternoon. I looked in on him a couple of times, and each time found him smoking lazily, almost appearing to doze. I knew that he was waiting for his corporals to bring in Suva Jim.

What got me was the baffling simplicity of this thing that had come up to involve and block my plans. Over on the Davao Gulf, Neal Merriam was missing. Mrs. Merriam had been brought to Malangai, apparently against her will, by Suva Jim; and an employee of mine had been killed while trying to talk to her. Nothing about those things should have had anything to do with me, nor with Marise, nor with Justin Lowry. Yet what Captain Norse had said seemed to be fundamentally true—that Tonai Merriam seemed to carry with her a brooding cloud of misfortune. Its shadow had already overtaken my relationship with Marise; it threatened, for no more substantial reasons than those of human psychology, to blot out the future of both Malangai and Tunganan—insofar as I was concerned with them.

I did not feel that I could approach Marise. I kept morosely to myself, avoiding the others. I was surprised and wary when, late in the afternoon, Marise came and found me, of her own accord.

"John," she said, "I'm sorry that I was upset, and acted silly."

"I don't blame you," I told her. "A great deal has needed explaining here; not all of it is explained yet. Perhaps some of it never will be explained."

"I suppose this is the sort of thing one ought to expect in this terrible part of the world. But that doesn't mean there was any excuse for my going to pieces."

"Perhaps," I suggested, "things would seem better all around if people trusted each other a little more."

Whenever this girl looked directly into my eyes I was vaguely disorganized; but now she dropped her eyes, so that I was able to see again how lovely she was. I was never able to think of Marise as the daughter of Justin Lowry. She was something apart, entirely unaccountable, a special phenomenon in herself. The pale perfection of her hair, the serene blue of her wide-set eyes, every long, suave curve of which she was made, represented to me the incredible essence of a dream.

FOR to me the dark tropic sea would never mean romance. The advertised romance of the Pacific I had found to consist of vast swarms of insects, perpetual rain, breathless heat, a whole flock of diseases, and an inability to obtain necessary supplies. But Marise Lowry was something from another world—an unbelievable actualization of the dreams of all the men, young in years, but old in bitterness, who have had their spirits broken upon the fever-shot atolls.

I wanted to take her in my arms, and kiss her throat; but there was a constraint between us here which told me that such a move would result in a defeat which I did not need just now.

"There isn't anything wrong with this part of the world," I said slowly. "Some of the greatest opportunities on the face of the globe are down here in these tropic seas. Unfortunate things happen everywhere—in Chicago, in San Francisco, or Alaska." I was thinking of the fine harbor which I planned for Tunganan, and the pleasant town that must rise there—beautiful as a little Honolulu, and as prosperous. But I knew of no way to make her visualize such things in a location where she had seen only pagatpat jungle and roaring reefs. Marise had an extraordinarily literal mind, for a girl with so lovely a face. "We can make this a very beautiful place to live," I said. "Some day Tunganan will be a port of call for every—every luxury yacht in the Pacific."

She turned away from me with a sharply impatient gesture. "Come on in where the others are," she urged me. "These old walls give me the creeps."

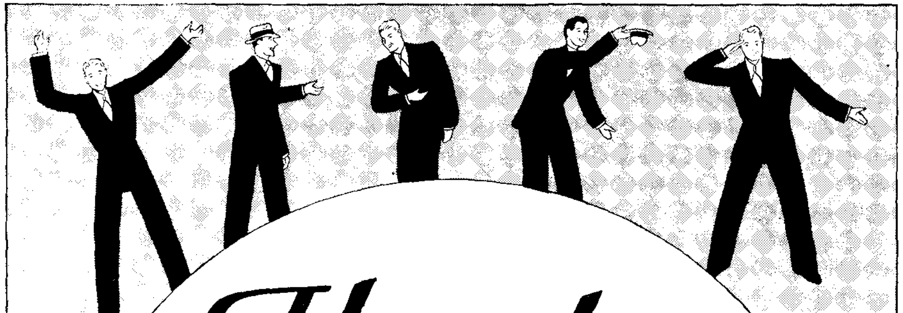
(To be continued next week)

BACK of Florsheim's first pair service the extra wear of a second pair stands ready to carry on . . . that's why Florsheims are the largest selling fine shoes in the world. *Style illustrated above*, The MILBURN, *S-686*, *in genuine shell Cordovan.*

$8.75 AND $10

The FLORSHEIM Shoe

The Florsheim Shoe Company · Manufacturers · Chicago



Thanks

WE HOPE WE DESERVE IT!

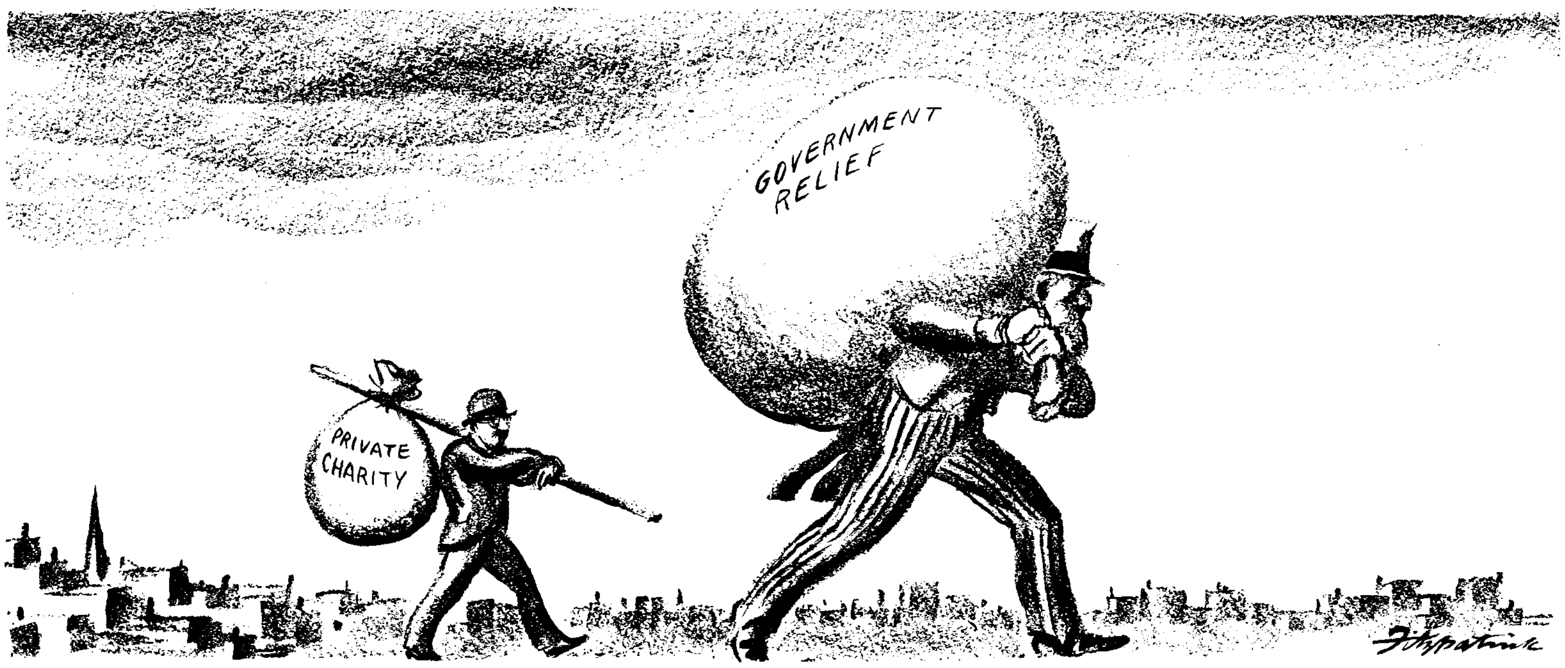
We, ourselves, scarcely realized what big news La Salle's newness would be. With our new, smart, inviting lobby; our modern, interesting restaurants; our colorful, cheerful, newly furnished rooms—with our entire institution a harmonious, up-to-the-minute hotel—only now we understand the whole-hearted response of seasoned travelers and their enthusiastic comment that La Salle is really Chicago's newest. You'll like it here—the comfortable rooms, the good food, the sensible rates. You'll feel refreshed—you'll respond to an atmosphere that fairly sparkles. And in service, you, our guest, will find we always live up to our slogan, "foremost in friendliness." Welcome to La Salle Hotel!

James Louis Smith
General Manager

New LA SALLE HOTEL
"FOREMOST IN FRIENDLINESS" Chicago

Collier's

THOMAS H. BECK, *Editorial Director* WILLIAM L. CHENERY, *Editor* CHARLES COLEBAUGH, *Managing Editor*



A Chance to Give

THE best money a man ever earns he gives away. Normal people in ordinary times expect to support themselves. A man gets no special credit for feeding himself and his own.

But what we give away is different. Only after a man, or woman, for that matter, earns more than enough to satisfy his own wants can he think of sharing with others. The use which those who do have enough to give make of their resources is extremely important. There is no surer test of a civilization.

In this country we are engaged in the annual Mobilization for Human Needs. Every year at this time charitable agencies make their appeal to our generosity. In spite of the vast billions which have been distributed by government for relief, public interest in maintaining these charitable agencies is greater than ever before. The depression did not dry up the springs of charity.

No government under our free system can ever hope to supplant the agencies created by our voluntary gifts. Governments do tend to support institutions which were started and maintained by private charity. Time must elapse before public opinion is ready to approve paying out tax money for the support of every important public service.

The first city playgrounds were established by private charity. One of the first in the United States was the slum play yard organized by Miss Jane Addams in Chicago.

It is a curious fact that people did not begin to see the necessity of playgrounds and breathing places in the cities until a few spinsters began to talk about slum children. Once the worth of the idea was shown it spread rapidly. Parks and playgrounds were soon proofs of Chicago's greatness. The park system was the inspiration of municipal development all over the world. Recreation is now well recognized and widely supported by public authority. Relatively small private gifts made possible this vast development of parks and playgrounds.

The children's courts and the training schools for wayward boys and girls were adopted by public authority only after private social workers proved their utility. The desire to help this boy or that girl in trouble with the police compelled social workers to seek to understand the complicated influences which make criminals of some and good citizens of others. That large question has not yet been fully answered. Out of the attempts to find answers, however, have come our children's courts and the far-flung range of schools designed to help erring youngsters go straight. For this we have to thank philanthropy.

The list of the contributions made to the nation by charitable agencies is a record of our social progress as a people. We have workmen's compensation insurance because thirty years ago charity had to support the families of those mutilated or killed by work accidents. Ultimately the states took charge and insisted that industry pay for the injuries inflicted but social workers had to point the way.

The great contribution of social workers is what is sometimes scornfully described as the case system, which is merely the thorough investigation of the individual applicant. To unfriendly critics the case system means red tape. Well administered, however, it makes practicable intimate and friendly understanding. There is no alternative to understanding. It is impossible to do justice or to extend mercy without understanding the particular situation of those wanting help.

This, fundamentally, is the reason we shall continue to rely on private charity in spite of the expansion of governmental agencies.

Wholesale relief to the unemployed and needy in this country will doubtless continue to be supported by taxation, federal, state and local. Private charity will, however, during a long future, have endless opportunities to assist great numbers who honestly need aid. Nothing is permanently settled merely by feeding a hungry man. Of course he must first be fed. Then he needs help in finding a job or in qualifying himself for productive work. The money expended by intelligent charity rehabilitates after it feeds.

Unquestionably the aid which can only be effectually rendered after the special needs of particular individuals have been investigated and considered belongs to the private organizations.

By every indication we are returning rapidly to a state of economic health. The emergency has passed. Production is approaching normal levels. Consequently, we must return relief activities to a permanent rather than an emergency basis.

This will be practicable only if those who can give do give generously this year as in the past. The high rates of taxation undoubtedly make many reluctant to give to charity when perforce so much must be surrendered to the government. Public expenditures for charitable purposes, however, will not be reduced unless private philanthropy is equipped to take care of those in need. The circle is vicious.

The President and other leaders of the government have lent the weight of their influence to this year's Mobilization for Human Needs. Throughout the nation efforts are being made to collect the essential funds. We shall be fortunate as these campaigns succeed. There is no better way to spend money.

On a thousand fronts American philanthropy is advancing the broad cause of human welfare. Innumerable private organizations are seeking to understand the needs of the less fortunate and to assist them to independence. In a world full of hate, prejudice and misunderstanding, this practical expression of good will is priceless. A civilization buttressed by good will and mutual understanding is strong and wholesome.